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THE

OBSERVER:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

——MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.——
(HORAT.)

By Richard Cumberland

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY ZACHARIAH JACKSON,
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THE OBSERVER.

N° I.

WHEN a man breaks in upon a company of ſtrangers, to which he is not invited, the intruſion does or does not demand an apology, according to the nature of the buſineſs which brings him thither: If it imports the company only, and he has no intereſt in the errand, the leſs time he ſpends in ceremony the better; and he muſt be a very ſilly fellow indeed, who ſtands ſhuffling and apologizing, when he ought either to warn people of their danger, or inform them of their good fortune: But where this is not the caſe, and the man, ſo intruding, has nothing more to ſay for himſelf, than that he is come to ſit down in their company, to prattle and tell ſtories, and club his ſhare to the general feſtivity of the table, it will behove him to recommend himſelf very ſpeedily to the good graces of his new acquaintance; and if his converſation furniſhes neither inſtruction nor amuſement, if he

ſtarts no new topics, or does not talk agreeably upon old ones, 'tis well if he does not make his exit as abruptly as he entered.

In like manner, every author finds a material difference in his firſt approaches to the public, whether his ſubject recommends him, or he is to recommend his ſubject: If he has any thing new in art or ſcience to produce, any thing important to communicate for the benefit of mankind, he need be under no difficulty in demanding their attention to a buſineſs, which it is ſo much their intereſt to hear and underſtand; on the contrary, if he has nothing to tell his readers, but what they knew before he told it, there muſt be ſome candor on their part, and great addreſs on his, to ſecure to ſuch an author a good reception in the world.

I am at this inſtant under all the embarraſſments incident to a man in the laſt-mentioned predicament: I am exceedingly deſirous to make my beſt bow to the good company I am intruding myſelf upon, and yet equally anxious, that in ſo doing I may neither make my firſt advances with the ſtiff grimace of a dancing-maſter, nor with the too familiar air of a ſelf-important. As I pretend to nothing more in theſe pages, than to tell my readers what I have obſerved of men and books, in the moſt amuſing manner I am able, I know not what to ſay to them more than humbly to requeſt a hearing; and, as I am in perfect charity and good-humour with them, ſincerely to hope that they on their parts will be in like good-humour and charity with me.

My firſt wiſh was to have followed the ſteps of thoſe Eſſayiſts, who have ſo ſucceſsfully ſet the

the faſhion of publiſhing their lucubrations from day to day in ſeparate papers. This mode of marching into the world by detachments has been happily taken up by men of great generalſhip in literature, of whom ſome are yet amongſt us. Though Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator, N° 124, has aſſerted, that *a man who publiſhes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in looſe ſheets and ſingle pieces*, it does not appear that he is ſerious in his aſſertion; or, if he is, it is plain that his argument draws one way and his example another; *I muſt confeſs*, ſays he, *I am amazed that the preſs ſhould be only made uſe of in this way by news-writers and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be inſtructed in wiſdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, huſbands, and ſons, than counſellors and ſtateſmen.* This will ſuffice to convince us that Mr. Addiſon ſaw the advantages of this mode of publication in ſuch a light as led him to make choice of it himſelf, and to recommend it to others; for it is not to be ſuppoſed, that he would have prefixed a motto to this very paper, purporting that *a great book is a great evil*, and then argued ſeriouſly in recommendation of that evil.

Some of the moſt pleaſing volumes now in our hands are collections of eſſays publiſhed in this manner, and the plan is ſtill capable of a variety, that is in no danger of being exhauſted; add to this, that many years have now elapſed ſince any papers of this ſort have been publiſhed; the preſent time therefore on this account, as well as from other circumſtances peculiar to it, may

ſeem favourable to the undertaking: but t
are good reaſons, why writers have deſiſted f
purſuing any further theſe attempts of worl
through a channel, which others are in poſſe
of, who might chance to levy ſuch a toll u
their merchandize as would effectually ſpoil t
market.

The miſcellaneous matter I propoſe to giv
theſe ſheets naturally coincides with the met
I have taken of diſpoſing them into diſtinct
pers, and I ſhall proceed to publiſh in like n
ner till my plan is compleated, or till any
foreſeen event cuts ſhort the proſecution o
For me to conceive, in an age ſo enlightene
the preſent, that I can offer any thing to the
lic, which many of my readers will not b
well informed of as myſelf, would be a very
preſumption indeed: ſimply to ſay that I h
written nothing but with a moral deſign woul
ſaying very little, for it is not the vice of
time to countenance publications of an opp
tendency; to adminiſter moral precepts thro
a pleaſing vehicle ſeems now the general ſtud
our Eſſayiſts, Dramatiſts, and Noveliſts.
Preacher may enforce his doctrines in the ſtil
authority, for it is his profeſſion to ſummon m
kind to their duty; but an uncommiſſioned
ſtructor will ſtudy to conciliate, whilſt he atten
to correct. Even the Satiriſt, who declares
againſt vice and folly, ſeldom commits himſel
the attack without keeping ſome retiring pl
open in the quarter of panegyric; if he
deep, it is with the hand of a ſurgeon, not o
aſſaſſin. Few authors now undertake to m
the world by ſeverity, many make it their ſt

by ſome new and ingenious device to ſoften the rigour of philoſophy, and to bind the rod of the moraliſt with the roſes of the muſe.

I have endeavoured to relieve and chequer theſe familiar eſſays in a manner that I hope will be approved of; I allude to thoſe papers, in which I treat of the literature of the Greeks, carrying down my hiſtory in a chain of anecdotes from the earlieſt poets to the death of Menander; to this part of my work I have addreſſed my greateſt pains and attention. I believe the plan is ſo far my own, that nobody has yet given the account in ſo compreſſed and unmixt a ſtate as I ſhall do, and none I think will envy me the labour of turning over ſuch a maſs of heavy materials for the ſake of ſelecting what I hoped would be acceptable in the relation. Though I cannot ſuppoſe I am free from error, I can ſafely ſay I have aſſerted nothing without authority; but it did not ſuit the purpoſe of the work to make a diſplay of thoſe authorities, as it was my wiſh to level it to readers of all deſcriptions. The tranſlations I ſhall occaſionally give will be of ſuch authors, or rather fragments of authors, as come under few people's review, and have never been ſeen in an Engliſh verſion; theſe paſſages therefore will have the merit of novelty at leaſt with moſt readers, and if I ſucceed in naturalizing to any degree authors, whoſe names only float amongſt us, I ſhall not think that what has been the heavieſt part of my undertaking has been the moſt unprofitable. As I mean this to be a kind of *liber circumcurrens*, I have thought it not amiſs to intitle it *The Obſerver*.

N° II.

THERE is a pretty numerous ſect of philoſophers in this kingdom, whom I cannot deſcribe by any apter denomination, than that of *Dampers*. They are to be known in ſociety by a ſudden damp, which they are ſure to caſt upon all companies, where they enter. The human heart, that comes within their atmoſphere, never fails to be chilled; and the quickeſt ſenſe of feeling is as effectually benumb'd, as the touch is with the torpedo. As this ſect is of very ancient ſtanding in the world, and has been taken notice of by ſeveral heathen writers, I have ſometimes thought that it might originate in the ſchool of Thales, who held water to be the firſt principle of all things. If I were certain that this ancient philoſopher always adminiſtered his water cold to his diſciples, I ſhould incline to think the preſent ſect of *Dampers* was really a branch from the Thaleſian root, for it is certain they make great uſe of his firſt principle in the philoſophy they practiſe.

The buſineſs of theſe philoſophers in ſociety is to check the flights and ſallies of thoſe volatile beings, who are ſubject to be carried away by imagination and fancy, or, in other words, to act as a counterpoiſe againſt genius; of the vices of mankind they take little notice, but they are at great pains to correct their vanity. They have various receipts for curing this evil; the ordinary method is by keeping ſtern ſilence and an unmoved viſage in companies which are diſpoſed to be

be chearful. This taciturnity, if well kept up, never fails in the end to work a cure upon feſtivity according to the firſt principle of Thales: if the *Damper* looks moroſe, every body wonders what the moody gentleman is diſpleaſed with, and each in his turn ſuſpects himſelf in the fault; if he only looks wiſe, all are expecting when the dumb oracle will utter, and in the mean time his ſilence infects the whole circle; if the *Damper* ſeaſons his taciturnity with a ſhrug of the ſhoulders, or a ſhake of the head, judiciouſly thrown in, when any talkative fellow raiſes a laugh, 'tis ten to one if the mortified wit ever opens his mouth again for that evening; if a ſtory is told in his company, and the teller makes a ſlip in a date, or a name, a true *Damper* may open, provided it is done agreeably to the rules of his order, by ſetting the ſtory-teller right with much gravity, and adjuſting the miſtake ſo deliberately, that the ſpirit of the ſtory ſhall be ſure to evaporate, before the commentator has properly ſettled his correction of the text. If any lucky wit chances to ſay what is called *a good thing*, and the table applauds, it is a *Damper*'s duty to aſk an explanation of the joke, or whether that was all, and what t'other gentleman ſaid, who was the butt of the jeſt, and other proper queſtions of the like ſort. If one of the company riſques a ſally for the ſake of good-fellowſhip, which is a little on the wrong ſide of truth, or not ſtrictly reducible to proof, a *Damper* may with great propriety ſet him right in the matter of fact, and demonſtrate, as clear as two and two make four, that what he has ſaid may be mathematically confuted, and that the merry gentleman is miſ-

taken. A *Damper* is to keep ſtrict watch over the morals of the company, and not to ſuffer the leaſt indiſcretion to eſcape in the warmth of conviviality; on this occaſion he muſt be ready to call to order, and to anſwer for his friend to the company, that he has better principles than he affects to have; that he ſhould be ſorry ſuch and ſuch an opinion went out againſt him; and that he is certain he forgot himſelf, when he ſaid ſo and ſo. If any glance is made at private characters, however notorious, a *Damper* ſteps in with a recommendation of candour, and inveighs moſt pathetically againſt the ſin of evil-ſpeaking. He is never merry in company, except when any one in it is apparently out of ſpirits, and with ſuch an one he is always exceedingly pleaſant.

A *Damper* is ſo profeſt an enemy to flattery, that he never applies it in ever ſo ſmall a degree even to the moſt diffident: he never chears a young author for fear of marring his modeſty, never ſinks truths becauſe they are diſagreeable, and if any one is raſhly enjoying the tranſports of public fame on account of ſome ſucceſsful production in art or ſcience, the *Damper* kindly tells him what ſuch and ſuch a critic has ſcoffingly ſaid on the occaſion, and, if nothing better offers, lowers his triumphs with a paragraph from a newspaper, which his thoughtleſs friend might elſe have overlooked. He is remarkably careful not to ſpoil young people by making allowances for ſpirits or inexperience, or by indulging them in an opinion of their perſons or accompliſhments. He has many excellent apothegms in his mouth ready to recommend to thoſe, who want them, ſuch as *to be merry and wiſe;—a grain of truth is*

better

better than an ounce of wit;—a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot, but a wiſe man keeps his within the quiver;—he that was only taught by himſelf had a fool to his maſter;—and many more of the like ſort.

The following letter will ſerve to ſhew in what ſort of eſtimation this ſect of *Dampers* was held by a Roman author, who was one of the fineſt gentlemen of his time.

PLINY to RESTITUTUS*.

I cannot forbear pouring out my indignation before you in a letter, ſince I have no opportunity of doing ſo in perſon, againſt a certain behaviour which gave me ſome offence in an aſſembly, where I was lately preſent. The company was entertained with the recital of a very finiſhed performance: but there were two or three perſons among the audience, men of great genius in their own and a few of their friends eſtimation, who ſat like ſo many mutes, without ſo much as moving a lip or a hand, or once riſing from their ſeats, even to ſhift their poſture. But to what purpoſe, in the name of good ſenſe, all this wondrous air of wiſdom and ſolemnity, or rather indeed (to give it its true appellation) of this proud indolence? Is it not downright folly, or even madneſs, thus to be at the expence of a whole day merely to commit a piece of rudeneſs, and leave him an enemy, whom you viſited as a friend? Is a man conſcious that he poſſeſſes a ſuperior degree of eloquence than the perſon whom he attends upon on ſuch an occaſion? So much the rather ought he to guard againſt every appearance of envy, as a paſſion that always implies inferiority, wherever it reſides. But what-

* MELMOTH's Tranſlation.

ever a man's talent may be, whether greater or equal or leſs than his friend's, ſtill it is his intereſt to give him the approbation he deſerves: if greater or equal, becauſe the higher his glory riſes, whom you equal or excel, the more conſiderable yours muſt neceſſarily be; if leſs, becauſe if one of more exalted abilities does not meet with applauſe, neither poſſibly can you. For my own part, I honour and revere all, who diſcover any degree of merit in the painful and laborious art of oratory; for eloquence is a high and haughty dame, who ſcorns to reſide with thoſe that deſpiſe her. But perhaps you are not of this opinion; yet who has a greater regard for this glorious ſcience, or is a more candid judge of it than yourſelf? In confidence of which, I choſe to vent my indignation particularly to you, as not doubting you would be the firſt to ſhare with me in the ſame ſentiments.

Farewell.

The Romans were much in the habit of reading their unpubliſhed performances to ſelect parties, and ſometimes no doubt put the patience and politeneſs of their hearers to a ſevere trial: I conceive that this practice does not obtain to any great degree amongſt us at preſent: neither is it a thing to be recommended to young authors, except under peculiar circumſtances; for they certainly expoſe themſelves and their hearers to a ſituation very delicate at beſt, and which ſometimes leads to unpleaſant conſequences. I am aware how much is to be expected from the judicious remarks of a critic, who will correct *with all the malice of a friend;* yet a man ſo qualified and diſpoſed is not eaſily found, and does not often fall within the liſt of an author's acquaintance; men, who read their

their works in circles, or to any but the moſt ſelect friends, read for no other purpoſe but for admiration and applauſe; they cannot poſſibly expect criticiſm, and it is accordingly agreed upon by all, but the ſect of the *Dampers*, either to keep out of ſuch circles, or to pay their quota when the reckoning is caſt up. Few, but men of quick and lively parts, are forward to recite in ſuch ſocieties, and theſe are the very men, who are moſt pained by neglect; for I think it is a remark, with as few exceptions to it as moſt general remarks have, that brilliant talents are attended with extreme ſenſibility, and the effects of ſenſibility bear ſuch reſemblance to the effects of vanity that the undiſcerning multitude are too apt to confound them. Theſe are the men, who, in their progreſs through life, are moſt frequently miſunderſtood, and generally leſs pitied than they ought to be.

Now a *Damper* will tell you that he is conſulting ſuch a man's good, and lowering his vanity, when he is ſporting with his feelings, and will take merit to himſelf for the diſcipline he gives him; but humanity will reflect, that the ſame ſpirits, which are prone to exult upon ſucceſs, are proportionably agonized by the failure of it, and will therefore prompt us to a gentler treatment of ſuch perſons.

The ſums which are expended in this nation upon thoſe refined enjoyments, which are produced by the expertneſs of the hands and the ingenuity of the head, are certainly very great; and men are therefore apt to exclaim, "See what encouragement this country gives to arts and ſciences!" If money were the ſtandard meaſure of

of encouragement, there could be no diſpute in the caſe; but ſo long as men have a feeling for their pride, as well as for their pocket, money alone will not encourage and promote the genius of a nation; it is the grace of doing a favour, which conſtitutes its merit; it is from the manners of the great that the man of riſing talents is to draw that inſpiring conſideration of himſelf, that ſtimulating pride of nature, which are to puſh his efforts towards perfection.

A limner will take a canvaſs and chalk out a man's face he has never ſeen before, and hang on his robes, or his garter, if he has one, or will put a horſe in his hand, if he likes it better, or make a battle in the back ground, if he was ever within hearing of one, and when the job is finiſhed will be paid the price of his labour, like any other mechanic; the money he may ſpend or put to uſe, and, if cuſtomers come in, he may raiſe his price upon them, and the world may call thoſe profits an encouragement; but the painter is ſtill a tradeſman, and his ſitter, not a patron, but a cuſtomer: The mercer, whoſe damaſk clothes the walls of the nobleman's ſaloon, and the artiſt whoſe pictures hang round it, are in the ſame predicament as to encouragement, whilſt neither of them are admitted into the houſe they contribute to adorn.

As I have made this remark with a reference to the *Dampers* in high life, I am aware that there are many eminent encouragers of the arts and ſciences amongſt the rich and liberal; hay ſo general is their protection, that it comprehends a numerous importation of exotic tooth-drawers, dancers, and milliners, who find that England is the nurſery

nurſery of genius: even the magnifying philoſopher of Piccadilly (unleſs he multiplies as well as magnifies) has ſhewn his *wonders* ſo frequently and to ſuch prodigious numbers, that it is to be doubted, if they ſhall continue to be *wonders* much longer.

There were men in ancient Greece no doubt, who talked, though Zeno choſe to hold his tongue, when certain ambaſſadors had invited him to ſupper, that they might report his ſayings to their ſovereign; *What ſhall we ſay of you to our maſter?* the foreigners demanded; *Say that I had the wiſdom to hold my tongue*, replied the Stoic. Though I am clearly of opinion that this great maſter of ſilence was an intolerable *Damper*, and made a very poor return to theſe ſame hoſpitable ambaſſadors for their good entertainment of him, yet I am not quite ſo ready with my anſwer to a certain female correſpondent, who in conſequence of ſome diſcourſe upon *Dampers* the other day, in a company where ſhe was preſent, favoured me with the following ſhort, but curious, epiſtle.

" Sir,

" I HAVE the misfortune to be married to an " elderly gentleman, who has taken ſtrange " things in his head of late, and is for ever ſnub- " bing me before folks, eſpecially when the cap- " tain is in company. 'Twas but t'other night he " broke up a party of hot-cockles in the back " parlour, and would not let the captain take a " civil ſalute, though I aſſured him it was only a " forfeit at queſtions and commands.

" I don't

" I don't know what he means by ſaying h
" will put a ſpoke in my wheel, but I ſuſpect i
" is ſome jealouſy matter.

" Pray, Sir, is not my huſband what you cal
" a *Damper?* Yours,

" LUCY LOVEIT."

N°. III.

THE deſire of praiſe is natural, but when tha appetite becomes canine, it is no longer i nature: a taſte of it is pleaſant to moſt men; tem perance itſelf will take a little, but the ſtomac ſickens with a ſurfeit of it, and the palate nauſe ates the debauch.

Let the paſſion for flattery be ever ſo inordinate the ſupply can keep pace with the demand, an in the world's great market, in which wit and fol ly drive their bargains with each other, there ar traders of all ſorts; ſome keep a ſtall of offals ſome a ſtorehouſe of delicacies; a ſqueamiſh pa late muſt be forced by alluring provocatives, foul feeder will ſwallow any traſh that he can ge hold of.

In a recent publication of the hiſtory of the Em peror Charles the Fifth, written by Sepulveda o Cordova (a contemporary and favourite of tha famous monarch), the Academy of Hiſtory a Madrid in their dedication to his preſent Catholi Majeſty, addreſs him in the following words—

Nan

Nam quem tu, Carole Rex, ut nomine refers, ita etiam bellicâ laude jampridem æmularis. When theſe courtly academicians have thus mounted their peaceable ſovereign on the war-horſe of the victorious Charles, they ſeriouſly proceed to tell him, that *being fully equal to his predeceſſor in his martial character, he is out of all diſtance ſuperior to him in every other kindly quality; more wiſe, more politic, more magnanimous, and (as the preſent work can teſtify) a greater friend to learning than all that ever went before him, and, if they may riſque a prediction, there will probably be none to come in competition with him hereafter.*

If his Catholic Majeſty ſhall ever come to an underſtanding of this paragraph, and ſtrike a fair compariſon between himſelf and his illuſtrious nameſake, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if the next work his academicians ſhall be employed in proves the fortifications of Ceuta.

When I compare the ſtate of flattery in a free country with that, which obtains in arbitrary ſtates, it is a conſolation to find that this mean principle is not natural to mankind; for it certainly abates in proportion as independency advances. This will be very evident to any one, who compares the flattery of Elizabeth's and James's days with the preſent. Ben Johnſon for inſtance was a ſurly poet, yet how fulſome are his maſques! In his *News from the New World* he ſays of James—

" Read him as you would do the book
" Of all perfections, and but look
" What his proportions be:
" No meaſure that is thence contriv'd,
" Or any motion thence deriv'd,
" But is pure harmony."

This

This poet, though he was rather a clumſy flatterer of his prince, was ingenious enough in the mode he took for flattering himſelf, by introducing a kind of chorus, wherein he takes occaſion to tell his hearers, that *careleſs of all vulgar cenſure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident his plays ſhall ſuper-pleaſe judicious ſpectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the reſt by example, or otherwiſe.* It is remarkable that this paſſage ſhould be found in his *Magnetic Lady*, and that he ſhould ſpeak with ſuch confidence of one of his worſt productions, as if he was determined to force a bad comedy upon the hearers by the authority of his own recommendation. This is an evident imitation of Ariſtophanes, who in his comedy of *The Clouds* holds the ſame language to his audience, fairly telling them *he ſhall eſtimate their judgment according to the degree of applauſe they ſhall beſtow upon his performance then before them:* In concluſion he inveighs againſt certain of his contemporaries, Eupolis, Phrynichus, and Hermippus, *with whoſe comedies if any of his audience is well pleaſed, that perſon he hopes will depart from his diſſatisfied; but if they condemn his rivals, and applaud him, he ſhall think better of their judgment for the future. Act* I. *Sc.* 6.

The caution authors now proceed with ſhews the refinement of the times; ſtill they can contrive in a modeſt way to ſay civil things of themſelves, and it would be hard indeed to diſappoint them of ſo ſlight a gratification—for what praiſe is ſo little to be envied, as that which a man beſtows on himſelf? Several of our diurnal Eſſayiſts have contrived under the veil of fiction to hook in ſomething recommendatory of themſelves, which they mean

mean ſhould paſs for truth; ſuch is the intelligent taciturnity of the Spectator, and the ſolemn integrity of the Guardian.

The latter in one of his papers notices the ambition of ſome authors to prefix engravings of their portraits to their title pages; his ridicule has not quite laughed this faſhion out of countenance, for I perceive it is ſtill in exiſtence, and I frequently meet the face of an old acquaintance looking through the windows of a bookſeller's ſhop. One very ingenious gentleman, whoſe *beauty* is amongſt the leaſt of his recommendations, has very prudently ſtamped his age upon his print. In the ſame ſhop window with this gentleman I obſerved with great pleaſure an elegant author ſtanding by him, as erect as a dart, firm and collected in the awful moment of beginning a *minuet*. I own I regret that the honeſt butler, who has regaled the age with a *treatiſe on ale and ſtrong beer*, has not hung out his own head in the front of his book, as a ſign of the *good entertainment* within.

But of all the inſtances of face-flattery I have lately met with, that of a worthy citizen ſurprized me moſt, whoſe compting-houſe I entered the other day, and found an enormous portrait of my friend in a flaming drapery of blue and gold, mounted upon the back of a war-horſe, which the limner has made to rear ſo furiouſly, that I was quite aſtoniſhed to ſee my friend, who is no great jockey, keep his ſeat ſo ſteadily: he confeſſed to me that he had conſented to be drawn on horſeback to pleaſe his wife and daughters, who choſe the attitude; for his own part it made him quite giddy to look at himſelf, and he frequently deſired

ed the painter not to let the horſe prance ſo, but to no purpoſe.

Too great avidity of praiſe will ſometimes betray an author into a ſtudied attempt at fine writing, where the thought will not carry the ſtile; writers of this ſort are like thoſe taſteleſs dabblers in architecture, who turn the gable-ends of barns and cottages into caſtles and temples, and ſpend a world of plaiſtering and pains to decorate a pigſtye. They bring to my mind a ridiculous ſcene, at which I was preſent the other day: I found a lady of my acquaintance buſily employed in the domeſtic education of her only ſon; the preceptor was in the room, and was ſtanding in an attitude very much reſembling the erect gentleman I had ſeen that morning in the bookſeller's window. The boy kept his eyes fixt, and ſeemed to govern his motions by certain ſignals of the feet and arms, which he repeated from the preceptor. In the courſe of my converſation with his mother, I chanced to drop my glove upon the floor, upon which he approached to pick it up, but in a ſtep ſo meaſured and methodical, that I had done the office for myſelf, before he had performed his advances. As I was about to reſume the converſation, the mother interrupted me, by deſiring I would favour her ſo far as to drop my glove again that Bobby might have the honour of preſenting it to me in proper form: All this while the boy ſtood as upright as an arrow, perfectly motionleſs; but no ſooner had I thrown down my gauntlet than he began to put one foot ſlowly in advance before the other; upon which the preceptor of politeneſs cried out, *One!—Firſt poſition!*—The boy then made another movement of his feet, up

or

on which the maſter repeated—*Two!—Second poſition!*—This was followed by another, and the echo again cried out—*Three! very well—Third poſition! Bend your body ſlowly!*—At the word of command the automaton bent his body very deliberately, its arms hanging down in parallel perpendiculars to the floor, like the fore-legs of a quadruped. The glove being now taken up by the right hand, was placed with great decorum upon the back of the left hand; the trunk of the animal was ſlowly reſtored to its erect poſition, and the glove preſented with all due ſolemnity. As I was in hopes the ceremony was now over, upon hearing the teacher cry *bravo!* I thought it time to make my compliment of *Thank you, pretty Maſter!* but I was again in a miſtake, for the mother begged me not to hurry her dear Bobby, but allow him time to make his bow, and ſtill hold the glove in my hand: This was an operation of no ſlight conſequence, for in the time it took him up, a nimble artiſt might have made the glove: At laſt however it was over, and the boy was putting himſelf in order of retreat, when the maſter obſerving that I had omitted the neceſſary bend of my wriſt upon receiving the glove, for want of which the whole had been imperfect, propoſed a repetition of the manœuvre, in which Bobby ſhould be the dropper, and himſelf the picker up of the glove. This propoſal ſtruck me with ſuch horror, that taking a haſty leave of the lady, in which, firſt, ſecond and third poſition were probably huddled all together, I departed, repeating to myſelf in the words of Foigard, *All this may be very fine, but upon my ſoul it is very ridiculous.*

N° IV.

Nº IV.

LADY THIMBLE is one of thoſe female pedants, who with quick animal ſpirits, a pert imagination, great ſelf-conceit, and a homely perſon, ſets herſelf up for a woman of talents: ſhe has as much of the learned languages, as a boarding ſchool girl carries home of French upon her firſt holidays, when Miſs aſſures you ſhe can call for what ſhe wants, and, though ſhe won't utter a word in the parlour from pretended modeſty, inſults the ignorance of the chambermaid with an eternal jargon of bad grammar, worſe pronounced. This learned lady is the only child of a wealthy trader of the city of London, who, having never advanced in his own education beyond the compting-houſe, took care his daughter ſhould be inſtructed in every thing he did not underſtand himſelf, and as the girl grew exceedingly vain of the applauſe of the pedagogue, who read to her, the merchant grew as vain of the ſcholarſhip of his child, and would liſten to the ſound of Latin or Greek with as much ſuperſtitious reſpect, as a Gentoo does to the Shanſcrite language of the Brahmins.

Miſs in the mean time became an inſufferable ſlattern in her cloaths and perſon, her handkerchiefs and aprons were full of iron-moulds from the dripping of the inkhorn, and her ſtockings full of holes from the neglect of the needle: Theſe were in fact badges of affectation rather than of overſight, and you could not pay your court to her better than by rallying her about them. She wore a head

a head of falſe hair, not becauſe her own was thin, but becauſe a wig was thrown on in an inſtant; this was ſometimes done with a negligence, that ſeemed ſtudied, and when the learned Ventoſus vouchſafed to viſit her, ſhe was ſure to wear her wig awry, as Alexander's courtiers did their heads in honour of their gueſt: There was indeed an unſeemly humour ſettled in her noſe, but this ſhe got by ſtudying *Locke upon the human underſtanding* after dinner; before ſhe could develope the whole doctrine of *innate ideas*, the humour deepened many ſhades, which however on the whole may be allowed to be getting off pretty well for a ſtudent in metaphyſics. No face could bear the addition of a red noſe better than Lady Thimble's: but a more alarming accident had befallen her in her aſtronomical ſtudies, for as ſhe was following a comet in its perihelion through the ſolutions of Sir Iſaac Newton, her cap caught fire, and ſhe was forced to break off in the midſt of a propoſition, by which means ſhe dropt a ſtitch in the demonſtration, and never was able to take it up again; her ſkin being cruelly ſcorched by this ſyſtem of the comets, ſhe wears a crimſon ſcar upon her cheek, not indeed as an ornament to her beauty, but as a trophy of her ſcience.

Her works are pretty voluminous, eſpecially in manuſcript; but cenſorious people affect to whiſper, that ſhe performed one work in concert with the pedant her maſter, and that, though this compoſition was brought ſecretly into the world, it is the only one of her producing, that bids fair for poſterity: This ſtory, and the remark upon it, I had from a lady, who is one of her intimate friends, but ſhe aſſured me ſhe gave no credit to it herſelf,

and

and conſidered all ſuch ſcandalous inſinuations as the effects of malice and envy.

At the age of ſeven and twenty, by the perſuaſion of her father, ſhe was joined in the bands of wedlock to Sir Theodore Thimble: This gentleman had been lately dubbed a knight for his ſervices to the crown in bringing up a county addreſs; his father, Mr. David Thimble, had been an eminent taylor in the precincts of St. Clement's, in which buſineſs he had by his induſtry and other methods raiſed a very reſpectable fortune in money, book-debts and remnants: In his latter years Mr. Thimble purchaſed a conſiderable eſtate in Eſſex with a fine old manſion upon it the laſt remaining property of an ancient family, This venerable ſeat during the life of Mr. Thimble remained uncontaminated by the preſence of its poſſeſſor, but upon his death it fell into the occupation of young Theodore, who diſdaining the croſs-legg'd art, by which his father had worked himſelf into opulence, ſet out upon a new eſtabliſhment, and figured off as the firſt gentleman of his family: He ſerved as ſheriff of the county, and acquired great reputation in that high office by the elegant and well cut liveries, which he exhibited at the aſſizes; a lucky addreſs from the county gave him a title, and the recommendation of a good ſettlement procured him his preſent lady, whom we have been deſcribing.

As I have been in long habits of friendſhip with the worthy citizen her father, I could not reſiſt the many preſſing invitations he gave me to pay a viſit to his daughter and Sir Theodore at their country ſeat, eſpecially as he prefaced it by aſſuring me I ſhould ſee the happieſt couple in England;

land; and that although I had frequently oppoſed his ſyſtem of education, I ſhould now be convinced that Arabella made as good a houſewife and underſtood the conduct of her family as well, as if ſhe had ſtudied nothing elſe, and this he was ſure I would confeſs, if he could prevail with me to accompany him to her houſe.

On the day following this converſation we ſet out together, and in a few hours found ourſelves at the promiſed ſpot: As I remembered this fine old manſion in the days of its primitive ſimplicity, when I was uſhered to its gate through a ſolemn avenue of branching elms, that arched over head in lofty foliage, and formed an approach in perfect uniſon with the ancient faſhion of the place, I muſt own I was much revolted to find that Sir Theodore had begun his improvements with a ſpecimen of his father's art, by cutting an old coat into a new faſhion: My favourite avenue no longer exiſted; the venerable tenants of the ſoil were rooted up, and a parcel of dotted clumps, compoſed of trumpery ſhrubs, ſubſtituted in their places; I was the more diſguſted, when I perceived that by the nonſenſical zigzaggery of the road, through which we meandered, I was to keep company with theſe new-faſhioned upſtarts through as many parallels, as would ſerve for the regular approaches to a citadel. At one of theſe turnings however I caught the glimpſe of a well-dreſſed gentleman ſtanding in a very becoming attitude, who I concluded muſt be the maſter of the manſion waiting our approach; and as I perceived he had his hat under his arm, expecting us with great politeneſs and civility, I inſtantly took mine from my head, and called to our driver to ſtop the carriage,

riage, for that I perceived Sir Theodore c:
to meet us. My companion was at this ti
ceedingly buſy in directing my attention
beauties of his ſon-in-law's improvements,
I had ſtopped the chaiſe before he obſerve
I was looking at; but how was I ſurpriſed
in place of Sir Theodore, a leaden ſtatue o:
of ſcaites painted in a blue and gold coat,
red waiſtcoat, whoſe perſon upon cloſer ex
tion I recollected to have been acquainte
ſome years ago amongſt the elegant group,
a certain celebrated artiſt exhibits to the
ment of the ſtage-coaches and waggons upo
entrance into town at Hyde-Park Corner!
happy to find that this ridiculous miſtake,
of embarraſſing my friend, occaſioned infini
riment, and was conſidered as ſo good a j
all the family upon our arrival, that I am p
ed it was in the mind of the improver wh
placed him there; for the jeſt was followed
ſeveral other party-coloured perſonages caſt
life, gentlemen and ladies, who were airing
ſelves upon pedeſtals to the no ſmall delight
companion; and though moſt of theſe wit
in lead were of the comic caſt, one group
mountebank in the act of drawing an old w
tooth, was calculated to move the contrary p
and this I obſerved was the laſt in the con
ſtanding in view from the windows of the
as the moral of the fable. We now ente
Chineſe fence through a gate of the ſame fa
to the ſide of which was affixed a board, on
I obſerved at ſome diſtance a writing in fair c
ters; this I ſuppoſed to be ſome claſſical
which my Lady had ſet up to impreſs her

with a due reſpect for her learning, but upon a near approach I found it contained a warning to all interlopers, that men-traps and ſpring-guns were concealed in thoſe walks.

In this dangerous defile we were encountered by a ſervant in livery, who was diſpatched in great haſte to ſtop our driver, and deſire us to alight, as the gravel was newly laid down, and a late ſhower had made it very ſoft; my friend readily obeyed the arreſt, but I confeſs the denunciation of traps and guns was ſo formidable to my mind, that I took no ſtep but with great circumſpection and forecaſt, for fear I was treading on a mine, or touching a ſpring with my foot, and was heartily glad, when I found myſelf on the ſteps, though even theſe I examined with ſome ſuſpicion before I truſted myſelf upon them.

As we entered the houſe, my friend the merchant whiſpered me, that *we were now in my Lady's regions; all without doors was Sir Theodore's taſte, all within was her's:*——But as here a new ſcene was opened, I ſhall reſerve my account to another paper.

N° V.

OUR viſit to Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble being unexpected, we were ſhewn into the common parlour, where this happy couple were ſitting over a good fire with a middle-aged

man of athletic ſize, who was repoſing in bow-chair, in great ſtate with his mull in his and with an air ſo ſelf-important, as plainl cated him to be the dictator of this do circle.

When the firſt ſalutations were over, Thimble gave her orders to the ſervant, i ſtile of Lucullus, to prepare *The Apollo*, de herſelf aſhamed to receive a gentleman of in any other apartment; I beſeeched her t to remain where we were, dreading a re from a comfortable fire-ſide to a cold ſtately ment, for the ſeaſon was ſevere; I was ſo e in my requeſt, that Sir Theodore ventured moſt humble manner to ſecond my ſuit; th ſequence of which was a ſmart repriman companied with one of thoſe expreſſive which ladies of high prerogative in their houſes occaſionally beſtow to huſbands unde per ſubjection, and I ſaw with pity the poo tleman diſpatched for his officiouſneſs u freezing errand through a great hall, to ſee things were ſet in order, and make report, they were ready. I could not help givin friend the merchant a ſignificant look upo occaſion; but he prudently kept ſilence, w with great reſpect the dreadful order of marc

My Lady now introduced me to the a philoſopher in the elbow-chair, who conde ed to relax one half of his features into a and with a gracious waving of his hand, or fiſt, diſmiſſed me back again to my ſeat wi uttering a ſyllable. She then informed me, ſhe had a treat to give me, which ſhe fla herſelf would be a feaſt entirely to my pala

a

red her Ladyſhip I was always happieſt to take family-dinner of my friends, adding that in th the ſharp air had ſufficiently whetted my etite to recommend much humbler fare, than as likely to find at her table. She ſmiled at s, and told me it was the food of the mind that was about to provide for me; ſhe undertook nothing elſe; culinary concerns were not her vince; if I was hungry, ſhe hoped there uld be ſomething to eat, but for her part ſhe the care of the kitchen to thoſe who lived in

Whilſt ſhe was ſaying this methought the loſopher gave her a look, that ſeemed to ſay he s of my way of thinking; upon which ſhe rung bell, and ordered dinner to be held back for hour, ſaying to the philoſopher ſhe thought we ght have *a Canto* in that time.

She now pauſed for ſome time, fixing her eyes n him in expectation of an anſwer; but none ng given, nor any ſignal of aſſent, ſhe roſe, l, obſerving that *it was ſurpriſing to think what Theodore could be about all this while, for ſhe was* The Apollo *muſt be ready*, without more delay e us follow her; *Come, Sir*, ſays ſhe to me, as ſſed the great hall with an aching heart and ttering teeth, *you ſhall now have a treat in your taſte*; and, meeting one of the domeſtics by way, bade him tell Calliope to come into *The llo.*

When I ſet my foot into the room, I was im-liately ſaluted by ſomething like one of thoſe enial breezes, which travellers inform us have faculty of putting an end to life and all its s at a ſtroke: a fire indeed had been lighted, chpoor SirTheodore was ſoliciting into a blaze,

working the bellows with might and main to lit purpoſe; for the billets were ſo wet, that Apo himſelf with all his beams would have been foil to ſet them in a flame: The honeſt gentlem had taken the precaution of opening all the w dows, in ſpite of which no atom of ſmoke paſ up the chimney, but came curling into the ro in columns as thick, as if a hecatomb had be offering to the ſhrine of Delphi; indeed this w not much to be wondered at, for I ſoon diſcover that a board had been fixed acroſs the flue of t chimney, which Sir Theodore in his attention the bellows had neglected to obſerve: I was ag the unhappy cauſe of that poor gentleman's u merited rebuke, and in terms much ſeverer th before; it was to no purpoſe he attempted bring Suſan the houſe-maid in for ſome ſhare the blame; his plea was diſallowed; and thou I muſt own it was not the moſt manly defence the world, yet, conſidering the unhappy cul as the ſon of a taylor, I thought it not entirely admiſſible.

When the ſmoke cleared up I diſcovered a c of the Belvedere Apollo on a pedeſtal in a ni at the upper end of the room; but, if we were judge by the climate, this chamber muſt have rived its name from Apollo, by the rule of *lucu non lucendo:* As ſoon as we were ſeated, and La Thimble had in ſome degree compoſed her ſpir ſhe began to tell me, that the treat ſhe had give me was the rehearſal of part of an epic poe written by a young lady of ſeventeen, who wa miracle of genius, and whoſe talents for compo tion were ſo extraordinary, that ſhe had writt a treatiſe on female education, whilſt ſhe was

ıoarding-ſchool, which all the world allowed
a wonderful work for one of ſuch an early
There was no eſcape, for Calliope herſelf
entered the room, and dinner was put back a
ıour for the luxury of hearing a canto of a
ding-ſchool girl's epic poem read by herſelf in
ɔreſence of Apollo. The Scottiſh philoſo-
had prudently kept his poſt by the parlour
and I alone was ſingled out as the victim; Sir
ɔdore and his father-in-law being conſidered
as expletives to fill up the audience. Cal-
was enthroned in a chair at the pedeſtal of
llo, whilſt Lady Thimble and I took our ſeats
ıſite to the reader.

was now to undergo an explanation of the
:ct matter of this poem; this was undertaken
performed by Lady Thimble, whilſt the
ıg poeteſs was adjuſting her manuſcript: The
:ct was allegorical; the title was *The Triumph of*
ɔn, who was the hero of the piece; the infe-
characters were the human paſſions perſoni-
; each paſſion occupied a canto, and the lady
already diſpatched a long liſt; if I rightly re-
ıber we were to hear the fourteenth canto; in
een actions the hero Reaſon had been victo-
ɜ, but it was exceedingly doubtful how he
ld come off in this, for the antagoniſt he had
ɜal with was no leſs a perſonage than almighty
ɜ himſelf: The metre was heroic, and many
ıe thoughts diſplayed a juvenile fancy and wild
inality; the action was not altogether uninte-
ng, nor ill-managed, and victory for a while
held in ſuſpence by a wound the hero received
ı an arrow ſomewhere in the region of the
t; for this wound he could obtain no cure,

till an ancient phyſician, after many experiments f
his relief, cut out the part affected with his *ſcyth*
Upon the whole the poem was ſuch, that had
not been allegorical, and had not I been cold a
hungry, I could have found much to comme
and ſome things to admire, even though the poet
had been twice as old and not half ſo handſom
for Calliope was extremely pretty, and I could d
cover that nature meant her to be moſt amiable a
modeſt, if flattery and falſe education would ha
ſuffered her good deſigns to have taken place;
therefore looked upon her with pity, as I do on
ſpoilt children; and when her reading was co
cluded, did not beſtow all that praiſe, which, i
had conſulted my own gratification more than h
good, I certainly ſhould have beſtowed; the on
occaſion, on which I think it a point of conſcien
to practice the philoſophy of *the Dampers*.

At length dinner was announced, and being
part of Lady Thimble's domeſtic economy, whi
ſhe had put out of her own hands, as ſhe inform
us, and in which I ſuſpect the athletic philoſoph
had ſomething to ſay, it was plentifully ſerve
Sir Theodore and my friend the merchant pli
him pretty briſkly with the bottle; but as a ſtate
firſt-rate ſhip does not condeſcend to open h
ports to the petty cruiſers that preſume to hail he
in like manner this gigantic genius kept the orac
within him muzzled, nor condeſcended once
draw the tompion of his lips, till it happened i
the courſe of many topics, that Lady Thimbl
ſpeaking of the talents of Calliope, obſerved th
miracles had not ceaſed: *How ſhould that thing*
ſaid to ceaſe, replied the oracle, *which never ha*
exiſtence? The ſpring was now touched, that p
th

this vaſt machine in motion, and, taking infidelity in miracles for his text, he carried us, in the courſe of a long uninterrupted harangue, through a ſeries of learned deductions, to what appeared his grand deſideratum, *viz. an abſolute refutation of the miracles of Chriſt by proofs logical and hiſtorical.* Whilſt this diſcourſe was going on, I was curious o obſerve the different effects it had on the com-ıany: Lady Thimble received it with evident narks of triumph, ſo that I could plainly ſee all ras goſpel with her, and the only goſpel ſhe had aith in: Sir Theodore wiſely fell aſleep; the ıerchant was in his compting-houſe,—

" His mind was toſſing on the ocean:
" There, where his argoſies with portly ſail,
" Like Seigniors and rich Burghers on the flood,
" Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
" Did overpeer the petty traffickers——"

ut all this while the young unſettled thoughts of alliope were viſibly wavering, ſometimes borne way by the *ipſe dixit* of the philoſopher and the cho of Lady Thimble's plaudits; ſometimes catch-ıg hold of Hope, and hanging to the anchor of er ſalvation, Faith; at other times without reſiſ-ıce carried down the tide of declamation, which olled rapidly along in provincial dialect, like a tor-ent from his native Highland craggs, rough and noi-; I ſaw her ſtruggles with infinite concern; the vage ſaw them alſo, but with triumph, and tur-ing his diſcourſe upon the breach he had made ı her belief, preſſed the advantage he had gained ith deviliſh addreſs; in ſhort a new antagoniſt ad ſtarted up, more formidable to *Reaſon* than all ıe fourteen, from whoſe attack ſhe had brought

her hero off with victory; and that champion which had reſiſted the arrows of all-powerful *Love* was likely now to fall a victim to the peſtilentia breath of *Infidelity*. In this dilemma I was doubt ful how to act; I did not decline the combat be cauſe I dreaded the ſtrength of this Goliah of th Philiſtines, for I knew the weapons might be con fided in, which the great Captain of ſalvation ha put into my hands; but I diſdained to plead be fore a prejudiced tribunal, in which the miſtre of the manſion ſat as judge; and as ſleep had ſe cured one of the company out of harm's way and another was upon an excurſion from which did not wiſh to bring him home, there remaine only Calliope, and I determined within myſelf t take occaſion of diſcourſing with her apart, befor I left the houſe next morning.

N° VI.

I HAD reſolved to have ſome converſation wit Calliope after the athletic philoſopher's harangu againſt the evidences of the Chriſtian religion: was at the pains of putting my thoughts togethe in writing before I went to bed, for I judged it be to give them to Calliope in ſuch a form, as ſh might hereafter at any time refer to and examin

I had the ſatisfaction of an hour's converſatio with that young lady next morning, before the f mily had aſſembled for breakfaſt: I could obſer

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that ſomething dwelt upon her mind, and demanding of her if I was not right in my conjecture, ſhe anſwered me at once to the point without heſitation——"I confeſs to you," ſays ſhe, "that the diſcourſe which Dr. Mac-Infidel yeſterday held, has made me thoroughly unhappy; things, which are above reaſon, I can readily ſuppoſe are myſteries, which I ought to admit as matter of faith in religion; but things contrary to reaſon, and facts which hiſtory confutes, how am I to believe it? What am I to do in this caſe? Have you any thing to oppoſe to this argument? If you have, I ſhould be happy to hear it; if you have not, I pray you let us talk no more upon the ſubject."—I then gave the paper into her hand, which I had prepared, and explaining to her the reaſons I had for not taking up the diſpute before our company yeſterday, deſired her to give my paper a ſerious reading; if there was any thing in it, that laid out of the courſe of her ſtudies, I would gladly do my beſt to expound it, and would ſhew her the authorities to which it referred: She received my paper with the beſt grace in the world, and promiſed that ſhe would conſider it with all the attention ſhe was miſtreſs of.

In our further diſcourſe it chanced, that I let drop ſome expreſſions in commendation of her underſtanding and talents, upon which I obſerved ſhe gave me a very expreſſive look, and when I would have ſpoken of her poem, ſhe ſhook her head, and, haſtily interrupting me, deſired I would ſpare her on that ſubject; ſhe did not wiſh to be any more flattered in a folly ſhe had too much cauſe to repent of; ſhe had burnt the odious poem I was ſpeaking of, and, burſting ſuddenly into

a flood of tears, proteſted ſhe would never be guilty of writing another line of poetry, while ſhe lived.

No words of mine can paint the look and action, which accompanied theſe expreſſions; much leſs can I deſcribe the ſtroke of pity and ſurpriſe, which her emotion gave me. It was evident ſhe alluded to ſomething that had occurred ſince the reading of the poem; I recollected ſhe was abſent all the latter part of the evening, and I felt an irreſiſtible propenſity to enquire into the cauſe of her affliction, though the ſhortneſs of our acquaintance gave me no right to be inquiſitive; ſhe ſaw my difficulty, for her intuition is very great; after a ſhort recollection, which I did not attempt to interrupt——"I know not how it is," ſays ſhe, "but ſomething tells me I am ſpeaking to a friend." ——Here ſhe pauſed, as doubting whether ſhe ought to proceed or not, and fixed her eyes upon the floor in evident embarraſſment; it will be readily ſuppoſed I ſeized the opportunity to induce her to confide in me, if there was any ſervice I could render towards alleviating the diſtreſs ſhe was evidently ſuffering——"I have no right to trouble you, ſays ſhe, "but that fatal argument I heard laſt night has ſo weakened the reſource, to which my mind in all afflictions would elſe have naturally applied, that I really know not how to ſupport myſelf, nor where to look for comfort, but by throwing myſelf upon your friendſhip for advice, as the moſt unhappy of all beings. You muſt know I have the honour to be the daughter of that gallant ſea officer Captain——" Here ſhe named an officer, who will be ever dear to his country, ever deplored by it, and whoſe friendſhip

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is at once the joy and the affliction of my life. I ſtarted from my ſeat; the ſtroke I felt, when ſhe pronounced a name ſo rooted in my heart, was like the ſhock of electricity; I claſped her hands in mine, and preſſing them exclaimed—'You have a father'—here I ſtopt—the recollection checked me from proceeding—for it was falſe.—'No, no, my child,' I ſaid, 'you have no father! nor had he a friend, who can replace your loſs; however, pray proceed.'—"Implicitly," replied Calliope, (for by that name I ſtill muſt beg to call her, though that and poetry are both renounced for ever.) "As you are the friend of my father, you muſt know that he loſt my mother, when I was an infant; two years are now paſſed ſince he periſhed; a miſerable period it has been to me; I am now under the protection of a diſtant relation, who is an intimate of the lady of this houſe, and one whoſe ruinous flattery jointly with Lady Thimble's, has conſpired to turn my wretched head, and blaſt the only hope of happineſs I had in life: Theſe learned ladies, as they would be thought, put me upon ſtudies I was never fitted to, gave me this ſilly name Calliope, and never ceaſed inflaming my vanity, till they perſuaded me I had a talent for poetry: In this they were aſſiſted by Mac-Infidel, who lives in great intimacy with Lady Thimble; the adulation of a learned man, (for that he ſurely is,) intoxicated me with ſelf-opinion, and the gravity of his character compleated the folly and deſtruction of mine." 'What do I hear,' ſaid I, interrupting her, 'the deſtruction of your character?—"Have patience," ſhe replied; "when I diſcloſe the ſorrows of my heart, you will own

that my deſtruction is compleat."—Melancholy as theſe words were, the deduction notwithſtanding that I drew from them was a relief, compared to what at firſt I apprehended.—"Alas! Sir," reſumed Calliope, "I have loſt the affections of the moſt amiable, the moſt beloved of men: He was my father's darling, and from a boy was educated by him in the profeſſion of the ſea; he ſhared every ſervice with my father except the laſt fatal one, in which your friend unhappily was loſt; Providence, that ordained the death of the one, has in the ſame period enriched the other; he is lately returned from the Weſt Indies, and by his duty has been confined to the port he arrived in, ſo that we have not met ſince his return to England: Here is the firſt letter he wrote to me from Plymouth; read it, I beſeech you, and then compare it with the fatal one I received laſt night." Calliope put a letter into my hands, and I read as follows.—

"My dearest Nancy!

"I have this inſtant brought my frigate to an anchor, and ſeize the firſt moment, that my duty permits, to tell the loveliеſt of her ſex, that I have luckily come acroſs a prize, that makes a man of me for life; A man did I ſay? Yes, and the happieſt of men, if my dear girl is ſtill true, and will conſent to ſhare the fortune of her faithful Henry.

"I cannot leave Plymouth this fortnight, therefore pray write to me under cover to my friend the Admiral. Yours ever,

"Henry Constant."

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When I had returned this letter to Calliope, ſhe reſumed her narrative in the following words: "'The joy this letter gave me ſet my ſpirits in ſuch a flow, that in the habit I was of writing verſes, I could not bring my thoughts to run in humble proſe, but giving the reins to my fancy filled at leaſt ſix ſides with rhapſodies in verſe; and not content with this, and fooliſhly conceiving that my poem would appear at leaſt as charming to Henry, as the flattery of my own ſex had perſuaded me it was to them, I incloſed a fair copy and ſent it to him in a packet by the ſtage-coach; the next return of the poſt brought me this fatal letter I received laſt night."

"MADAM,

"Though there cannot be in this world a taſk ſo painful to me, as what I am now about to perform, yet I think it an indiſpenſible point of honour to inform my late moſt lovely and beloved Nancy, that if I am to ſuppoſe her the author of that enormous bundle of verſes I have received from her hand, it is the laſt favour that hand muſt beſtow upon her unhappy Henry.

"My education you know; for it was formed under your moſt excellent father; I ſerved with him from a child, and he taught me, not indeed the knack of making verſes, but what I hope has been as uſeful to my country, the duties of an officer. Being his daughter, I had flattered myſelf you would not like me the leſs for following his profeſſion, or for being trained to it under his inſtruction. But alas! Nancy, all theſe hopes are gone. My ignorance would only diſgrace you, and your wit would make me contemptible;

temptible; ſince you are turned poeteſs, h
can my ſociety be agreeable? If thoſe ver
you have ſent me are all of your own maki
you muſt have done little elſe ſince we part
and if ſuch are to be your ſtudies and occup
ons, what is to become of all the comforts o
huſband? How are you to fulfil the duties o
mother, or manage the concerns of a famil
No, no; may heaven defend me from a learn
wife! I am too proud to be the butt of my o
table; too accuſtomed to command, to be eat
induced to obey; let me ever live a ſingle m
or let the wife I chuſe be modeſt, unpretendi
ſimple, natural in her manners, plain in her u
derſtanding; let her be true as the compaſs I
by, and (pardon the coarſeneſs of the allu
on) obedient to the helm as the ſhip I ſtee
then, Nancy, I will ſtand by my wife, as I w
by my ſhip, to the lateſt moment I have to breat
For God's ſake what have women to do w
learning? But if they will ſtep out of their o
profeſſion and write verſes, do not let them fl
into ours to chuſe huſbands; we ſhall prove coa
meſſmates to the muſes.

" I underſtand ſo much of your poetical ep
tle, as to perceive that you are in the family
Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble: Three days
ſuch ſociety would make me forſwear matrimo
for ever: To the daughter of my friend I m
for ever ſpeak and act as a friend; ſuffer me th
to aſk if any man in his ſenſes will chuſe a w
from ſuch a ſchool? Oh grief to think! that o
ſo natural, ſo ſincere and unaffected as was r
Nancy, could be the companion of ſuch an ug
petticoat

petticoated pedant as Lady Thimble, ſuch a tame hen-pecked ſon of a taylor as Sir Theodore!

"As for the volume of verſes you have ſent me, I dare ſay it is all very fine, but I really do not comprehend three lines of it; the battles you deſcribe are what I never ſaw by ſea or land, and the people who fight them ſuch as I have never been accuſtomed to ſerve with; one gentleman I perceive there is, who combats ſtoutly againſt *Love*; it is a good moral, and I thank you for it; coſt what it may, I will do my beſt to imitate your hero. Farewell.

"I muſt be only your moſt faithful friend,

"HENRY CONSTANT."

N° VII.

Magnum iter ad doctas proficiſci cogor Athenas.

(PROPERT.)

I WAS agreeably ſurprized the other day with an unexpected viſit from a country friend, who once made a conſiderable figure in the faſhionable world, and, with an elegant taſte for the fine arts, is poſſeſt of many valuable paintings and ſculptures of his own collecting in Italy: He told me, that after ſix years abſence from town, he had made a journey purpoſely to regale his curioſity for a few days with the ſpectacles of this great capital, and deſired I would accompany him on

on his morning's tour to ſome of the eminent artiſts, and afterwards conduct him to the theatre, where he had ſecured himſelf a ſeat for the repreſentation of Mr. Southern's tragedy of the *Fatal Marriage*. Though I had juſt been honoured with a card from Vaneſſa, purporting that ſhe would hold *The Feaſt of Reaſon* that evening at her houſe, where my company was expected, I did not heſitate to accept the invitation of my country friend, and excuſe myſelf from that of Vaneſſa, though I muſt confeſs my curioſity was ſomewhat rouſed by the novelty of the entertainment to which I was bidden. Our day paſſed ſo entirely to the ſatisfaction of my candid companion, that, when we parted at night, he ſhook me by the hand, and with a ſmile of complacency declared, that a day ſo ſpent would not diſgrace the diary of Pericles.

When I had returned to my apartment, this alluſion of my friend to the age of Pericles, with the recollection of what had paſſed in the day, threw me into a reverie, in the courſe of which I fell aſleep, whilſt my mind with more diſtinctneſs than is uſual in dreaming, purſued its waking train of thought after the following manner.

" I found myſelf in a ſtately portico, which being on an eminence, gave me the proſpect of a city, incloſing a prodigious circuit, with groves, gardens, and fields, ſeemingly ſet apart for martial exerciſes and ſports; the houſes were not cluſtered into ſtreets, and alleys like our great trading towns, but were placed apart and ſeparated without any regular order, as if each man had therein conſulted his own particular taſte and enjoyments. I thought I never ſaw ſo delightful a place, nor a people who lived

ſo

ſo much at their eaſe: I felt a freſhneſs and ſalubrity in the climate, that ſeemed to clear the brain, and give a ſpring to the ſpirits and whole animal frame: The ſun was bright and glowing, but the lightneſs of the atmoſphere and a refreſhing breeze qualified the heat in the moſt delicious manner. As I looked about me with wonder and delight, I obſerved a great many edifices of the pureſt architecture, that ſeemed calculated for public purpoſes; and wherever my eye went, it was encountered by a variety of ſtatues in braſs or marble; immediately at the foot of the ſteps, leading to the portico, in which I ſtood, I obſerved a figure in braſs of exquiſite workmanſhip, which by its attributes I believed deſigned to repreſent the heathen deity Mercurius. In the centre of the city there was an edifice incloſed within walls, which I took to be the citadel; a rapid ſtream of clear water meandered about the place, and was trained through groves and gardens in the moſt pictureſque and pleaſing manner, while the proſpect at diſtance was bounded by the ſea.

"As I ſtood rapt in contemplation of this new and brilliant ſcenery, methought I was accoſted by a middle-aged man in a looſe garment of fine purple, who wore his hair after the manner of our ladies, braided and coiled round upon the crown of his head with great care and delicacy to a conſiderable heighth; and (which I thought remarkable) he had faſtened the braids in ſeveral places with golden pins, on which were ſeveral figures of ſmall grashoppers of the ſame metal; behind him walked a ſervant-youth, or ſlave, carrying a light wicker chair for his maſter to

to repoſe in, a cuſtom that ſeemed to me to argue great effeminacy; and looking about me I found it was pretty univerſal, many of the bettermoſt ſort of citizens being ſeated in the ſtreets, converſing at their eaſe, though there was certainly nothing in the climate, that made ſuch an indulgence neceſſary.

" As I was eyeing this gentleman with a ſurprize, that I muſt own had ſome ſmall tincture of contempt in it, he turned himſelf to me, and in the moſt complaiſant manner imaginable accoſted me in my own language, telling me, he perceived I was a ſtranger in Athens, and if I was curious to ſee what was remarkable in the place, he was ready to dedicate the day to my ſervice. To this courteous addreſs I returned the beſt anſwer I was able, adding that every thing was new to me, and many things appeared admirable. You will ſay ſo, replied he, before the day is paſt, and yet I cannot ſhew you in the ſpace of a day the hundredth part of what this city contains worth a ſtranger's obſervation: Of a certain Arts and Sciences are now carried to their utmoſt pitch, and no future age I think will ſucceed, in which the glory of the Athenian commonwealth, and the genius of its citizens ſhall be found ſuperior to their preſent luſtre.

" The portico, in which you ſtand, continued the Athenian, is what we call *Pœcile*, or the *painted Portico*; the brazen ſtatue at the foot of the ſteps was raiſed by the nine Archons in honour of *Mercurius Agoræus*, or the *Forenſal*; and dedicated by them to the tribes: That by its ſide is the ſtatue of Solon, the other at ſome diſtance is the lawgiver Lycurgus. The gate before you, on

on which you ſee thoſe warlike trophies, was ſo adorned in memory of the defeat of Pliſtarchus, who was brother of the famous Caſſander, and commanded his cavalry and auxiliary troops in the action recorded. Theſe paintings behind you, with which the portico is furniſhed and from which it has its name, are all upon public ſubjects in commemoration of wiſe and or valiant citizens: The pictures on your right hand are by the celebrated Polygnotus, theſe on your left by Micon, equal to his rival in art, but not in munificence; for Polygnotus would accept no other reward for his works, than the fame inſeparable from ſuch eminent performances; Micon on the contrary was paid by the ſtate. There are ſeveral others by the hands of our great maſters, particularly that incomparable piece, which repreſents the field of Marathon, a compoſition by the great Panænus, brother of the ſtatuary Phidias; but this, as well as the others, will demand a more particular deſcription.

"Examine this compoſition on your right; it is the work of Polygnotus: you ſee two armies drawn up front to front and on the point of engaging; theſe are the Athenians, the adverſe troops are the Lacedemonians; the ſcene is Œnoe; ſuch is the contrivance of the artiſt, that you are ſure victory is to declare for the Athenians, though the battle is not yet commenced.

"In the oppoſite piece you ſee the battle of Theſeus with the Amazons; a capital compoſition by Micon; theſe warlike ladies are fighting on horſeback; with what wonderful art has the maſter expreſſed the character of athletic beauty without deviating into vulgarity and groſſneſs! If you

you recollect the Lyſiſtrata of Ariſtophanes you will meet an elogium on this picture; it is thus the ſiſter arts encourage and ſupport each other.

" Now turn to Polygnotus's ſide and look at that magnificent piece of art: The painter has choſen for the ſubject of his compoſition the council of the Grecian chiefs upon the violence done to Caſſandra by Ajax after the capture of Troy; you ſee the brutal character of the man ſtrongly expreſſed in the hero of the piece; amongſt that group of Trojan captives Caſſandra is conſpicuous; that figure, which repreſents Laodice, is worth your notice, as being a portrait of Elpinice a celebrated courteſan: Scrupulous people have taken offence at it, but great painters will indulge themſelves in theſe liberties, and are fond of painting after beautiful nature; of which I could give you innumerable examples.

" Now let us in the laſt place regale our eyes with this ineſtimable battle of Marathon by Panænus: What think you of it? Was it a reward worthy of the heroes, who preſerved their country on that glorious day? Which party is moſt honoured by the work, the maſter who wrought it, or the valiant perſonages who are recorded by it? It is a queſtion difficult to decide. You will obſerve three different groups in this ſuperb compoſition, deſcribing three different periods of the action: Here you ſee the Athenians and their allies the Platæans juſt commencing the action.—There, further removed in perſpective, the barbarians are defeated; the ſlaugher is raging, and the Medes are plunging deſperately into the marſhy lake to avoid their purſuers; examine the back ground, and you ſee the Phœnician

cian gallies; the barbarians are making a bold attack, and the ſea is covered with wrecks: All mouths are open in applauſe of this picture, and it was but the other day, that the great orator Demoſthenes referred to it in a ſolemn harangue upon Neæra, as did Eſchines in his pleading againſt Cteſiphon. All our Captains are taken from the life; that General who is encouraging his troops is Miltiades; he is the hero of the piece, and I can aſſure you the reſemblance is in all points exact: This is the portrait of Callimachus the Polemarck: There you ſee the hero Echetlus, and this is the brave Epizelus; that Athenian, who is valiantly fighting, is Cynægirus himſelf, who loſt both his hands in the action; there goes an extraordinary ſtory with that dog, which is by his ſide, and has ſeized the dying barbarian by the throat; the faithful creature would not forſake his maſter; he was killed in the action, and is now deſervedly immortalized in company with the illuſtrious heroes, who are the ſubject of the piece. Thoſe ſplendid warriors in the army of the Medes, who are ſtanding in their chariots, and calling to their troops, are the generals Datis and Artaphanes. They are drawn in a proud and ſwelling ſtile, and ſeem of a larger ſize and proportion than our Athenian champions; and the fact is, that this group was inſerted by another maſter; they are by the hand of Micon, and perhaps do not exactly harmonize with the reſt; the ſilly Athenians were piqued at their appearance, and in a fit of jealouſy puniſhed Micon by a fine for having painted them too flatteringly; the painter ſuffered in his pocket, but the people in my opinion were diſgraced,

by

by the ſentence: This circumſtance has given occaſion for many on the part of Micon to conteſt the honour of the painting with Panænus, who in juſtice muſt be conſidered as principal author of the work; and in courſe of time it may happen, that poſterity will be puzzled which maſter to aſcribe it to.

" There are many more pictures well deſerving your attentive notice, particularly that by Pamphilus, which repreſents Alcmena with the Heraclidæ aſking aid of the Athenians againſt Euryſtheus: and this inſpired old figure by Polygnotus with a lyre in his hand, which is the portrait of no leſs a perſon than the great Sophocles;—but come, let us be gone, for we have much beſides to ſee; and I perceive Zeno coming this way with his ſcholars to hold his lectures in this portico; and I for one muſt confeſs I am no friend to the Stoics, or as we call them the Zenonians.

N° VIII.

Ad vetuſtiſſimam et ſapientiſſimam et diis cariſſimam et communem amaſiam, hominumque ac Deorum terram, Athenas mittebaris.

(LIBANIUS IN ORATIONE.)

" FROM the painted portico, in which my laſt was dated, my Athenian conductor took me to the Ptolemaic Gymnaſium, in which I obſerved ſeveral ſtatues of Mercury in marble, and others

others of braſs, which he explained to me to be of Ptolemy the founder, Juba and Chryſippus the philoſopher. There was one of Beroſus the aſtrologer with a tongue of pure gold, in commemoration of his divine predictions: On one hand of me ſtood the doric temple of Theſeus, enriched with ſome ineſtimable paintings of Micon, particularly one upon the ſubject of the fight of the Lapithæ and Centaurs: on the other hand was the antient temple of the Dioſcuri, in which I was ſhewn many capital pictures by Polygnotus; it is here, ſays my conductor, we adminiſter to the Athenian youth that ſolemn oath, which binds them not to deſert their ranks in action, but to periſh, when neceſſity ſo requires, in defence of their country; the form is rather long, ſays he, but this is the ſubſtance of the oath. The Prytaneum, or Court-houſe, was now in view, where the magiſtracy of the city aſſemble for the diſpatch of public buſineſs: Here I ſaw the venerable laws of Solon in a cheſt of ſtone, the ſtatues of Pax and Veſta, and (which were more intereſting to me) the figures of Miltiades and Themiſtocles of exquiſite workmanſhip in pure marble; in this place all thoſe citizens, and the poſterity of thoſe, who have deſerved well of the ſtate, receive their public doles or allowance of bread in cakes compoſed of meal, oil, and water; here alſo I ſaw the perpetual fire upon the altar of Veſta, and the celebrated image of the Bona Fortuna of the Athenians. In the adjoining temple of Lucina I was ſhewn the famous ſtatues of that deity clothed in drapery to the feet: My guide now carried me to the great temple of Olympian Jupiter, founded

ed by the tyrant Piſiſtratus, and perfected by his ſons and ſucceſſors; I obſerved to my conductor, that I had ſeen no temple in Athens, except this, with interior columns; he informed me that the great ſpan of the roof made it neceſſary in this inſtance, but that it was contrary to their rule of architecture and obtained in no other: He further told me that the city had expended ten thouſand talents in this edifice: The image of the god was cut in ivory and gold; to every column was affixed a brazen ſtatue, repreſenting the colonial cities of the Athenian empire. The diſplay of ſtatuary exceeded all deſcription or belief, nor was the painter's art wanting in its ſhare of the decoration; for wherever pictures could be diſpoſed, and particularly about the pedeſtal of the ſtatue of Jupiter, the moſt capital paintings were to be ſeen.

"My ſight was now ſo dazzled with the diſplay of brilliant images, and my mind ſo overpowered with the miracles of art, which had paſſed in review, that I beſeeched my guide to carry me either to ſome of thoſe groves, which were in my eye, where I could meditate on what I had ſeen, or to ſpectacles of any other ſort according to his choice and diſcretion, for otherwiſe I ſhould apprehend, from the variety of objects, I ſhould retain the memory of none. He told me in reply, that this was his intention, obſerving that the proportion I had ſeen was very ſmall indeed to what the city contained; there was however one more ſtatue, which he could not diſpenſe with himſelf from ſhewing me, being a model of beauty and perfection; and having ſo ſaid methought he took me into a neighbouring garden, and in a grove

grove of cypreſs and myrtle preſented to my view the moſt exquiſite piece of ſculpture I had ever beheld.—This, ſays he, is the Venus called Celeſtial, the workmanſhip of the immortal Alcamen.—After I had contemplated this divine original with aſtoniſhment and rapture, I was ſatisfied within myſelf, that we are miſtaken in ſuppoſing it has deſcended to us, and I now acknowledge that our celeſtial Venus is a copy far inferior to its inimitable prototype. Having examined this ſtatue for ſome time, I turned to my conductor and ſaid:—Let us gratify our ſenſes in ſome other way; I have ſeen enough of art.

"It is impoſſible to avoid it, replies he, in this city, and ſo ſaying led me into the Lyceum; this Gymnaſium, ſays he, has been lately inſtituted by Pericles, and theſe plantations of plane-trees are of his making; ſo are theſe aqueducts; the Lyceum was originally dedicated to Paſtoral Apollo, and owes its foundation and beauty in the firſt inſtance to the elegant Piſiſtratus, who from the ſurpriſing reſemblance of their perſons we now call the elder Pericles. The place is delightful, and before you leave it take notice of this ſtatue of Apollo; the artiſt has deſcribed him in the attitude of reſting after his daily courſe; you ſee he leans againſt a column; his right arm bent over his head, and in his left he holds his bow; it is a firſt-rate piece of ſculpture. Leaving the Lyceum my conductor took me by the way of the Tripods; here he ſhewed me the inimitable ſatyr in braſs, the boaſted maſter-piece of Praxiteles, and the Cupid and Bacchus of Thymilus; we were now cloſe by the theatre, in the portico of which I was ſhewn the ſtatue of Eſchylus,

lus, and two pedeſtals for the ſtatues of So
cles and Euripides, then under the artiſts ha
although both thoſe poets were now living:
doors of the theatre were not yet opened,
the temple of Venus being near at hand,
thought we entered, and I beheld the beau
Cupid crowned with roſes, painted by Zeu
from hence I could ſee the works, that Per
had been carrying on upon the citadel, but
we did not enter.

" Methought I was now carried into
theatre amidſt a prodigious crowd of peo
the comedy of the night was intitled *The Cl*
and the famous Ariſtophanes was announced
the author of it. It was expected that Soc
would be perſonally attacked, and a great
ty of that philoſopher's enemies were aſſem
to ſupport the poet. I was much ſurpri
when my companion pointed out to me that
philoſopher in perſon, who had actually take
ſeat in the theatre, and was ſitting betw
Alcibiades and Antipho the ſon of Peric
by the ſide of Alcibiades ſate Euripides, an
Antipho's left hand ſate Thucydides; I n
beheld two more venerable old men than
poet and hiſtorian, nor ſuch comely perſon
Alcibiades and Antipho: Socrates was exc
ingly like the buſts we have of him, his l
was bald, his beard buſhy, and his ſtature l
there was ſomething very deterring in his c
tenance; his perſon was mean and his habit ſ
lid; his veſt was of looſe drapery, thrown
his left ſhoulder after the faſhion of a Spa
Capa, and ſeemed to be of coarſe cloth, n
of black wool undyed; he had a ſhort ſtaf

his hand of knotted wood with a round head, which he was continually rubbing in the palm of his hand, as he talked with Alcibiades, to whom he principally addreſſed his diſcourſe: Thucydides had lately returned from exile upon a general amneſty, and I obſerved a melancholy in his countenance mixed with indignation; Euripides ſeemed employed in examining the countenances of the ſpectators, whilſt Antipho with great modeſty paid a moſt reſpectful attention to the venerable philoſopher on his right hand. Whilſt I was engaged in obſerving this reſpectable groupe, my conductor whiſpered the following words in my ear—*This is the ſecond attack from the ſame hands upon Socrates; that of laſt year was defeated by Alcibiades; but if this night's comedy ſucceeds, I predict that our philoſopher is undone: and in truth his ſchool is much out of credit; for ſome of the worſt characters of the age have come out of his hands of late.*

"When the players firſt came on the ſtage there was ſo great a murmur in the theatre, that I could ſcarce hear them; after a ſhort time however the ſilence became pretty general, and the plot of the play, ſuch as it was, began to open; I perceived that the poet had deviſed the character of an old clowniſh father, who being plunged in debt by the extravagancies of a flanting wife and a ſpendthrift ſon, who waſted his fortune upon race-horſes, was for ever puzzling his brains to ſtrike upon ſome expedient for cheating his creditors. With this view he goes to the houſe of Socrates to take counſel of that philoſopher, who gives him a great many ridiculous inſtructions, ſeemingly not at all to the pur-

poſe, and amongſt other extravagancies aſſures him that Jupiter has no concern in the government of the world, but that all the functions of providence are performed by *The Clouds*, which upon his invocation appear and perform the part of a chorus throughout the play: The philoſopher is continually foiled by the ruſtic wit of the old father, who, after being put in Socrates's truckle bed and miſerably ſtung with vermin, has a meeting with his creditors, and endeavours to parry their demands with a parcel of pedantic quibbles, which he has learnt of the philoſopher, and which give occaſion to ſcenes of admirable comic humour: My conductor informed me this incident was pointed at Eſchines, a favorite diſciple of Socrates; a man, ſays he, plunged in debts and a moſt notorious defrauder of his creditors. In the end the father brings his ſon to be inſtructed by Socrates; the ſon, after a ſhort lecture, comes forth a perfect Atheiſt, and gives his father a ſevere cudgelling on the ſtage, which irreverend act he undertakes to defend upon the principles of the new philoſophy, he had been learning. This was the ſubſtance of the play, in the courſe of which there were many groſs alluſions to the unnatural vice, of which Socrates was accuſed, and many perſonal ſtrokes againſt Cliſthenes, Pericles, Euripides, and others, which told ſtrongly, and were much applauded by the theatre.

" It is not to be ſuppoſed, that all this paſſed without ſome occaſional diſguſt on the part of the ſpectators, but it was evident there was a party in the theatre, which carried it through, notwithſtanding the preſence of Socrates and the reſpectable

pectable junto that attended him: For my part I ſcarce ever took my eyes from him during the repreſentation, and I obſerved two or three little actions, which ſeemed to give me ſome inſight into the temper of his mind during the ſevereſt libel, that was ever exhibited againſt any man's perſon and principles.

"Before Socrates appears on the ſtage, the old man raps violently at his door, and is reproved by one of his diſciples, who comes out and complains of the diſturbance; upon his being queſtioned what the philoſopher may be then employed upon, he anſwers that he is engaged in meaſuring the leap of a flea, to decide how many of its own lengths it ſprings at one hop; the diſciple alſo informs him with great ſolemnity, that Socrates has diſcovered that the hum of a gnat is not made by the mouth of the animal, but from behind: This raiſed a laugh at the expence of the naturaliſts and minute philoſophers, and I obſerved that Socrates himſelf ſmiled at the conceit.

"When the ſchool was opened to the ſtage and all his ſcholars were diſcovered with their heads upon the floor and their poſteriors mounted in the air, and turned towards the audience, though the poet pretends to account for it, as if they were ſearching for natural curioſities on the ſurface of the ground, the action was evidently intended to convey the groſſeſt alluſion, and was ſo received by the audience: When this ſcene was produced, I remarked, that Socrates ſhook his head, and turned his eyes off the ſtage; whilſt Euripides with ſome indignation threw the ſleeve of his mantle over his face; this was ob-

ſerved by the ſpectators, and produced a conſiderable tumult, in which the theatre ſeemed pretty fairly divided, ſo that the actors ſtood upright, and quitted the poſture they were diſcovered in.

"When Socrates was firſt produced ſtanding on a baſket mounted into the clouds, the perſon of the actor and the maſk he wore, as well as the garment he was dreſſed in, was the moſt direct counterpart of the philoſopher himſelf, that could be deviſed. But when the actor, ſpeaking in his character, in direct terms proceeded to deny the divinity of Jupiter, Socrates laid his hand upon his heart, and caſt his eyes up with aſtoniſhment; in the ſame moment Alcibiades ſtarted from his ſeat, and in a loud voice cried out—*Athenians! is this fitting?* Upon this a great tumult aroſe, and very many of the ſpectators called upon Socrates to ſpeak for himſelf, and anſwer to the charge; when the play could not proceed for the noiſe and clamour of the people, all demanding Socrates to ſpeak for himſelf, the philoſopher unwillingly ſtept forward, and ſaid—*You require of me, O Athenians, to anſwer to the charge; there is no charge; neither is this a place to diſcourſe in about the gods; Let the actor proceed!*—Silence immediately took place, and Socrates's invocation to *The Clouds* ſoon enſued; the paſſage was ſo beautiful, the machinery of the clouds ſo finely introduced, and the chorus of voices in the air ſo exquiſitely conceived, that the whole theatre was in raptures, and the poet from that moment had entire poſſeſſion of their minds, ſo that the piece was carried triumphantly to its period. In the heat of the applauſe my Athenian friend whiſpered me in the ear.

ear and ſaid—*Depend upon it, Socrates will hear of this in another place; he is a loſt man; and remember I tell you that if all our philoſophers and ſophiſts were driven out of Attica, it would be happy for Athens.*"—At theſe words I ſtarted and awaked from my dream.

N° IX.

CALLIOPE has favoured me with the following letter; it is dated from the houſe of a worthy clergyman, a friend of her father's, who with an exemplary wife lives upon a ſmall country vicárage in primitive ſimplicity, where that afflicted young lady took ſhelter.

"SIR,

"AFTER you left me at Lady Thimble's, I ſeized the firſt moment, that the anguiſh of my mind permitted me to make uſe of, to put myſelf in readineſs for taking my final leave of that family, and, according to the plan we had concerted, came without delay to this place, where, if any thing could have given abſolute peace to my mind, the conſolation of theſe excellent people, and the ſerenity of the ſcene muſt have done it. As it was, I felt my afflictions lighten, my ſelf-reproach became leſs bitter, and, whilſt the vanity, which flattery had inſpired me with, has been cured by their admonitions, the doubts

that infidelity had raiſed have been totally removed, and truth made clear to my eternal comfort and conviction. Had it not been for this, I ſhould have been given up to deſpair; for as I heard no more from Captain Conſtant, I was convinced he had renounced me for ever; in the mean time I wrote many letters, but ſent none to him; ſome of theſe letters were written in a high tone, moſt of them in an humble one, and in one I gave a looſe to paſſion and deſpair in expreſſions little ſhort of phrenſy; all theſe I conſtantly deſtroyed, for as I had not the heart to write angrily to him, ſo I dreaded to appear mean in his eyes, if I was too plaintive; nay I was not ſure, ſince his fortune had become ſo ſuperior to mine, but I might lay myſelf open to a charge of the moſt deſpicable nature.

" Thus my time paſſed, till yeſterday morning, upon obſerving the houſe in one of thoſe buſties, which the expectation of a viſiter creates in ſmall families, I found my good hoſteſs deeply engaged with her paſtry, and having myſelf become a conſiderable adept in the art under her tuition, I was putting myſelf in order to aſſiſt her in her preparations, when turning to me with a ſmile, which ſeemed to ſpring from joy as well as benevolence---*Come, my dear child*, ſays ſhe, *I have been at work this hour; and if you had known it was to entertain a friend of your father's, I am perſuaded you would not have let me been ſo long beforehand with you.*—I aſked her who it was ſhe expected—*No matter*, ſhe replied, *fall to your work, and do your beſt, like a good girl, for your miſtreſs's credit as well as your own.*—The ſignificant

cant look, with which ſhe accompanied theſe words, ſet my heart into ſuch a flutter, that my hands no longer obeyed me in the taſk I undertook, till having ſpilt the milk, overthrown the eggs, and put every thing into the ſame confuſion with myſelf, I burſt into a flood of tears, which ended in a ſtrong hyſteric fit. My ſcreams brought the good man of the houſe and every body in it to my aſſiſtance; but judge of my condition betwixt joy, aſtoniſhment and terror, when the figure of my beloved Conſtant preſented itſelf to my eyes; My God! he exclaimed, and ſtarted back aghaſt, then ſprung to my aſſiſtance, and claſping me in his arms, lifted me at once from the floor and ran with me into the parlour, where there was a couch—My life! my ſoul!—was all he could ſay, for he was like a man beſide himſelf with fright and agony, till I recovered; this was at laſt effected by a plentiful relief of tears, and then I found myſelf alone with my beloved Henry, my head reclined upon his neck, and him ſupporting my whole weight in his arms, whilſt he knelt on one knee at my feet; no ſooner had I recollected myſelf, than the blood, that had been driven from my cheeks during my fit, ruſhed back again with violence and covered me with bluſhes. Henry's tranſports now became as vehement as his terrors had been, and looſing his hold of me for a moment, whilſt he fixed his eyes upon me with an ardour, that confounded me ſo as almoſt to deprive me of ſpeech or motion, he again caught me in his arms, and preſſing me eagerly to his breaſt, almoſt ſmothered me with careſſes. He then quitted me altogether, and throwing himſelf on his knees at my feet, entreated me to for-

give him, if he had offended me; he had been diſtracted between joy and terror, and ſcarce knew what he had done; he proceeded to account for the motives of his conduct towards me, both when he wrote the letter to me from Plymouth, and for every moment of his time ſince: That he had ſet off for London the very day he wrote, had ſought you out, and converſed fully with you upon the effects his letter had produced; that, hearing I was come to this place, he would have followed me with an immediate explanation, if you had not prevailed with him to the contrary (for which advice I cannot now find in my heart to condemn you), that however he had placed himſelf within two miles of me in a neighbouring village, where he had daily intercourſe with the worthy Vicar, who gave him punctual intelligence of the ſtate of my mind and the total revolution effected in it; that what he ſuffered during this ſtate of trial and ſuſpenſe no words of his could paint, but the accounts he received of me from this good man and the benefits he knew I was gaining by his counſel and converſation, kept him from diſcovering himſelf, till he had permiſſion for ſo doing; hat he threw himſelf upon my candor and good ſenſe for juſtification in the honeſt artifice he had made uſe of, and now that I added to my good qualities thoſe religious and domeſtic virtues, which the ſociety of unbelieving pedants had obſcured, but not extinguiſhed, he hoped there was no further bar in the way of our mutual happineſs; but that I would condeſcend to accept a man whoſe heart and ſoul were devoted to me, and who had one recommendation at leaſt to offer

ſer in his own behalf, which he flattered himſelf no other perſon could produce, and which he was ſure would have ſome weight with me: So ſaying, he put a letter into my hands, which I had no ſooner glanced my eye upon than perceiving it was the well-known hand-writing of my ever honoured and lamented father, I ſunk back upon the couch and diſſolved again into tears: Even the manly heart of my Henry now gave way, and the ſad remembrance of his departed friend melted his brave boſom into all the ſoftneſs of a woman's.—Then, Sir, Oh then indeed I loved him, then he triumphed in my heart; how dear, how noble, how almoſt divine did he then appear! his eyes, whoſe ardent raptures had affrighted me, now, when I ſaw them bathed in tears, inſpired me with the pureſt paſſion, and contemplating him with the affection of a ſiſter, not regarding him as a lover, I caſt off all reſerve, and following the impulſe of the ſoul, *Deareſt and beſt of men!* I cried—and ſunk into his arms.

"Thus, Sir, you have the full and unreſerved account, to which your friendſhip is entitled; ſtill there remains one act of kindneſs in your power to ſhew me, and which my Henry jointly with myſelf ſolicits, which is, that you would ſtand in the place of your deceaſed friend upon our marriage, and compleat the kind part you have taken in my welfare, by joining my hand with that of the moſt deſerving man on earth.

"I had almoſt forgot to mention to you a circumſtance, that paſſed as we were ſitting at table after dinner, and by which our good friend the Vicar undeſignedly threw me into a confuſion, that was exceedingly diſtreſſing, by repeating

ing ſome verſes from Pope's Eſſay on Man, in which he applied to me to help him out in his quotation: I certainly remembered the paſſage, and could have ſupplied his memory with the words; but Henry being preſent, and the recollection of what had paſſed on the ſubject of poetry ruſhing on my mind, at the ſame time that I thought I ſaw him glance a ſignificant look at me, threw me into ſuch embarraſſment on the ſudden, that in vain endeavouring to evade the ſubject, and being preſſed a little unſeaſonably by the Vicar, my ſpirits alſo being greatly fluttered by the events of the morning, I could no longer command myſelf, but burſt into tears, and very narrowly eſcaped falling into a ſecond hyſteric. Nothing ever equalled the tenderneſs of Henry on this occaſion; nay I thought I could diſcover that he was ſecretly pleaſed with the event, as it betrayed a conſciouſneſs of former vanities, and ſeemed to prove that I repented of them: Whatever interpretation he might put upon it, ſtill I could not bring myſelf to repeat the verſes; and believe I ſhall never utter another couplet whilſt I live; I am certain I ſhall never make one.

"I incloſe you a copy of my father's letter to Henry; And am, Sir,

Your ſincere friend,

And moſt obliged ſervant,

ANNE ———."

Though the letter, of which my amiable correſpondent has incloſed a copy, is haſtily written in the buſtle and hurry of ſervice, yet as it breathes the ſentiments of the friend, the father, and the hero,

hero, and as every relic of ſo venerable a character is, in my opinion at leaſt, too precious not to be preſerved, I ſhall take permiſſion of the reader to ſubjoin it.

Dear Harry,

This perverſe wind has at laſt taken ſhame at confining ſo many brave fellows in port, and come about to the eaſt, ſo that we are all in high ſpirits getting under weigh: The Commiſſioners yacht is along-ſide, and I drop theſe few lines by way of farewel to aſſure my brave lad, that whether we meet again, or not, you ſhall not hear a bad account of your old ſhipmate, nor with God's bleſſing of his crew. I think we ſhall ſoon come into action, and that being the caſe, d'ye ſee, few words and fair-dealing are beſt between friends: You tell me, if you get a prize, you mean to marry Nancy; that is honeſt, for the girl is cruelly in love with you, and I like her the better for it; a ſeaman's daughter ſhould be a ſeaman's friend, and without flattery I don't believe a braver lad ever trod a plank in the king's ſervice than yourſelf—ſo enough of that, you have my conſent, and with it all the fortune I have to beſtow, which is little more than my bleſſing.

There is one thing however I muſt warn you of, which is, that the girl, though of a good nature in the main, has got a romantic turn in her head, and is terribly given to reading and making verſes and ſuch landlubbers traſh, as women and ſailors have nothing to do with; now I would not have you make a fool of yourſelf, Harry, and marry a learned wife, though ſhe was of my own begetting. If therefore Nancy and you come to an underſtanding together, when my old carcaſe ſhall be feeding the fiſhes, remember it is on this expreſs condition only, which I charge you on your honour to obſerve, that you burn her books, as I will do if ever

I get

I get at them, and never yoke with her till ſhe has renounced the vagaries of poetry, which if you cure her of you have my free leave to make her as good a huſband as you can, and God bleſs you with her: and this you will obſerve and obey as the laſt will and teſtament of him who is

Yours till death,

* * * * * * *

P. S. *Remember I tell you, Harry, this old ſhip is damn'd crank and leewardly; but our wiſeacres would not take her down, ſo they muſt ſtand by the conſequences; ſhe is a fine man of war at the worſt, and if ſhe comes along-ſide of the Monſieurs, will give their firſt-rates a warming. Hurrah! we are under ſail!*

N° X.

UPON reviſing what I wrote for Calliope in anſwer to Dr. Mac-Infidel's diſcourſe againſt Chriſt's miracles, I find the argument ſo connected with certain paſſages in the life of the great heathen philoſopher Pythagoras, which the adverſaries of Chriſtianity have ſet up againſt the ſcriptural records of the Meſſias, that I have been tempted to enlarge upon what I gave to that young lady by prefacing it with an account of what I find curious in the relations of the ſophiſts and biographers touching that extraordinary man.

The variety of fictions, which the writers, who treat of Pythagoras, have interſperſed in their accounts, makes it difficult to trace out any conſiſtent

tent ſtory of his life: His biographers agree ſcarcely in any one fact or date: Porphyry ſays he was born at Tyre; Jamblichus will have it to be at Sidon, probably as being the more ancient city; Joſephus ſays it is as hard to fix the place of his nativity, as Homer's, or to aſcertain the year of his birth. Jamblichus, glancing at the goſpel account of the birth of Chriſt, ſays, that when the mother of Pythagoras was with child of him, her huſband being ignorant of her pregnancy, brought her to the oracle at Delphi, and there the propheteſs told him the firſt news of his wife's having conceived, and alſo that the child, ſhe then went with, ſhould prove the greateſt bleſſing to mankind; that her huſband thereupon changed her name from Parthenis to Pythais, and, when the child was born, named him Pythagoras, as being foretold by Apollo Pythius, for ſo, ſays he, the name ſignifies; and adds, that there can be no doubt, but that the ſoul of the child was one of Apollo's companions in heaven, and came down by commiſſion from him. When this and many other fables are caſt out of the account it is moſt probable that Pythagoras was born at Samos in the 3d year of Olymp. XLVIII, 586 years before Chriſt, being the ſon of Mneſarchus, an engraver of ſeals, which Mneſarchus was deſcended from Hippaſus of Phlius, and his mother Pythais from Ancæus, one of the planters of Samos.

Nature beſtowed upon Pythagoras a form and perſon more than ordinarily comely; he gave early indications of a mind capable of great exertions, and ambitious of excelling in knowledge: The Greeks had now begun to open ſchools for the public inſtruction of youth; the rudiments of ſci-

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ence were taught in theſe ſeminaries to a degree ſufficient for the common purpoſes of liberal education, but the laſt finiſhing for ſuch as aſpired to be adepts in the ſuperior learning of the times was only to be obtained amongſt the Egyptian and Chaldean ſages; to them was the great reſort of literary travellers; from their ſource Greece had derived her ſyſtems of theology and natural philoſophy. The Egyptians were in poſſeſſion of many ancient traditions of Moſaical origin, though diſguiſed by emblems and hieroglyphics, which Greece in adopting was never able to develope, and of which it is probable the Egyptians themſelves had loſt the clue: The Greeks, ever ſince the time of Cecrops, had been progreſſively erecting a fabulous and idolatrous ſyſtem of theology upon this foundation. The Egyptians in very early time under certain types and ſymbols had ſhadowed out the attributes of the deity, the great events of the deluge and re-peopling of the earth, and theſe being received by the Greeks in a literal ſenſe, generated in the end a multitudinous race of deities with a thouſand chimerical rites and ceremonies, which altogether formed ſo puzzling a compound abſurdity, that no two thinking heathens agreed in the ſame creed: Still they went on accumulating error upon error; every philoſopher, who returned from Egypt, imported ſome addition to the of ſtock, till Olympus was crowded with divinities. If the heathens had ever defined their religion, and eſtabliſhed it upon ſyſtem, they would have deſtroyed it; but whilſt every man might think for himſelf, and every man, who thought at all, got rid of his difficulties by ſuppoſing there was ſome myſtery in the caſe, which he either did not trouble

trouble himſelf to interpret, or interpreted as he ſaw fit, the impoſing fabric ſtood, and, magnified through the miſts of error, appeared to have a dignity and ſubſtance, which upon examination and ſcrutiny would have vaniſhed.

The parents of Pythagoras put him firſt under the tuition of Pherecydes of Syrus: Pherecydes did not die till Olymp. LXVI, ſo that Diogenes Laertius muſt be flagrantly miſtaken in ſaying that Pythagoras ſtudied under this philoſopher till his death: He was very young when he went into Syria for this purpoſe, for he returned to Samos to his parents, and after ſtudying ſome time under Hermodamas there, ſet out upon his travels into Egypt at the age of eighteen. At this early age he had acquired all the erudition the philoſophers of Greece could give him; he had already viſited many cities of Syria, and performed his initiations: It is ſaid he had conſulted Thales in perſon, and been adviſed by that ſage to proſecute his ſtudies amongſt the learned Egyptians; but this is doubtful; it is altogether improbable that he ſhould depart from Samos at the age of eighteen upon the patriotic motive aſcribed to him by Laertius of avoiding the growing tyranny of his countryman Polycrates; eſpecially when the ſame biographer informs us, that he took letters of recommendation from Polycrates to King Amaſis, deſiring him to give order for Pythagoras's being inſtructed by the Egyptian prieſts.

With this letter Pythagoras repaired to Amaſis, and obtained an order to the prieſts, agreeable to the requeſt of Polycrates; with this he went firſt to the prieſts of Heliopolis; they declined the execution of it by referring him to their brethren

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at Memphis, as being their ſeniors in the ſacerdotal rank; theſe again evaded the order and diſpatched him to the Dioſpolites; he found theſe ſages as little diſpoſed to compliance as the prieſts of Heliopolis or Memphis; however, as the king's command was urgent, they did not think fit abſolutely to diſobey it, but took a method, which they thought would anſwer the ſame purpoſe, and began by deterring and alarming the inquiſitive youth by their preparatory auſterities; but they had no common ſpirit to deal with; Pythagoras had a conſtitution that could endure hardſhips, and an ambition that nothing could daunt; he ſubmitted to the ceremony of circumciſion, and was initiated into their ſacred rites, unintimidated by all the horrors, with which they contrived to ſet them forth. They began then to regard him with more benignity and reſpect, and when they found him learning their language with ſurprizing rapidity and conforming to their diſcipline with the most rigid exactneſs, they looked upon him with ſurpriſe and admiration; they now reſolved to hold nothing back from talents ſo extraordinary and temper ſo conformable; he learnt their three ſorts of letters; they admitted him to their ſacrifices and diſcloſed the moſt ſecret rites of their religion myſteries never before imparted to any foreigner. He reſided in Egypt a long time, during which he read the books of the ancient prieſts, and in them he diſcovered the ſources of the Grecian theology and how erroneous the ſyſtem was, which they had derived from thoſe ſources; he is ſuppoſed hence forth to have held the gods of the heathen in contempt, and to have entertained ſuitable ideas of The One Supreme Being.

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Having perfected himſelf in the geometry and aſtronomy of the Egyptians, and acquired the obſervations of *infinite ages*, (as Valerius Maximus expreſſes it) he determined upon exploring new and more diſtant ſcenes in ſearch of knowledge, and from Egypt went to Babylon; his recommendations from Egypt ſecured him a reception by the Chaldees and Magi; here he was a diſciple of Nazaratus the Aſſyrian, and we are told by Porphyry, that he was purified by Zabratus from all defilement of his former life; by what particular modes of diſcipline this purification was effected Porphyry does not explain. From Babylon he puſhed his travels into Perſia, and was inſtructed by the Magi in their religion and way of living; from them he received thoſe rules of diet, which he afterwards preſcribed to his diſciples, with various opinions of things clean and unclean, which were amongſt his maxims: Theſe conform to the preſent practice of the Brahmins, which may well be ſuppoſed to have been inviolably preſerved thro' that ſeparated and ſacred Caſt from times of high antiquity; for what invention can be deviſed to ſecure the longevity of any ſyſtem better than that upon which the ſacerdotal order of Brahmins is eſtabliſhed? By the Perſian Magi he was inſtructed in many particulars of Jewiſh knowledge, chiefly their interpretations of dreams. We have Cicero's authority for this part of his travels (*de fin. lib.* v.) and Valerius Maximus ſays the Perſian Magi taught him a moſt compleat ſyſtem of ethics; that they likewiſe inſtructed him in the motions and courſes of the heavenly bodies, their properties and effects, and the influence every ſtar reſpectively is ſuppoſed to have.

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In the courſe of theſe travels he paſſed more than twenty years; he then turned his face homewards, taking the iſle of Crete in his way: here and at Lacedemon he peruſed their famous codes of laws, and having now compleated the great tour of ſcience, and ſtored his mind with all the hidden treaſures of oriental knowledge, he preſented himſelf for the firſt time to the admiring eyes of Greece aſſembled at the Olympic Games.

A ſpectacle no doubt it was for univerſal admiration and reſpect; an underſtanding ſo enriched and full in its meridian vigour was an object, that the wiſeſt of his contemporaries might look up to with veneration little ſhort of idolatry. Pythagoras in this attitude, ſurrounded by the Grecian ſages on the field of the Olympic Games, whilſt every eye was fixed with rapture and delight upon one of the moſt perfect forms in nature, began to pour forth the wonders of his doctrine: Aſtoniſhment ſeized the hearers, and almoſt doubting if it was a mortal, that had been diſcourſing, they with one voice applauded his wiſdom, and demanded by what title he would in future be addreſſed: Pythagoras anſwered, that their ſeven ſages had taken the name of wiſe men or ſophiſts; for his part he left them in poſſeſſion of a diſtinction they ſo well merited; he wiſhed to be no otherwiſe remembered or deſcribed, than as a *Lover of Wiſdom*; his pretenſions did not go to the poſſeſſion of it; and if they would call him a *Philoſopher*, he ſhould be contented with the appellation: From this time the name of Philoſopher became a title of honour amongſt the learned, whilſt that of Sophiſt ſunk into univerſal contempt.

No. XI.

N° XI.

I HAVE obſerved that Pythagoras on his return from the Eaſt took the iſland of Crete in his way; here he viſited the famous philoſopher Epimenides. Porphyry and Jamblichus muſt be greatly out in their chronology when they make Epimenides one of Pythagoras's ſcholars; Laertius's account is more probable, who ſays he was one of Pythagoras's maſters, which naturally accounts for that philoſopher's ſeeking an interview with him in Crete, as he did afterwards with Pherecydes on his death-bed in Syria: In this interview Pythagoras no doubt gave an account to Epimenedes of the many marvellous things he had learnt in his travels, and ſo far the diſciple may be ſaid to have inſtructed his maſter; Epimenides himſelf was no ſmall adept in the marvellous, and propagated a ſtory thro' Greece of his having ſlept fifty-ſeven years in a cave, and that upon waking after his long repoſe he reſumed his ſearch for ſome ſheep, which his father had ſent him upon more than half a century before; the ſtory does not ſay that he found theſe ſheep, which probably were now become more difficult to recover than upon his firſt ſearch; he returned however to his father's houſe, and was rather ſurpriſed upon diſcovering a new generation in poſſeſſion, who thought no more of Epimenides, than they did of his ſheep: This ſleeping philoſopher however filled up the gap in his life pretty well, for Xenophones ſays he lived to one hundred and fifty-ſeven years of age; and the Cretans, who are liars upon record, ſtretch

ſtretch their account to two hundred and nine
nine years, modeſtly ſtopping ſhort of three cen
turies. Deducting therefore fifty-ſeven years
ſleep, during which he probably made no great a
vances in ſcience, he might have occaſion to go
ſchool, when he waked, and, though an old ma
might be a young ſcholar under Pythagoras, if t
credibility of the above ſtory can be once admitte

From the Olympic Games Pythagoras repair
to Samos, and opened ſchool in a place called
the time of Antipho, (who is quoted by Laertiu
Pythagoræ Hemicyclus. Here he began a practice
continued in Italy of retiring to a cave without t
town for the purpoſe of ſtudy, but in fact the id
was, like moſt others of his, oriental: Hermi
have it to this day, and if mortification is uſed
recommend religion, ſolitude may be choſen
ſet off wiſdom. Pythagoras in a cave, viſited
the dead of night with awful reverence and cr
dulity, might paſs ſtories upon his hearers, whi
he could not riſque in the face of the ſun and t
ſtreets of the city.

He was not however ſo far ſequeſtered from t
concerns of the world, as to enjoy himſelf in h
cave under the tyranny of Polycrates, now mo
oppreſſive than at his departure for Egypt. H
thereupon reſolved to go into Italy, and toc
Delos in his way; here he wrote the verſes on t
ſepulchre of Apollo, which Porphyry record
From Delos he paſſed to Phlius, the ancie
country of his family, and at Phlius Cicero inform
us he expounded ſeveral points of his new phil
ſophy to the tyrant Leo, who being ſtruck wi
his doctrine, demanded of him what branch
ſcience he principally profeſſed: Pythagoras r

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plied that he profeſſed none, but was a *Philoſopher:* The name was new to Leo, and he deſired to be informed of its ſignification, and wherein philoſophers differed from other profeſſors of the learned ſciences: Pythagoras anſwered, *That it appeared to him men were drawn to different objects and purſuits in life, as the Greeks were to their Olympic Games, ſome for glory, ſome for gain; at the ſame time,* ſays he, *you muſt have obſerved that others attend without any view to either, for curioſity and amuſement only; ſo we, who are travellers and adventurers, as it were, from another life and another nature, come amongſt mankind, indifferent to the ordinary allurements of avarice or ambition, and ſtudious of nothing but of the truth and eſſence of things: Such may be called Lovers of Wiſdom, or in one word Philoſophers; and, like the unconcerned ſpectators above deſcribed, have no other intereſts to purſue, but the acquiſition of knowledge and the rational enjoyments of a contemplative mind.*—In this reply he glances at his doctrine of the Metempſychoſis.

In his progreſs towards Italy Pythagoras went to Delphi, that he might give the more authority to his precepts upon the pretence of his having received them from the prieſteſs Theoclea.

In Italy he eſtabliſhed himſelf for the remainder of his life, and taught there forty years, wanting one, in his colleges at Metapontum, Heraclea, and Croton. He ſtayed twenty years at Croton before he went to Metapontum; Milo, the famous Olympic victor, was one of his ſcholars at the former of theſe places. The fame of his doctrines drew a prodigious reſort to his college; no leſs than ſix hundred diſciples at one time attended his lectures nightly: He impoſed rules of preparation

paration and a ſyſtem of diſcipline for his ſtuden admirably contrived to inſpire them with vene tion for his perſon, and to train their minds the exerciſes of patience and reſpect: He preſcr ed a probationary ſilence of five years, duri which initiation they were not once admitt the ſight of their maſter, who in the mean time, like an inviſible and ſuperior ſpirit, gove ed them after the moſt abſolute manner by m dates, which they never heard but through t channel of his ſubordinate agents: At length th were uſhered with much ceremony into the aw preſence. Such a courſe of diſcipline could r fail to prepare every mind, capable of undergoi it, for the marvellous ſtories, which at certa times he introduced into his lectures touching t doctrine of the Metempſychoſis, and the revelati of his own divinity: He ſcrupled not to tell the that he was the Apollo of the Hyperboreans, a he corroborated his aſſertion by expoſing to vi his thigh compoſed of ſolid gold; his food, whi was of the ſimpleſt ſort, was conveyed to him his receſs in a manner ſo ſecret, that he was n diſcovered to be ſubject to the common appeti and neceſſities of human nature; his perſon w moſt comely and commanding, and his dreſs ſtudied cleanlineſs and ſimplicity; he was alwa clad in milk-white garments of the pureſt woo he told them his ſoul had paſſed thro' ſeveral an cedent forms, and that it had originally receiv from Mercury, when it inhabited the body of Æth lides (ſon of that God) the privilege of migrating ter the death of one body into that of another, wi the faculty of remembering all the actions of præterient ſtates; that theſe tranſmigrations we

nediate, but after intervals, in which his
ited the regions of the other world, and
nitted to the ſociety of departed ſpirits;
virtue of this prerogative, it paſſed after ſome
om the body of Æthalides into that of Eu-
s, who was wounded by Menelaus at the
Troy, and in his perſon was conſcious of
id occurred in that of his predeceſſor; that
appeared on earth in the perſon of Hermo-
who gave proofs of his reminiſcence by ap-
to the ſhield ſuſpended in the temple of
by the hands of Menelaus; from Hermo-
t paſſed into one Pyrrhus a fiſherman, re-
the like conſciouſneſs; and laſtly it had
itſelf, where it now was, poſſeſſing all
umulated recollection of its paſt tranſmigra-

ing as theſe fictions were, ſtill they were
d; for the powers of his mind were won-
and the authority he had eſtabliſhed over
rers by ſuperior wiſdom and ingenious de-
as unbounded; the curious reſearches of his
in the Eaſt, and the paſſion he had there
ſted for the marvellous and ſupernatural, in-
him with the ambition of paſſing himſelf
he world for ſomething above human; he
ained on the credulity of his diſciples with
t, that he found it would bear whatever he
it proper to impoſe; he was ſenſible he
nded all men living in wiſdom, and he re-
to aſſume a ſuperiority of nature alſo. The
tranſmigration was not ſtarted by Pythago-
was of Eaſtern origin, but too far out of
or any then alive to trace it to its ſource: He

told his ſcholars he ſhould reviſit the earth in hundred and ſix years after his death.

Doctrines like theſe were hard to be rece but he ſo well balanced fiction with truth, they could not be ſeparated at the time; the ſt fortified the weak ſo effectually, that both place together; in mathematics, aſtronomy, moral philoſophy, he was an unrivalled maſter golden verſes deſerved the name: His prin were temperate, moral, humane, and abov things pacifying and conciliatory: When h mitted a diſciple into his preſence, he took ever after into his moſt cordial friendſhip and fidence, and men eſteemed it the higheſt ho of their lives to have paſſed their probation i ſchool of Pythagoras, and to be allowed acc his perſon.

After he had ſtaid twenty years at Croto removed to Metapontum, where he had a m ficent houſe, which was afterwards converte a temple to Ceres, and a ſchool which was c the Muſeum: Here he was viſited by the fa Abaris, prieſt of the Hyperborean Apollo; his fabulous hiſtorians give out, that having t Abaris's arrow, he rode upon it through th to Taurominium in one day, though diſtant Metapontum ſome days ſailing. Hearing th aged maſter Pherecydes was dying of a loath diſeaſe in Delos, he went thither, and exert his art to recover him; and when he was having buried him with all the ceremonies d a father, he returned to Italy. This inſtan friendſhip is the laſt public action I find rec in his life: The manner of his death is vari reported, as well as the age at which he died

probable account fixes it at eighty years; as
e catastrophe of his death, the relation most
credited informs us, that one Cylon of Cro-
a rich, ambitious, and disorderly man, hav-
offered himself to the college and been reject-
r Pythagoras, was so enraged thereby, that
ng collected a hired mob, he assaulted the
e of Milo, when Pythagoras and his disciples
there assembled, and burnt the house with
y body in it, two or three excepted, who nar-
y escaped. Pythagoras, to whom his disci-
even in the last extremity paid a filial reve-
e and attention, was solicited to make his es-
; but not being willing to expose himself to
people, as a fugitive anxious to preserve life,
n his friends were on the point of perishing,
esisted their entreaties and was burnt to death.
his account I incline; but others contend,
he escaped from the flames, and was killed
ursuit; some relate that he took refuge in the
es' Temple at Metapontum, where being kept
victuals forty days, he was starved; and o-
historians with as little probability on their
say, that being pursued into a bean-plot, he
e stopped, because he would not pass over
ibited ground, and yielded his throat to the
suers. After his death his surviving disciples
e dispersed into Greece and the neighbouring
ntries.

Thus perished Pythagoras, the Samian philoso-
r, founder of the Italian school, and the great
inary of the heathen world.

N° XII.

HAVING in my two preceding papers been at ſome pains in collecting an account of the life of Pythagoras from the many various unconnected particulars, ſcattered up and down in the works of the ſophiſts and biographers touching that extraordinary man, I now come to my main object, in which I deſire the reader's attention, whilſt I attempt to ſhew in what manner the heathen writers have applied theſe particulars in oppoſition to the life and actions of Chriſt; this will be the ſubject of the preſent paper; in my next I purpoſe to conclude by anſwering thoſe arguments, on which modern cavillers have grounded their reaſonings againſt the goſpel miracles; a ſubject to which I have been led by Dr. Mac-Infidel's diſcourſe, of which ſome notice has been taken in former papers.

It has been unfortunate for Pythagoras, that the writers of Julian's time, to pay court to the Emperor, ſhould have corrupted their account of him with ſo many fictions and abſurdities; for he was truly a very wonderful man: But when they undertook to depreciate the character of Chriſt, his doctrines and miracles, by aſcribing actions to Pythagoras equal, or, as they conceived, ſuperior to what Chriſt had done upon earth, they were driven to ſtrange reſources in deifying their philoſopher; for in fact the time was rather paſt for thoſe deluſions; deification after death was the moſt that could be attempted, and even the *Julium Sidus* held its place in the heavens by a precarious tenure:

tenure: At the ſame time an *apotheoſis* would not ſerve their purpoſe; it was neceſſary to make Pythagoras a god or the ſon of a god, and to give him a ſupernatural birth from the womb of a virgin: The next buſineſs was to inveſt him with the power of working miracles; but here ſome ſtubborn facts laid in their way; he had viſited Epimenides in his laſt ſickneſs without being able to prolong his life; they were driven to ridiculous reſources; and taking Abaris's arrow in aid, ſent their philoſopher upon it through the air from Metapontum to Tauromínium; becauſe Chriſt had walked on the ſea, Pythagoras rode through the ſkies; becauſe Chriſt had been forty days in the wilderneſs, Pythagoras was to be forty days without food in the Temple of the Muſes at Metapontum; becauſe Chriſt deſcended into Hades, and roſe again from the dead, and appeared on earth, Pythagoras deſcended to the ſhades below, remained there a compleat year, ſaw Homer, Heſiod, and other departed ſpirits, returned upon earth wan and emaciated, and reported what he had ſeen in full aſſembly of his diſciples, whilſt his mother, by his ſpecial direction before his deſcent, regiſtered upon tables all that paſſed, and noted the times of his temporary death and reſurrection; to carry on the competition, he was made to allay winds, tempeſts, and earthquakes, to cure diſeaſes whether of mind or body, and to foretel to certain fiſhermen whom he found at work, how many fiſh they ſhould incloſe in their net: The reader, who has conſulted Porphyry and Jamblichus, will call to mind other coincidencies.

With what ſuperior, what inconteſtable ſtrength of evidence does the diſciple of Chriſt meet the

diſciple of Pythagoras in this compariſon between their maſters! The heathen teacher was almoſt a miracle of erudition; he traverſed the Eaſt in purſuit of ſcience, and collected knowledge wherever it was to be found, with unremitting induſtry: Chriſt lived in privacy and obſcurity, educated only in the humble trade and occupation of his parents, to whom he was obedient and devoted, till he ſet out upon the functions of his miſſion. The perſon of the firſt was captivating and comely, not to be approached but with awe and adoration, with preparatory penances and rigid initiations, with every artifice to ſet him off that human wit could deviſe; the other was *deſpiſed and rejected of men*; the ſimpleſt and the meekeſt being, that ever walked the earth; converſing freely with all men, preſenting himſelf to the poor and lowly, to women and little children; in him was *no form of comelineſs*, that men ſhould deſire; no artifice or trick to catch applauſe or to excite ſurpriſe: If he exerciſed his miraculous power in healing the infirm, or reviving the dead, he did it in ſilence, and under injunction of ſecrecy, directing men to pay their thanks to God alone, and forbidding them even to call him good. No magic numbers, nor myſtic ſymbols obſcured his doctrines, but he delivered the ſimple ſyſtem of his pure morality in little eaſy anecdotes, levelled to the capacity, and fitted to the memory of the pooreſt and moſt illiterate. From ſuch he choſe his diſciples, that the *wiſdom of this world* might have no ſhare in his miniſtry, and he reſted upon the weakeſt agents the taſk of preaching and propagating the ſublimeſt religion. Gloomy enthuſiaſts have buried themſelves in deſarts and caverns of the earth to brood in ſolitude and

and ſpend their days in penances and prayers; ambitious innovators have been carried to the higheſt pitch of human greatneſs by becoming founders of a new religion; but Chriſt taught his diſciples neither to ſhun ſociety, nor to diſturb authorities; he told them indeed that they ſhould die for the faith they profeſſed, but it was not the death of ſoldiers, but of martyrs, they ſhould ſuffer, and theſe precepts he confirmed by his own example, being *led like a lamb to the ſlaughter*; if they, who profeſs his religion, were to practiſe it, Univerſal Love and Benevolence would obtain upon earth.

But of the internal evidences of Chriſt's religion I am not now to ſpeak; ſo long as the diſtinctions between good and evil exiſt, theſe can need no defence; if men agree in the one, they cannot differ or diſpute about the other. With regard to the goſpel of Chriſt's miracles, I may be allowed in general to obſerve, that theſe forgeries of Porphyry and Jamblichus in imitation of them, warrant a fair preſumption, that if theſe writers could have diſproved the authorities of the Evangeliſts, and controverted the matter of fact, they would not have reſorted to ſo indeciſive and circuitous a mode of oppoſing them, as this which they are now examining: Men of ſuch learning as theſe writers, would not have riſqued extravagant fictions merely to keep way with a hiſtory, which they had more immediate means of refuting: on the other hand, if their abſurdity ſhould lead any man to ſuppoſe, that they forged theſe accounts by way of parody and in ridicule of the Goſpels, the accounts themſelves give the ſtrongeſt evidence to the contrary, and it is clear beyond a doubt, that both Porphyry and Jamblichus mean to be credited in their

hiſtories of Pythagoras, as ſeriouſly as Philo does in his of Apollonius Tyaneus.

This will more fully appear by referring circumſtances, that occaſioned theſe hiſtor be written.

Chriſt having performed his miracles oper before ſo many witneſſes, it is not found th matter of fact was ever queſtioned by any, w ed in that age: On the contrary we ſee it v knowledged by his moſt vigilant enemies the riſees: They did not deny the miracle, bu aſcribed it to the aid of the prince of the dev weak a ſubterfuge againſt the evidence of the ſenſes probably ſatisfied neither themſelves thers; if it had, this accuſation of ſorcery capital by their law, and alſo by that of th mans) would have been heard of, when they ſo much to ſeek for crimes, wherewith to him on his trial: If any man ſhall object this is arguing out of the goſpels in favour goſpels, I contend that this matter of fact d reſt ſolely on the goſpel evidence, but alſo collateral hiſtoric proof; for this very argun the Phariſees, and this only, is made uſe thoſe Jews, whom Celſus brings in arguing the Chriſtian religion; and thoſe Jews on th account rank Chriſt with Pythagoras; and lenge the cavillers againſt Chriſt's miracles to controvert what is thus aſſerted, or to p any other argument of Jewiſh origin, exce aſcribed to the Phariſees by the goſpel, from Celſus, as abovementioned, or any writer.

Celſus, it is well known, was a very l man, and wrote in the time of Adrian or ſom

later; this was not above fifty years after the date of Chriſt's miracles. Celſus did not controvert the accounts of them, who were witneſſes of the miracles, nor attempt to ſhew any inconſiſtence or chicanery in the facts themſelves; he takes up at ſecond hand the old Phariſaical argument of aſcribing them to the power of the devil: In ſhort, they were performed, he cannot deny it; there was no trick or artifice in the performance, he cannot diſcover any; the accounts of them are no forgeries, he cannot confute them; they are recent hiſtories, and their authenticity too notorious to be called into queſtion; he knows not how the miracles were performed, and therefore they were done by the invocation of the devil; he cannot patiently look on and ſee that learning, ſo long the glory of all civilized nations, and which he himſelf was to an eminent degree poſſeſſed of, now brought into diſgrace by a new religion, profeſſing to be a divine revelation, and originating from amongſt the meaneſt and moſt odious of all the provincial nations, and propagated by diſciples, who were as much deſpiſed and hated by the Jews in general, as the Jews were by all other people. Unable to diſprove the account, and at a loſs how to parry it from hearſay, or from what he finds in former writers, he has no other reſource, but to bring forward thoſe cavilling Phariſees, and roundly to aſſert in general terms, (which he does more than once) that theſe miracles are all *the tricks of a ſorcerer*, and for this he expects the world ſhould take his authority.

I have ſaid that Celſus adduces neither oral nor written authority againſt Chriſt's miracles; but I am well aware it may be ſaid, (and modern caviL-

lers will affect to ſay it with triumph) that au
rities are ſilent on the ſubject; *there are none w*
make mention of theſe miracles, at leaſt none
come down to our times.——If this ſilence impl
want of collateral evidence, which in the opi
of our modern diſbelievers vitiates the auther
ty of the goſpel, how much ſtronger would th
gument have been in Celſus's time than in o
Why does he not avail himſelf of it? And
does he take ſuch pains to controvert accoun
which no man had ever ſpoken either in pro
diſproof? May it not be fairly preſumed, tha
forbears to urge it from plain conviction, tha
would operate the contrary way to what he w
ed, and that the reaſon why contemporary
ters were ſilent, was not becauſe they were i
rant of the facts, but becauſe they could not
fute them? Here then we will leave the caſe
the preſent; the heathen writers, contempo
with Chriſt, make no mention of his mirac
they are intereſted to diſprove them, and the
not diſprove them; modern unbelievers think
a reaſon that theſe miracles were never perform
Celſus writes fifty years after the time, never
ges this ſilence as an argument for their non
iſtence, but virtually, nay expreſsly, admits Chr
miracles, by ſetting up Pythagoras's in competi
with them.

Neither is it Pythagoras alone he compare
Chriſt, he ſtates the performances of Ariſteas I
conneſius and Abaris alſo. Of Ariſteas the
account we have is in Herodotus, and he giv
only upon hearſay: He relates that it was rep
ed of him, that he died at Proconneſus, and
peared there ſeven years after, and having w

ten ſome verſes, diſappeared; but that two or three hundred years after he had appeared again at Metapontum, where by ſpecial direction of Apollo he was worſhiped as a god: Of Abaris, Celſus relates, that he rode thro' the air on an arrow, paſſing over mountains and ſeas in his paſſage out of Scythia into Greece, and back again into Scythia.

Hence it came to paſs that other heathen writers, after the example of Celſus, publiſhed their accounts of Pythagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus; not ſo much for the purpoſe of giving the hiſtories of thoſe perſons, as to ſet them up in oppoſition to Chriſt and his diſciples. Porphyry compoſed the hiſtory of Pythagoras after he had written fifteen books profeſſedly againſt the Chriſtian religion; theſe were ſuppreſſed by the Chriſtian emperors who ſucceeded Galienus, in whoſe time Porphyry wrote his hiſtory of Pythagoras in the iſland of Sicily, whither he retired in diſguſt with the Emperor for his favour to the Chriſtians, and would have put himſelf to death with his own hand, if Plotinus had not prevented him. Galienus ſoon died, and the ſucceeding emperors being diſpoſed to perſecute the Chriſtians, Porphyry publiſhed his hiſtory. Jamblichus publiſhed his account of Pythagoras in the reign of the Emperor Julian, with whom he was in high favour, as the letters of that Emperor ſufficiently teſtify. Hierocles alſo in the time of Dioclesian publiſhed two books againſt the Chriſtian religion under the title of *Philalethes*, and for theſe was promoted by Galerius from being chief judge at Nicomedia to the government of Alexandria. Theſe books are now loſt, but we are informed by Euſebius they were

moſtly

moſtly copied from Celſus, and ſet up Ariſt
thagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus againſt
whom he ſays the Chriſtians, on account
doing a few *teratyai*, call a God, and co
with theſe words, viz. *That it is worth con
that thoſe things of Jeſus are boaſted of Pe
Paul, and ſome others of the like ſort, liars a
rate and impoſtors; but for theſe things of Ap
we have Maximus and Damis a philoſopher,
ed with him and Philoſtratus, men eminent
learning and lovers of truth.*

As for theſe witneſſes to Philoſtratus's
of Apollonius, Maximus's minutes go no
than to two or three years of Apollonius's
ſed at Ægæ, when he was about twenty ye
and what he had from Damis was a table-
minutes, which a nameleſs man, preten
be a relation of Damis, brought to Julia t
ther and wife of Caracalla, and were by h
to the Sophiſt Philoſtratus to dreſs up i
ſomer language.

Such are the authorities for the legend
loſtratus, written above a hundred years
death of Apollonius, who died a few wee
the Emperor Domitian, in the year of
96. This Apollonius was of the ſect of P
ras, and the patroneſs of Philoſtratus's hiſt
the monſter Julia, mother and wife to the
ble Caracalla.

N° XIII.

IT ſeems natural to ſuppoſe that any great and ſignal revelation of the Divine Will ſhould be authenticated to mankind by evidences proportioned to the importance of the communication. Chriſtians contend that in the purity and perfection of their religion, as it was taught by Chriſt, and in the miracles which he performed on earth whilſt he was teaching, full and ſufficient evidences are found of a Divine Revelation.

As for the religion of Chriſt it ſpeaks for itſelf, the book is open, which contains it, and however it may have degenerated in practice through the corruption of them who profeſs it, there ſeems no difference of opinion in the world as to the purity and perfection of its principles: Of theſe evidences therefore, which are generally called internal, I have no need to ſpeak.

It is not poſſible to make the ſame direct appeal to the miracles as to the religion of Chriſt. Many centuries have revolved ſince they have ceaſed; nature has long ſince reſumed her courſe, and retains no traces of them; their evidences therefore are not, like thoſe of Chriſt's religion, internal, but hiſtorical; it muſt however be acknowledged, that they are hiſtorical evidences of the ſtrongeſt ſort, for the hiſtorians were eye-witneſſes of what they relate, and their relations agree.

It is eaſy therefore to ſee, that if the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity is to be attacked, it is in this part only

only the attack is to be expected. This has accordingly taken place in three different periods, and in three different modes.

The unbelieving Jews, contemporary with Chriſt, before whoſe eyes the miracles were performed, could not diſpute their being done, but they attempted to criminate the doer by accuſing him of a guilty communication with evil ſpirits, aſcribing his ſupernatural deeds to the power of the devil. The heathens, who had not ocular demonſtration, but could not conteſt facts ſo well eſtabliſhed, made their attack upon his miracles, by inſtancing others, who had done things altogether as wonderful, viz. Pythagoras, Abaris, Apollonius, and others.

Thus the matter reſted for many ages, till modern cavillers within the pale of the Chriſtian church ſtruck upon a new argument for an attack upon Chriſt's miracles; and this argument having been woven into a late publication, whoſe hiſtorical merit puts it into general circulation, many retailers of infidelity, (and Dr. Mac-Infidel amongſt the reſt,) have caught at it as a diſcovery of importance, and as they have contrived to connect it with topics of more erudition, than the generality of people are furniſhed with, on whom they practiſe, it has been propagated with ſome ſucceſs, where it has had the advantage of not being underſtood.

The ſtrength of this argument lies in the diſcovery, that contemporary authorities are ſilent on the ſubject of Chriſt's miracles: Naturaliſts and the authors, who record all curious and extraordinary events of their own or of preceding times, make no mention of the wonderful things which

which Chriſt is ſaid to have done in the land of Judæa; in ſhort, the Evangeliſts are left alone in the account, and yet ſome things are related by them too general in their extent, and too wonderful in their nature, to have been paſſed over in ſilence by theſe authors, or in other words not to have had a place in their collections: The elder Pliny and Seneca they tell us were living at the time of Chriſt's paſſion; the Evangeliſts relate, that there was darkneſs over the face of the earth when Chriſt gave up the ghoſt, and this darkneſs was miraculous, being out of the courſe of nature, and incidental to the divinity of the perſon, who was then offering up his life for the redemption of mankind; againſt the veracity of the goſpel account relative to this particular prodigy the attack is pointed; and they argue, that if it extended over the whole earth, the elder Pliny and Seneca with all others who were then living, muſt have noticed it; if it was local to the province of Judæa, men of their information muſt have heard of it: Each of theſe philoſophers has recorded all the great phœnomena of nature, which his curioſity and care could get together, and Pliny in particular has devoted an entire chapter to eclipſes of an extraordinary nature, yet does not mention this at the Paſſion: The defection of light, which followed Cæſar's murder was not to be compared with what the goſpel relates of the præternatural darkneſs at the Paſſion, and yet moſt of the writers of that age have recorded the former event, whilſt all are ſilent as to the latter—*Therefore it did not happen.*

This I believe is a fair ſtate of the argument, and, if there be any merit in the diſcovery, it certainly

certainly reſts with the moderns; for neither Celſus, Porphyry, nor his diſciple Jamblichus, have ſtruck upon it, though the firſt-mentioned wrote againſt Chriſtianity in the time of Adrian, who ſucceeded to the empire eighty years after Chriſt's paſſion; as for Seneca, he died about thirty years, and the elder Pliny three and forty years after Chriſt.

The fathers of the church it ſeems are divided in opinion as to the darkneſs at Chriſt's paſſion being general to the whole earth, or local only to Judæa. As the deciſion of this point does not affect the general queſtion, the abettors of the argument are willing to admit with Origen, Beza, and others, that the prodigy ſhould be underſtood as local to that part of the world, to which his other miracles were confined, and to whoſe conviction, if it really happened, it is natural to ſuppoſe it ſhould be ſpecially addreſſed.

Allowing this, theſe reaſoners contend that it muſt of neceſſity have been reported to Rome, and that report muſt have been known to Seneca and the elder Pliny, and, being known, muſt have been recorded by one or both. Theſe poſitions merit examination.

The firſt point to be taken for granted is, that the miracle of the three hours darkneſs upon the paſſion of Chriſt muſt neceſſarily have been reported to Rome: This report was either to come in the ſtate diſpatches of the Procurator Pilate to the court of Tiberius, or from private communications: Of the probability of the firſt caſe the reader muſt judge for himſelf from circumſtances; it is merely matter of ſpeculation: It involves

volves a doubt at leaſt, whether the Procurator would not ſee reaſons perſonal, as well as political, againſt reporting to the court an event, which at beſt tended to his own crimination, and which, if he had delivered it for truth, might have alarmed the jealouſy, or rouſed the reſentment of his ſovereign. The idea entertained by the Jews of deliverance from the Roman yoke by their expected Meſſias, was too general to have eſcaped the knowledge of their watchful tyrants, and it does not ſeem likely any Roman governor of that province would be forward to report any miracle, or miracles, that had reference to a perſon, who having ſet up a new religion declared himſelf that very Meſſias, which the Jewiſh prophecies foretold ſhould appear to extirpate the Gentile idolatry: If this be a reaſon for the Roman Procurator in Judæa to be ſilent on the ſubject, it is no leſs ſo for the people of Rome to reject the reports of the Chriſtians themſelves, if they ventured any; and as for the unbelieving Jews, it is not to be expected they would contribute to ſpread the evidences of Chriſt's divinity.

The next point to be taken for granted in the argument under examination is, that this report, if actually made, muſt have been known to the philoſopher Seneca and the naturaliſt Pliny; and I think it may fairly be allowed, that an event of this ſort could not well fail of coming to the knowledge of Seneca, and even of Pliny, (tho' he died forty-three years after the time) if the government in Tiberius's reign had been made acquainted with it by authority, and had taken no meaſures for ſuppreſſing it, or any accounts publiſhed at the time reſpecting it; for after all it muſt

muſt be obſerved, that this event, not being found in Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, nor in Seneca's Enquiries, does not by any means decide the queſtion againſt any accounts being publiſhed, but leaves it ſtill open to conjecture, (and with ſome reaſon) that ſuch accounts might have been ſuppreſſed by the heathen Emperors.

But waving any further diſcuſſion of this point, we will paſs to the third and laſt poſition, in which it is preſumed, that if this præternatural eclipſe at Chriſt's paſſion was known to Seneca and Pliny, one or both muſt have recorded it in their works.

This I think is begging a queſtion very hardly to be granted; for theſe writers muſt have ſtated the event, either as a thing credible, or doubtful, or incredible; they muſt either have grounded it upon authority, or reported it upon hearſay; they muſt have admitted it with its date and circumſtances at the very criſis when it happened, and in that caſe what would have been the conſequence of ſuch a publication? The Chriſtians would naturally have made the application to the paſſion of Chriſt, and how dangerous was it for a heathen to admit a fact open to ſuch an interpretation? A Roman philoſopher, giving a ſerious hiſtory of extraordinary and prodigious events, would make his court but ill to a heathen perſecuting Emperor, by admitting this into the account, unleſs it was to confute it: Now this does not appear to have been in contemplation of Seneca or Pliny in any part of their writings; each of theſe authors tells us what he credits and wiſhes to be credited, not what he diſbelieves and wiſhes to confute: The defection of light at the time of Cæſar's death

was

was the creed of the court; the hiſtorians, naturaliſts, and even the poets, celebrated that phœnomenon, and it did not loſe in their relations; but in the caſe of the darkneſs at Chriſt's death, a believer in Him and his miracles may draw a ſtronger argument for his belief from the ſilence of Seneca and Pliny, than any caviller can urge againſt it from the ſame circumſtance: If we admit they knew it and yet did not record it, are we not better founded in ſuppoſing they were ſilent, becauſe they could not controvert the fact, than our opponents are in ſaying it did not paſs, becauſe they do not mention it? It is too much to require of witneſſes, that they ſhould depoſe to a fact, which is to convict themſelves: I muſt therefore appeal to the candid reader, whether a philoſopher writing in the court of Nero, who had charged the Chriſtians with the burning of Rome, and was deviſing terrible and unheard-of modes of torturing them upon this charge, who had beheaded Paul and crucified Peter for preaching Chriſt and the redemption of mankind earned by his Paſſion, whether a heathen philoſopher I ſay writing at this very time an account of extraordinary, but what he delivers as true, events in nature would venture upon putting into his account a miracle, tending to confirm the divine nature and miſſion of that perſon, whoſe immediate followers were then ſuffering under the moſt determined perſecution? No heathen writer in his ſenſes would have ventured to give ſuch an account. Peter and Paul declared for the miracle, and were martyred for their doctrine; the goſpel account declared for the miracle, and no one Roman writer controverted the aſſertion; this was

the

the time for Seneca, for Pliny and other heathen writers to cry out againſt the glaring fiction, *Do the Chriſtians ſay there was a general darkneſs when their maſter expired? We appeal to the fact againſt them; it reached not us at Rome; the light of that day was like the light of other days: Do they ſay it was partial to Judæa only? Be it ſo! We meet them on their own ground; we appeal to the Procurator Pilate, to the noble Romans reſident in Judæa, to the ſoldiers, to the very Centurion, who attended his execution, to witneſs againſt this impudent attack upon men's ſenſes. Let them pretend that he healed the ſick, cured the lame, turned water into wine, or performed a thouſand other juggling tricks, but darkneſs over a whole province can be confuted by the teſtimony of a whole province, and to this we appeal.*—Was this ſaid? Was this appeal made? Strange perverſion of reaſon to turn that into an argument againſt a thing, which ſeems concluſive for it! at leaſt no negative can come nearer to concluſion, than contemporary ſilence in a caſe ſo open to confutation, had it not been true.

But Seneca and the elder Pliny did not ſee the goſpel—Let it paſs; let us grant all that the argument ſuppoſes; why are we told of no confutation of this miracle by any heathen writer contemporary with, or poſterior to the goſpel account of the Paſſion? The aſſertion of a præternatural event, ſo generally notorious, muſt have been open to proof. Would Celſus have overlooked it? Would not Lucian have taken it up? Should not we hear of its having been urged by Porphyry, who was ſo voluminous a controverſialiſt? Should not we meet it in Julian or Philoſtratus? Should

Should we hear nothing, that could lead us to believe it was controverted by Jamblichus, or Hierocles in his books entitled Philalethes? If the ſilence of the heathen writers is to be appealed to for the purpoſe of impeaching Chriſt's miracles, let the appeal be made; whilſt we confine ourſelves to the defence of thoſe miracles only, which are recorded in the Goſpels and Acts of the Apoſtles, neither the ſilence of ancient, nor the eloquence of modern opponents, can ſhake the records, on which we ground our faith.

N° XIV.

THAT period of the Athenian hiſtory, which is included within the æra of Piſiſtratus and the death of Menander the comic poet, may be juſtly ſtiled *the literary age of Greece.* I propoſe to dedicate ſome of theſe papers to a review of that period; but as the earlier ages of poetry, though in general obſcure, yet afford much intereſting matter of enquiry, it will be proper to take up the Athenian hiſtory from its origin, becauſe it is ſo connected with the account I mean to give, that I cannot otherwiſe preſerve that order and continuation in point of time, which perſpicuity requires.

This account may properly be called a hiſtory of the human underſtanding within a period peculiarly favourable to the production of genius; and, though I cannot expect that my labour will in

in the end furniſh any thing more than what every literary man has ſtored in his memory, or can reſort to in his books, ſtill it will have the merit of being a ſelection uninterrupted and unmixed with other events, that crowd and obſcure it in the original relations, to which he muſt otherwiſe refer. The wars, both foreign and domeſtic, which the ſmall communities of Greece were perpetually engaged in, occupy much the greater part of the hiſtorian's attention, and the reader, whoſe enquiries are directed to the ſubject I am about to treat of, muſt make his way through many things, not very intereſting to an elegant and inquiſitive mind, before he can diſcover

Quid Sophocles et Thespis et Æſchylus utile ferrent.

Such will not envy me the labour of having turned over a heavy maſs of ſcholiaſts and grammarians, or heſitate to prefer accepting the reſult of my enquiries to the taſk of following the like track in purſuit of his own.

The Athenians were a moſt extraordinary people; eminent in arms and in arts: Of their military atchievements I do not profeſs to treat, and if the reader takes leſs delight in hearing of the ravages of war than of the progreſs of literature, he may in the contemplation of theſe placid ſcenes, undiſturbed by tumult and unſtained with blood, experience ſome degree of that calm recreation of mind, which deludes life of its ſolicitude, and forms the temperate enjoyment of a contemplative man.

Ogyges is generally ſuppoſed to have been the founder of the Athenian monarchy, but in what æra of the world we ſhall place this illuſtrious perſon,

perſon, whether he was Noah or one of the Titans, grandſon to Jupiter or contemporary with Moſes, is an enquiry, which the learned have agitated with much zeal and very little ſucceſs. It is however agreed that there was a grievous flood in his time, which deluged the province afterwards called Attica; but that happily for King Ogyges, being a perſon of gigantic ſtature he ſurvived the general calamity. A period of one hundred and eighty-nine years ſucceeded to this flood, in which this province remained ſo depopulated, that it is generally ſuppoſed no king reigned over it till the time of Cecrops, the founder of Athens, from him at firſt named Cecropia.

Cecrops made many prudent inſtitutes for the benefit of his riſing ſtate during a long reign of fifty years, and, by eſtabliſhing the rites of matrimony, aboliſhed the promiſcuous commerce of the ſexes, in which they lived before his time; by theſe and other regulations upon a general numbering of all his ſubjects, he found the male adults in his dominions to amount to twenty thouſand, every perſon of the above deſcription being directed to bring a ſtone in his hand and caſt it down in a ſtated place: This prince, being an Egyptian, introduced the mythology of his native country, upon which ſo many Grecian fables were formed, and from which a learned modern has with great ſagacity traced a very curious analogy with the Moſaic accounts of the early ages: The Greeks adopted the fables without comprehending their alluſions, and thereupon formed the conſtitution of a religion, which kept poſſeſſion of great part of the world, till revelation diſpelled its errors and enlightened the

the Gentile nations. Till Cecrops erected altars to Jupiter, made libations and eſtabliſhed his worſhip, he was not known in Greece as a God: He ſet up the image of Mercury, ſacrificed to Saturn, Ops, Rhea, Juno, and Minerva, and was in fact the inſtitutor of the Pagan theology: The gods of Cecrops were ſoon made uſeful inſtruments in the hand of the founder of a monarchy, for before he could induce his people to cultivate the dry and barren country of Attica, he was forced to play off his new machinery, by raiſing a conteſt in heaven between Neptune and Minerva for the patronage of Cecropia, the capital of his new empire: He found intereſt enough with the deities to turn their deciſion in Minerva's favour; and by this contrivance he diverted his ſubjects from their maritime attachments to agriculture, and particularly to the cultivation of the olive: To ſtrengthen ſtill further the tutelary title of Minerva, he enforced the dedication of the city by changing its name from Cecropia to Athenæ, a ſacrifice few founders would have made, and a ſtrong proof of his good ſenſe and talents for government. If the reader recollects the ſtory Ovid relates of Minerva's treatment of Erichthonius, Cecrops's ſon, he will not conceive highly of the gratitude, or even purity of that virgin deity's character; though as we are ſetting out upon the Athenian ground, it may be not very prudent to talk ſcandal of Minerva;

At virgo eſt—negat Aglaurus, negat anguis apertus.

DAR. PHRYG. lib. 2.

Cecrops

Cecrops enjoyed his new government for the ace of fifty years, but his attachment to his ative ſoil of Egypt drew him into an unlucky pedition with King Pharaoh, in whoſe compa- y he was drowned in the Red Sea, whilſt in pur- uit of the Iſraelites; notwithſtanding which we e informed upon the authority of the poet uripides, that he was tranſlated into the ſtarry here, and became a conſtellation of ſome digni- afterhis death; and if we conſider what obli- ations this prince had conferred on the gods, as ell as men, we ſhall not think him too highly warded; on the contrary, we muſt own he was ther hardly dealt with by Minerva as well as Iercury; the former of which ſhut his ſon in a eſt in company with a dragon, and the latter trayed his daughter into a falſe ſtep; an attach- ent, which though it does not convict her of ulgarity of taſte, certainly does no credit to the aſtity of her morals, or the gratitude of her ducer.

Cranaus ſucceeded on the death of Cecrops, and fter a reign of nine years was depoſed by Am- hictyon, who ſeized the throne of Athens, and ndered his name memorable to poſterity by eſ- bliſhing the great Council or Law-Courts of the mphictyons, who held their meetings at Ther- opylæ. This prince introduced the practice of di- ting and mixing wines; a practice that obtained rough all Greece for many ages; in memory of hich ſober inſtitution, Amphictyon erected an ltar to Bacchus the Upright, and placed it in the emple of the Hours: He alſo conſecrated an al- r to the nymphs near at hand in the ſame tem- le, that mankind might thereby be kept in mind

of the gracefulneſs of temperance, and it is not eaſy to find any inſtance in the pagan worſhip, where ſuperſtition has been applied to more elegant or moral purpoſes. In ſmall communities ſuch regulations may be carried into effect, where all the people are under the eye of the ſovereign, and in the ſame ſpirit of reformation Amphictyon publiſhed an edict, that none of his ſubjects ſhould indulge themſelves in the uſe of undiluted wine, except in one ſmall glaſs after their meals to give them a taſte of the potency of the god; under this reſtriction he permitted the free uſe of diluted wines, provided they obſerved in their meetings to addreſs their libations to Jupiter the preſerver of man's heath.

This virtuous uſurper, after an adminiſtration of ten years, was in his turn expelled from the throne of Athens by that Erechthonius, the ſon of Cecrops, whom Minerva ſhut up in a cheſt with his companion the dragon, and committed to the keeping of his ſiſters: This is the perſon whom Homer mentions in his ſecond book of the Iliad by the name of Erechtheus: He is celebrated for having firſt yoked horſes to a chariot, and alſo for introducing the uſe of ſilver coin in Attica.

Primus Erechthonius currus et quatuor auſus
Jungere Equos, rapidiſq; rotis inſiſtere Victor.

But the inſtitutions which have rendered the name of Erechthonius famous to all poſterity, are thoſe of the Eleuſynian Myſteries and the feaſts of the Panathenæa. The firſt of theſe he eſtabliſhed in honour of Ceres, on account of a ſeaſonable ſupply of corn from the granaries of Egypt, when the city and territory of Athens were in imminent

danger

danger of ſtarving by an extraordinary drought: Theſe ſacred myſteries were of Egyptian origin, and as they conſiſted of forms and rites, unintelligible to the vulgar, and probably very little comprehended even by the initiated, the ſecret was well kept.

As for the Panathenæa, they were inſtituted, as their name indicates, in honour of Minerva, and were the great feſtival of the Athenians: The celebration was originally comprized in one day, but afterwards it was extended to ſeveral, and the various athletic games and races, with the recitation of poems, that accompanied it, attracted an immenſe reſort of ſpectators. Every ſpecies of contention, both on foot and horſeback, drew the bold and adventurous to the field of fame, whilſt the prizes for muſic and the rival diſplay of the drama in after-times recreated the aged, the elegant, and the learned: The conquerors in the ſeveral games gave entertainments to their friends, in which they preſided crowned with olive in honour of the guardian deity: Theſe were ſcenes of the greateſt feſtivity, till, when Athens had ſubmitted to the Roman yoke, thoſe ſanguinary conquerors introduced the combats of gladiators into theſe favourite ſolemnities. Every age had its ſhare in contributing to the ſpectacle; the old men walked in proceſſion with branches of olive in their hands, the young in armour with ſhield and ſpear; the labouring peaſants with ſpades, and their wives with water-buckets: The boys crowned with garlands, and dreſſed in frocks or ſurplices of white, chaunted hymns to Minerva; and the girls followed with baſkets, in which the ſacrificing utenſils were contained.

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A ſuperſtition, ſupported by ſplendor, and enlivened with feſtivity, was well calculated to keep a laſting hold upon the human mind.

N°. XV.

THE Eleuſynian Myſteries, inſtituted by Erechthonius, were celebrated in the time of autumn every fifth year at Eleuſis, where a great concourſe of people met upon the occaſion: The ceremonies of initiation were preceded by ſacrifices, prayers, and ablutions; the candidates were exerciſed in trials of ſecrecy and prepared by vows of continence; every circumſtance was contrived to render the act as awful and ſtriking as poſſible; the initiation was performed at midnight, and the candidate was taken into an interior ſacriſty of the temple with a myrtle garland on his head; here he was examined if he had duly performed his ſtated ablutions; clean hands, a pure heart, and a native proficiency in the Greek tongue were indiſpenſable requiſites; having paſſed this examination, he was admitted into the temple, which was an edifice of immenſe magnitude; after proclamation made that the ſtricteſt ſilence ſhould be obſerved, the officiating prieſt took out the ſacred volumes containing the myſteries; theſe books were written in a ſtrange character, interſperſed with the figures of animals and various emblems and hieroglyphics; they were preſerved in a cavity

vity between two large blocks of ſtone, cloſely fitted to each other, and they were carefully replaced by the prieſt with much ſolemnity, after he had explained what was neceſſary to the initiated out of them. The initiated were enjoined to honour their parents, to reverence the immortal gods, and abſtain from particular ſorts of diet, particularly tame fowls, fiſh, beans, and certain ſorts of apples.

When this was finiſhed the prieſts began to play off the whole machinery of the temple in all its terror; doleful groans and lamentations broke out from the fane, thick and ſudden darkneſs involved the temple, momentary gleams of light flaſhed forth every now and then with tremblings, as if an earthquake had ſhaken the ediſice; ſometimes theſe coruſcations continued long enough to diſcover all the ſplendor of the ſhrines and images, accompanied with voices in concert, dancings and muſic; at other times during the darkneſs ſeverities were exerciſed upon the initiated by perſons unſeen; they were dragged to the ground by the hair of their heads, and there beaten and laſhed, without knowing from whom the blows proceeded, or why they were inflicted: Lightnings and thunderings and dreadful apparitions were occaſionally played off with every invention to terrify and aſtoniſh; at length upon a voice crying out *Conx! Ompax!* the ceremony was concluded and the initiated diſmiſſed. The garment worn upon this occaſion was not to be laid aſide, whilſt it would hang together, and the ſhreds were then to be dedicated at ſome ſhrine, as a tattered trophy of the due performance of the myſteries of Ceres.

Theſe initiations were conceived to lead to the enjoyment of a happier lot in this life, and to fit a man for a more dignified place amongſt the bleſt hereafter; and they were in ſuch general reſpect, that it afforded great cauſe of reproach againſt Socrates, for having neglected his initiation. The vows of ſecrecy and the penalties to be inflicted on violation, were as binding as could poſſibly be deviſed.

Hitherto the riſing ſtate of Athens had not been engaged in war, but no ſooner was it involved in diſputes with the Eleuſynians on account of ſome prædatory incurſions, than the idea took its riſe of devoting human victims to appeaſe the hoſtile divinities and to purchaſe conqueſt by the oblation of what was dearcſt and moſt valuable in life.

As we are now approaching towards the time of Homer, who records inſtances of this ſort, it may be curious to mark when that ſavage ſuperſtition had its origin. No example occurs to me in Grecian ſtory antecedent to Erechthonius, who in obedience to an oracle, ſacrificed one of his daughters, and ſome ſay all, to purchaſe thereby ſucceſs againſt the Eleuſynians. It is however a matter of leſs wonder than regret how this idea ſhould obtain ſo generally; when a people are in the habit of making animal ſacrifices a part of their worſhip, and whoſe religion it is to believe that interceſſion can be made to the gods, and favours obtained by the blood of victims taken from the brute creation, the thought of aſcending a ſtep higher in the dignity of the oblation naturally leads to the hope of purchaſing a greater reward. With theſe ideas enthuſiaſtic ſpirits, like Decius and Curtius amongſt the Romans, ruſhed upon ſelf-deſtruction,

leſtruction, and Erechthonius, king of Athens, devoted his daughters, Codrus himſelf—*If the blood of bulls and goats and the aſhes of a heifer, ſprinkling the unclean, ſanctifieth to the purifying of the fleſh, how much more ſhall the blood*, &c. &c. &c. There is a wild magnanimity in the idea highly captivating: Cicero more than once alludes to this action of Erechthonius, and in his oration for Sextus exclaims—*Shall I after ſo many illuſtrious deeds ſhrink from death, which even the daughters of Erechthonius, with all the weakneſs of their ſex about them, reſigned themſelves to without regret?* Let the mind be poſſeſſed with the perſuaſion of immortal happineſs annexed to the act, and there will be no want of candidates to ſtruggle for the glorious prerogative. Erechthonius and his daughters were aſſociated to the deities after their death, altars were dedicated and a temple erected to them in the citadel of Athens, where divine honours were paid to their memories. The Eleuſynians were defeated and deſpoiled of all they poſſeſſed, except the myſteries of Ceres abovementioned; of theſe they were left in undiſturbed enjoyment: Their king Eumolpus was ſlain in battle, but Neptune, whoſe ſon he was, revenged his loſs by ſtriking his conqueror dead with his trident.

Thus periſhed Erechthonius by immortal hands, if we take the authority of Euripides the tragic poet, after he had reigned fifty years in Athens: In his time the people of Attica, heretofore called Cecropians, took the name of Athenians: Ovid, whoſe metamorphoſes mix much ancient truth with fable, ſays *that this prince at his death left it*

doubtful with poſterity, whether he excelled moſt in juſtice as a King, or in military glory as a General.

Ægeus, the reputed father of Theſeus, was the eighth king of Athens, reckoning from Cecrops the ſon of Pandion II. grandſon of Erechthonius, the crown having deſcended regularly from father to ſon through ſeveral generations: After remaining childleſs for ſeveral years he conſulted the oracle at Delphi upon the mode of obtaining an heir; to a very plain queſtion he obtained a very obſcure anſwer, and, not being able to ſolve the ænigma himſelf, conſulted ſeveral perſons upon the interpretation of it, and amongſt others his friend Pittheus, king of Trœzene, from whoſe ſagacity he promiſed himſelf a ſolution of the difficulty: This wiſe prince had a daughter named Æthra, and ſhe having admitted Ægeus to a ſecret conſultation by night in the fane of Minerva, proved a more able interpreter of the Delphic oracle than her father, and put Ægeus in poſſeſſion of his wiſhes by bearing him a ſon: This ſon was the hero Theſeus, but it cannot be diſguiſed, that a doubt was ſtarted, whether Neptune had not a better claim to the child than Ægeus; for the princeſs Æthra is charged with admitting both viſitors in the ſame evening, and when the controverſy lies between a mortal and an immortal lover, the moſt that can be ſaid for Ægeus is, that it leaves the caſe doubtful. The king of Athens put in his claim by leaving his ſword and ſandals in cuſtody of Æthra, when he underſtood ſhe was pregnant, enjoining her to let the child, if he proved a ſon, remain at Trœzene, until he became adult and had ſtrength enough to remove a block of ſtone, under which he

he depoſited his pledges; on the hilt of the ſword, which was ivory, he cauſed to be engraved his name and titles, and Ægeus declared he would acknowledge the bearer of thoſe pledges and adopt him as his heir: This being done, he returned to Athens and celebrated the Panathenæa with uncommon ſplendor.

This monarch filled the throne of Athens for the ſpace of forty-eight years and terminated his life by caſting himſelf into the ſea, thence called Ægean, in deſpair upon diſcovering the veſſel, that brought his ſon Theſeus from his Cretan expedition againſt the Minotaur, approach the ſhores of Attica with black ſails, when the ſignal of life and victory was to be the contrary diſplay of white ones, which Theſeus by a fatal neglect had failed to put out upon his coming in ſight of the coaſt.

The impatient and deſpairing parent precipitated himſelf into the ocean and the ſon ſucceeded to his throne. There is no hero in antiquity, who for his magnanimity, his adventures, or the exquiſite beauty and perfection of his perſon has been more celebrated than Theſeus: In ſome of the actions of his life he performed real and diſtinguiſhed ſervices to his country; in others he appears to have been governed merely by an extravagant and wild paſſion for adventure: No hero has furniſhed more themes to the poets, and few princes have at times deſerved better of their ſubjects: By his valour in action and the terror of his name he cleared many regions of thoſe lawleſs clans of robbers and plunderers, with which they were infeſted to the diſgrace and danger of ſociety: Ambitious to emulate the fame of his con-

temporary Hercules, he ſeems ſometimes to have forgotten that he had ſubjects under his care and command, and roved about in queſt of adventures, the general champion of diſtreſs and the ſworn exterminator of monſters and tyrants, wherever they were to be found: Preceded by his axe-bearers in commemoration of his deſtruction of the robbers, and carrying on his ſhoulder the ponderous club of Corynætes, whom he vanquiſhed, he marched in triumph to Delphi, like another Hercules after his labours: The bulls of Crete and Marathon and the Cremmyonian boar were trophies, that might vie with the hydra; and Corcyon, whom he ſlew, was as formidable a champion as Antæus, and fixed the triumph of agility over ſtrength: He killed Procruſtes, whoſe couch was as fatal as the den of Cacus.

Theſeus upon his acceſſion to the government of Attica reformed the ſtate of juſtice and amended the condition of his ſubjects by many kingly regulations; before his time the people were diſperſed about the country in ſmall and ſeparated clans, more like the ſettlements of ſavages than a regular community; the police of courſe was very imperfect; the laws were merely local and arbitrary, nor did they generally agree in the ſame definition or diſtribution of juſtice; to remedy theſe evils he enlarged his capital, aſſembled the people from all parts, fixed them to a reſidence in Athens, and eſtabliſhed general courts of law and juſtice, where all his ſubjects might reſort to decide their properties, or compoſe their wrongs, by ſtated rules and inſtitutes, expounded and adminiſtered by judges competent to their vocation.

Theſe

Theſe are ſervices beneficial to mankind, the actions of a patriot king and legiſlator, infinitely ſuperior to the extermination of boars or bulls, the unravelling a labyrinth, or conflicting with a wreſtler. One ſhould have thought that the rambling ſpirit of Theſeus might henceforward have ſubſided, and, if Hercules had not been upon earth, this would probably have been the caſe, and he would have deſcended to poſterity one of the greateſt characters in ancient hiſtory; but the expedition againſt the Amazons drew him out upon freſh and fooliſh adventures, and, though his friendſhip and his amours may have furniſhed pleaſing tales and fables to Heſiod and others, the hiſtorian will do well to paſs over this period of his life in ſilence and regret.

It ſuffices to relate that Meneſtheus took advantage of his abſence and eſtabliſhed himſelf ſo firmly in power, that Theſeus on his return finding it impoſſible to diſpoſſeſs him of his uſurped authority retired to Scyros, and there either put a voluntary end to his life, or was deſtroyed by Lycomedes.

In the reign of Meneſtheus the famous ſiege of Troy, memorable to all ages, was undertaken by the joint forces of all the Grecian principalities: The combined fleets aſſembled at Athens and took their final departure from that port: Agamemnon conducted a hundred ſhips from Mycenæ, Menelaus ſixty from Sparta, and Meneſtheus joined with fifty: The latter excelled all the generals of Greece, Neſtor only excepted, in military ſcience for arranging and diſpoſing troops in order of battle. Homer has left this teſtimony in his favour, and the authority is as indiſputable as

the record is immortal; the town was taken the laſt year of Meneſtheus's life and reign; he died in the iſland of Melos, and being one of the chiefs incloſed in the Trojan horſe, had a leading ſhare in the capture and deſtruction of that celebrated city.

" No chief like thee, Meneſtheus, Greece could yield,—
" To marſhal armies in the duſty field,
" Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
" Or cloſe th' embodied hoſt in firm array;
" Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
" For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe."

POPE.

N°. XVI.

THE expedition of the Greeks againſt Troy has ſupplied a ſubject to an heroic poem, which remains the wonder of all time and the unrivalled ſtandard of the epic art. It muſt be owned no poet ever made a happier choice, for what could be more intereſting to a Grecian reader than the recital of an action founded in juſtice and terminated in ſucceſs? The event itſelf was magnificent; a coalition of the Grecian ſtates in vindication of an injured prince, who was one of their number. Had it recorded the expedition of one great monarch againſt another, it is eaſy to comprehend how much that brilliant variety of character, which

which now gives ſuch dramatic luſtre to the compoſition, would have loſt by the nature of ſuch a ſubject; whereas the emulation of the rival leaders conſtitutes that compound action, that ſtriking contraſt and diſcrimination of character, which render the Iliad ſo peculiarly enchanting. The juſtice of the undertaking fortifies the poet with a moral, which ſecures the good opinion of his readers, and intereſts them cordially in his cauſe; it is ſo permanent a pledge for their good wiſhes, that it enables him to throw into the ſcale of the Trojans every epiſode of pity, every ornament of magnanimity and valour, which can beautify his poem without the danger of creating falſe prejudices in behalf of the offenders; in ſhort, we can mourn for Hector and not regret the victory of Achilles.

If Homer found theſe incidents ready to his hands, their combination was ſupremely happy; if he created them, his invention was almoſt miraculous. The period at which he wrote was no leſs fortunate, being neither too remote to impair the intereſt of his ſubject, nor ſo near the time of the action as to confine his fancy to the limits of ſtrict hiſtorical truth. So wonderful an aſſemblage of parts meet in this great work, that there is not a paſſion in the human breaſt but will find its ruling intereſt gratified by the peruſal; and it is ſo happily contrived, that the combination of thoſe parts, multitudinous as they are, never violates the uniformity of deſign; the ſubject remains ſimple and entire; our ideas never ſtray from the main object of the poem, though they are continually carried out upon excurſions through the regions of earth and heaven upon the ſtrongeſt

ſtrongeſt pinions of fancy. The manner in which Homer employs his deities, with the machinery that accompanies them, gives an amazing brilliancy to the picturesque and deſcriptive powers of the poem; the virtues, vices, prejudices, paſſions of thoſe imaginary beings ſet them on a level with human nature ſo far as to give us an intereſt in their ſituations, which a juſter repreſentation of ſuperior eſſences could not impart; while their immortality and power are engines in the poet's hand, whoſe influence is unlimited by the laws of nature; theſe extraordinary perſonages, at the ſame time that they take a part very eſſential to the action of the drama, bring about the incidents by thoſe ſudden and ſupernatural means, which mortal heroes of the moſt romantic ſort could not ſo readily effect. This is an advantage on the part of a heathen poet, for which the Chriſtian writer has no ſubſtitute; for thoſe moderns, who in order to create ſurprize have invented capricious beings to produce extravagant events above the reach of human powers, and below the dignity of divine, violate our reaſon, whilſt they ſtruggle to amuſe our fancy; but the Pagan theoriſt can find a deity for every purpoſe without giving ſcandal to the believer, or revolting the philoſopher.

Amongſt the numberleſs excellencies of the Iliad there is none more to be admired than the correct preciſion, with which Homer draws his characters and preſerves them uniformly through the poem; an excellence in which Virgil and the Roman poets in general are greatly his inferiors: With Homer's heroes we have more than hiſtorical acquaintance, we are made intimate with their habits and manners, and whenever he withdraws them

them for a time, we are certain upon the next meeting to recognize and acknowledge the ſame characteriſtic traces that ſeparate each individual ſo decidedly from all others.—But it is time to return to our hiſtory.

After the death of Meneſtheus the crown of Athens returned into the family of Theſeus, and Demophon his ſon, who alſo was preſent at the ſiege of Troy, ſucceeded to his inheritance: Oxyntes, Aphidas, and Thymætes reigned in ſucceſſion after Demophon, and the line of the Erechthidæ expired in the perſon of Thymætes. This was a remarkable revolution, for that family had poſſeſſed the throne of Athens for a period of four hundred and twenty years. The monarchy, properly ſo called, was now drawing to its concluſion; Melanthus, who ſucceeded to Thymætes, was a Meſſenian and a deſcendant from Neleus; he had been expelled from Meſſene by the Heraclidæ, and had taken refuge in the Athenian ſtate; he obtained the crown by very honourable means; Thymætes, being challenged to ſingle combat by Xanthus king of Bœotia, declined the challenge; Melanthus accepted it in his ſtead, ſlew Xanthus, and obtained the crown of Athens in reward for his ſucceſs; at his death it devolved to his ſon Codrus. The manner in which this Prince devoted himſelf to death for his country ſcarce needs a recital, but it is not generally known that Codrus was in a very advanced age, when this event took place, and moreover that the Athenians urged him to the deed upon the report of Cleomantis, a citizen of Delphi, who made them acquainted with the anſwer of the oracle touching the conditions, on which victory was to be obtained. The Athenians, having

having prevailed with Codrus to embrace the fatal conditions of their deliverance, ſacrificed their aged monarch, and impreſſed with the perſuaſion that Apollo would verify his prediction, fought and overcame their enemy.

Codrus being dead, the government of Athens underwent a material revolution, for the popular party, pretending a reſpect to his memory, put forward a decree prohibiting any other perſon to reign in Athens by the title of King; the change however for the preſent was more nominal than eſſential, for they did not alter the ſucceſſion, nor materially reduce the power of the monarchy. The Prince, or perpetual Archon, (for each title is uſed occaſionally) held the government for life, ſubject notwithſtanding to account to the ſtate for his adminiſtration of public affairs.

Medon, ſon of Codrus, ſucceeded to his father by this new title: Thirteen princes reigned under this deſcription from Medon to Alcmæon inclusive, comprehending a period of three hundred and ſeven years.

Some authorities maintain that Homer came to Athens in the time of Medon, and was hoſpitably received by that prince; but it is generally thought the age of Homer does not anſwer to this date, and that he was born about two hundred years after the ſiege of Troy; this falls within the time of Archippus, grandſon of Medon, and third perpetual archon; in the beginning of whoſe reign Heſiod was born; Homer ſome few years after at the cloſe of it: Archippus reigned nineteen years: and this æra ſeems eſtabliſhed by the beſt chronologiſt.

Archippus, at the concluſion of whoſe adminiſtration

niſtration we have placed the birth of Homer, was ſucceeded by Therſippus, who held the government of Athens for a long incumbency of forty one years, and he was ſucceeded by Phorbas, who was thirty years archon; in the period of theſe ſeventy-one years we have the Athenian æra of the life of Homer.

This however muſt in ſome degree be left to opinion, for before the inſtitution of the Olympiads the Grecian chronicles are ſo vague and obſcure that the preciſe age of Homer will for ever remain a ſubject of conjecture. The above period has at leaſt the merit of holding a middle place between their opinions, who ſuppoſe he was born ſoon after the ſiege of Troy and ſuch as contend he was contemporary with Lycurgus. The late Mr. Robert Wood, in his eſſay on the original genius and writings of Homer, inclines to think the Iliad and Odyſſey were finiſhed about half a century after the capture of Troy; he has offered internal evidence in ſupport of this opinion in Homer's account of the family of Æneas, and his argument is acute and critical: They, who make him contemporary with Lycurgus, have internal evidence againſt them, which, though perhaps it does not ſerve to eſtabliſh Mr. Wood's poſition, certainly confutes the latter chronologiſts. Ariſtotle places Homer in the ſame epoch with Iphitus and the firſt Olympiad, but he reſts his conjecture upon the weakeſt of all arguments; whilſt the beſt authorities, as well as the majority in number, point to the period which I have ſuggeſted; and here for the preſent I will leave it.

The laſt but one of the perpetual archons was Æſchylus, and in the ſecond year of his government

ment the Olympiads were firſt inſtituted by
tus at Elis; from this period we ſhall proceed
greater chronological preciſion.

The ſucceſſor of Æſchylus and the laſt o
perpetual archons was Alcmæon. The peop
Athens had new-modelled their government
the death of Codrus by aboliſhing the title of
and reducing their chief magiſtrate to be in
rather the firſt ſubject of the ſtate, than the
narch: This regulation appears to have bee
fected without any ſtruggle on the part o
reigning family; thirteen archons in ſucce
had now been permitted to hold the govern
for life, when upon the expiration of Alcm
adminiſtration, the people thought fit by a
reform to limit the duration of the chief magi
to the term of ten years. Charops, brother of
mæon and ſon of Æſchylus, was the firſt dece
archon; and this revolution took place in th
year of the ſeventh Olympiad. Whilſt the
nian ſtate was by theſe ſteps enlarging its libe
Romulus and Remus were forming the embr
a mighty empire fated in the courſe of time t
come miſtreſs of the world; theſe adventurer
lected a body of Latin ſhepherds, amongſt w
they had been educated, and ſettling themſelv
the Palatine Mount, became the founders of R
This event is ſuppoſed to fall within the peri
the ſeventh Olympiad, when Charops was d
nial archon. It is generally ſuppoſed that
mighty empire was ſet in motion from one f
which Greece had ſcattered from the conflagr
of Troy, and which lighted on the ſhores of
where it was kept alive for more than four c
ries, till Rome was founded; but Æneas's It
coloniz

colonization is a very queſtionable point, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Wood in his treatiſe abovementioned, that the poſterity of Æneas did not migrate into Italy, but eſtabliſhed themſelves in the Troade and reigned over the ſcattered remains of the Trojans after the deſtruction of Ilium.

A revolution of eighteen Olympiads produced a third change in the conſtitution of the Athenian government in favour of popular freedom, by limiting the archons to one year, making the magiſtracy annual: Neither was this all, for the command was no longer lodged in the hands of one perſon only, but of nine, the firſt of which was ſtiled by pre-eminence Archon, and from him the year had its name; the ſecond, intitled Baſileus, took charge of religious ceremonies, and the Polemarc, or third in office, had the conduct of military affairs, whilſt all civil and judicial buſineſs was referred to the council of the remaining ſix, called Theſmothetæ. None but pure Athenians of three deſcents could be choſen by lot into this council; an oath of office was adminiſtered to them publicly in the portico of the palace, purporting that they would execute the laws with juſtice and fidelity, and take no gifts either from their clients or the people at large. When they had performed their annual functions, and acquitted themſelves without impeachment, they were in courſe aggregated to the Areopagites, and held that dignity for life. Every thing relating to the care of orphans and widows, or the eſtates of minors, was veſted in the principal magiſtrate, properly ſtiled Archon; he had the charge of divorces and the ſuperintendance of the parents and children of ſoldiers, who fell

fell in battle, and of all ſuch citizens who
maintained at the public charge.

Of theſe annual Archons, Creon was the
and was elected about the twenty-fourth Olym

N° XVII.

THE Athenian ſtate continued to be gove
by annual archons according to the alter
made in its conſtitution in the twenty-fourth C
piad, without any thing occurring of importar
merit a recital from the time of Creon to the
miniſtration of Draco in the thirty-ninth C
piad. The Athenians, having reduced the
narchical power to the moſt diminutive ofallk
repreſentatives an annual archon, had to al
pearance effectually eſtabliſhed their liberties
it has been the fate of freedom to be turned
abuſe in all ages, and the licentiouſneſs of the
ple now ſeemed in more want of reform, tha
prerogative of the King had been in the mo
bitrary times. The moral purity of Draco's
ners, and the ſtern inflexibility of his te
fitted him for an office, that required both
rous virtue and reſolute diſpatch, for his tim
ſhort and his taſk laborious and full of da
Had his power been permanent, it is probat
would have qualified the ſeverity of thoſe fa
laws, which from their ſanguinary nature w
guratively ſaid to be written in blood, and it

tain they breathe a ſpirit calculated rather for the extinction of ſociety, than for its reformation. We muſt however admit the difficulty of deviſing any code of penal ſtatutes, by which degrees of puniſhment ſhall be equitably proportioned to degrees of offence. We have no experience or hiſtory of any ſuch code now exiſting, or that ever did exiſt. A citizen of the world will not eſtimate crimes and offences by the ſame rule and ſtandard as a citizen of any one particular community will; local circumſtances will give fainter or deeper colouring to crimes according to the peculiar conſtitution of the ſtate, againſt which they are committed: The Athenians in the time of Draco were governed by annual magiſtrates, the adminiſtration of theſe magiſtrates was made ſubject to popular enquiry upon its termination; they had expunged from their conſtitution the wholeſome though high-ſounding principle, that a king cannot do wrong; it was now become ſcarce poſſible that his ſubſtitute could do right; the people ſat in judgment on their governors, and many of the moſt virtuous citizens in the ſtate ſuffered under their ſentence: Fear reſtrained the timid from exertion, and the allurements of power debauched the intereſted and ambitious from their duty; whilſt the magiſtrate aimed at popularity, the people became intolerably licentious. The rigour of Draco impreſſes us with a high idea of his purity of principle; his abhorrence of the abuſes of his predeceſſors in office, and his indignation againſt the depravity of his fellow citizens embittered his mind, and made him rather a miſanthrope, than a ſtateſman.

Draco ſeems to have conſidered the commiſſion of

of crimes, not in proportion to their offence againſt ſociety, but according to the principle of the criminal, holding a tranſgreſſor equally guilty, whether he broke the law in the leaſt tittle, or in its greateſt extent; for he puniſhed indiſcriminately with death in both caſes: In this there is as little wiſdom as mercy, and it is to the honour of Solon that he revoked ſuch undiſtinguiſhing and bloody laws. Juſtly to aſcertain and define the various degrees of human depravity is impracticable for thoſe who cannot ſearch the human heart; nor in the nature of things is it poſſible for any man, or council of men, to form a ſyſtem of puniſhments to meet the ſeveral degrees and definitions of crimes with proportioned retribution: Sentence of death is at once the higheſt exertion of authority one fellow-creature can exerciſe over another, and the heavieſt atonement any offender can make to the laws of that ſociety, in which he is enliſted: Draco excuſed himſelf from the charge of indiſcriminate rigour by pleading that he could deviſe no puniſhment greater than death; the nature of the plea gives an inſight into the character of the man, that needs no comment; it is plain however that he had no idea of aggravating death by tortures; he did not know, or would not practiſe, thoſe deteſtable arts and refinements, which now prevail in too many parts of the Chriſtian world, of extorting criminations and confeſſions by heightening the agonies of death. The ſhort duration of his authority, as I before obſerved, precipitated him upon this ſyſtem of ſeverity, which time and reflection would probably have corrected: A haſty reformer is equally to be dreaded with a deliberate tyrant; legal cruelty is of all moſt terrible; a law

once

once made is made to be executed; the will of the judge cannot mitigate it, and the power of the ſovereign can only releaſe from puniſhment, but not apportion or modify it: Herein conſiſts the irreparable defect of all eſtabliſhed rules of fixed puniſhment; to include different degrees of criminality, under one and the ſame degree of penalty is not ſtrict equity, but to live without laws at the arbitrary diſpoſal of any human tribunal is ſlavery of the moſt inſupportable ſort.

By Draco's laws an Athenian was equally guilty of death, whether he pilfered a cabbage or murdered a citizen: Horrible decree! If the principle of puniſhment does not conſiſt in revenging what is paſt, but in preventing the culprit from repeating and the community from ſuffering the like or any other offence from the ſame perſon, it may well be doubted if death need be inflicted in any caſe; the terror of example, not the ſpirit of revenge, muſt conſtitute the neceſſity of ſuch a mode of puniſhment, if any neceſſity exiſts; but if puniſhments may be deviſed, by which guilty perſons ſhall be made to atone to ſociety without cutting them from it, and if theſe puniſhments may be ſuch as ſhall deter and terrify the evil-minded equally with death itſelf, policy, independent of religion, will be intereſted to adopt them.

It was not to be expected that the Athenians would be remedied by ſuch ſanguinary laws as theſe of Draco, and they had been in operation nearly half a century, when Solon in the third year of the forty-ſixth Olympiad found the people in as much need of reformation, as Draco did in the beginning of the thirty-fifth Olympiad.

Solon was of noble birth and of an elevated ſoul; he

he was a friend to liberty, but a lover of order; deſcended from Codrus, he was a patriot by inheritance; though he was a great adept in the philoſophy of the times, it neither ſoured his manners nor left him without attention to the public: When he withdrew himſelf from the world for the purpoſes of ſtudy and contemplation, it was to render himſelf a more uſeful citizen on his return to ſociety: With a fortune rather below mediocrity he had ſuch a ſpirit of beneficence and generoſity, that he was obliged in his youth to apply himſelf to commerce to ſupport his independence: Solon's philoſophy did not boaſt any unnatural contempt of pain or pleaſure; he affected no apathy; on the contrary, when he was reproached for weeping at the death of his ſon, as it was unbecoming a wiſe man to bewail an evil he could not remedy, he anſwered with a modeſt ſenſibility of his weakneſs, that it was on that very account he did bewail it.

The anecdote Plutarch gives us of Solon's interview with his contemporary Thales, and the ſilly method that philoſopher took for convincing Solon of the advantage of celibacy by employing a fellow to make a falſe report to him of his ſon's death, heightens our affection for the man, without lowering our reſpect for the ſage: Thales in the true ſpirit of ſophiſm triumphed in the ſuperiority of his wiſdom by avoiding thoſe connections, which ſoften the human heart, and vainly ſuppoſed he ſunk the dignity of Solon's character by expoſing to ridicule the tender feelings of the father.

The Athenians were exhauſted by tedious and unproſperous war with the people of Megara; the important iſland of Salamis was loſt, and ſuch was their

their deſpair of ever recovering it, that they paſſed a law for making it a capital offence in any citizen to propoſe the retaking it: Solon who regarded this degrading edict with honeſt indignation, feigned himſelf inſane and ruſhing into the forum harangued the populace, abrogated the edict and declared war againſt the Megarenſians: On this occaſion he addreſſed the people in elegiac verſes of his own compoſing one hundred in number; the power of his muſe prevailed, for it was great; the people gave him the command of an expedition againſt Salamis, in which he had the good fortune to reduce that iſland and re-annex it to his country, which had made ſuch public avowal of its deſpair.

Solon is ſo highly celebrated as a poet, that ſome ancient authorities have equalled him to Heſiod and even to Homer: We have few and ſmall remains, but many teſtimonies of his writings; in particular we are informed, that he compoſed five thouſand verſes on the commonwealth of Athens, recording the tranſactions of his own time, not as a hiſtory in praiſe, but in defence of himſelf, and with the view to encourage his countrymen to perſiſt in a courſe of public virtue and private morality. He wrote iambics alſo and odes, and compoſed even his laws in verſe, of which Plutarch has quoted the exordium.

He employed ſtratagem in the reduction of the iſland of Salamis, but as the celebrated Piſiſtratus was joined with him in this enterprize, it muſt not be diſguiſed that ſome authorities give the ſucceſs of the expedition to Piſiſtratus; both were men of conſummate addreſs and reſource, and each no doubt had his ſhare of merit in the ſervice; the re-

putation Solon gained by this event was ſtill increaſed by his conduct in the defence of the famous temple of Delphi againſt the ſacrilegious Cirrhæans; though he was only aſſeſſor to the general Cliſthenes the Sicyonian in this campaign, the ſucceſsful termination of the war by the capture of Cirrha was univerſally attributed to Solon.

Athens was now rent by popular feuds and diſſenſions; the commonwealth was in imminent peril, every thing tending to civil tumult and confuſion, and the people in a ſtate little ſhort of abſolute anarchy: In this extremity every eye was turned towards Solon, and he was elected archon by the general voice of his fellow citizens. It was now not only in his power to make himſelf abſolute maſter of the ſtate, and to eſtabliſh that tyranny in his own perſon, which he lived to ſee Piſiſtratus aſpire to and obtain, but that ſtep was alſo preſſed upon him by the unanimous ſolicitations of his friends and the public at large; religion had its ſhare in the temptation, for the temple of Delphi uttered its oracular decree for his aſſuming the ſupreme power in Athens, and when he withſtood the dazzling offer, he had to combat the reproaches and invectives of all parties for refuſing it. A magnanimity that was proof againſt temptation was not to be ſhaken by calumny; ſupported by conſcious integrity he oppoſed the torrent, and contenting himſelf with the limited authority of an annual magiſtracy, framed and publiſhed thoſe mild and ſalutary ordinances, which have endeared his name to all poſterity. Amongſt the pacifying meaſures of his government he found it expedient to relieve the people by an ordinance for the remiſſion of debts of a certain deſcription; this

act

It raiſed a ſtorm of oppoſition and abuſe from all the rich and uſurious againſt his adminiſtration, and ſome who had been his intimates took part in the faction, and began to perſecute him in the bittereſt manner, charging him with the meanneſs of exempting himſelf as a creditor from the conditions of the act; he ſoon turned the odium of the charge upon the contrivers of it, by giving public proof to the city that he himſelf had been the firſt who obeyed his own law, and remitted a conſiderable ſum to his debtors; this proof of his diſintereſtedneſs as a creditor convinced his countrymen of his uprightneſs as a legiſlator, and he roſe the higher in their eſteem for the malevolent attack he had ſo fully repulſed: Reaſon and public gratitude at length prevailed, and the voice of faction being put to ſilence, the whole care of the commonwealth was ſurrendered into his hands to be regulated and reformed according to his wiſdom and diſcretion.

Solon, though too magnanimous to accept the title of king, was too good a citizen to decline the truſt, and now it was that he abrogated all Draco's ſanguinary laws, except thoſe that affected murderers: This, as I before obſerved, occurred in the courſe of the forty-ſixth Olympiad; he arranged the people into four claſſes according to the different proportions of their property; he erected the principal council of the Areopagites, with inferior courts for the adminiſtration of law and juſtice, and publiſhed his famous manifeſto for rendering infamous all perſons, who in civil ſeditions ſhould remain ſpectators of their country's danger by a criminal neutrality; he enacted many wholeſome regulations reſpecting marriages, tending to the increaſe of population; he ſup-

preſſed libels, and made idleneſs puniſhable by law; he put under certain diſabilities, parents who were convicted of having groſly neglected the education of their families, and reſtrained by ſumptuary laws every ſpecies of public exceſs. Many more of his laws might be enumerated, if it were neceſſary to enlarge upon facts ſo generally known, but it will ſuffice to mention, that when he had compleated his code, he bound the ſenators to the obſervance of what it contained by the ſolemneſt oath he could deviſe, and cauſing his laws to be engraven on tables of wood, hung them up in the public courts that no man might plead ignorance.

The nature of this oath is curious; the ſenator was led up to a ponderous ſtone preſerved in the forum; there the oath was publicly adminiſtered, and the obligation of it was, that he ſhould dedicate a piece of gold to the temple of Delphi of equal weight with the ſtone if he was proved guilty of having violated his oath: Not content with thus ſwearing the judges and ſenators to the faithful adminiſtration of his laws, he alſo bound the people by oath to their due obſervance, and having done all this with a temper and prudence, particularly expreſſive of his character, Solon took his leave of Athens and ſat out upon his travels into Egypt.

N° XVIII.

N°. XVIII.

ALTHOUGH the wiſdom and magnanimity of Solon are conſpicuous in every action of his life, which hiſtory has tranſmitted to us, nothing is more worthy of our admiration and praiſe than the circumſtance laſt recorded of his receſſion from Athens.

It is not neceſſary to follow him in his travels, in which after ſome time ſpent in viſiting Egypt, Cyprus, and Lydia, he obeyed the ſummons of his fellow-citizens and returned to Athens: That city during his abſence had been diſtracted by furious and contending factions: Lycurgus headed one party, Megacles ſon of Alcmæon another, and Piſiſtratus was leader of a third, in which was included nearly the whole inferior order of the people: All theſe parties nevertheleſs preſerved a reſpect for their ancient benefactor and lawgiver, and he ſpared no pains in return, to aſſuage and compoſe the diſorders of the ſtate, but in vain; age indeed had not yet deprived him of his mental faculties, but his corporeal ones were debilitated, and the criſis called for more activity than he was now capable of exerting; he could no longer ſpeak in public nor addreſs the people in the forum as he was accuſtomed to do; he tried his influence ſeparately and in private with the leaders of the ſeveral factions: Piſiſtratus, whoſe manners were of the gentleſt kind, affected to receive the advice and counſels of Solon with great external reſpect, but ambition had taken too firm hold of his heart, and he had laid his plans

too deep to be diverted from them by the patriotic diſcourſes of this venerable citizen; the ſagacity of Solon penetrated his deſigns, and when he was convinced of his diſſimulation, and ſaw the liberties of his country on the point of being overthrown by this artful dæmagogue, he came into open court in military array, and preſented himſelf to the aſſembly ready to head the friends of their country, and expel Piſiſtratus by force of arms: The noble effort was too late, for the ſpirit of the people was loſt, and all men ſeemed diſpoſed to ſurrender themſelves without reſiſtance to the uſurper. Solon, finding that he could not rouſe them to a conſideration of their ancient dignity, nor inſpire them with a becoming ſenſe of the value of liberty, laid aſide his arms and ſuſpending them at the door of the Court-houſe, took a ſhort but pathetic leave of Athens and once again retired into voluntary baniſhment. Whither is not diſtinctly aſcertained; many preſſing invitations were addreſſed to him from different parts, and I am inclined to think he accepted that of Cræſus king of Lydia, and that he cloſed an illuſtrious life in extreme old age in the iſland of Cyprus. His aſhes by his expreſs direction were tranſported to his native iſland of Salamis and there depoſited. The Athenians erected him ſtatue in braſs, but Piſiſtratus revoked his law. The laws of Draco, notwithſtanding their ſeverity, were in execution for a longer period than the mild and prudent ordinances of Solon. The people it is true never wholly forfeited their reſpect for this excellent perſon, but they were unworthy of him; even Piſiſtratus amidſt the ſtruggles of ambition offered no inſult to his perſon

and every country, which his fame had reached, presented an asylum to the venerable exile.

As an orator, Solon stands high in point of merit, and first in order of time: As a poet, his genius was sublime, various, and fluent; in subjects of fiction and fancy he never dealt; but, though he chose his topics with the gravity of a statesman, and handled them with the fidelity of an historian, he composed with ardour, and never failed to fire his hearers with the recitation of his poems: He is supposed to have reprobated the drama, but, if this be a fact, we may well conclude, that it was the old corrupt masque of Bacchus and the Satyrs, of which he signified his dislike, and in this he is warranted. In two expeditions, where he had a military command, he was eminently successful, and gained a high degree of glory: No statesman ever stood in times more perilous, no citizen ever resisted more alluring offers of ambition, and no legislator ever regulated a more disorderly community: Tho' demaster in the early [illegible] philosophy, and a great with chearfulness in society, was friendly, he mixed vivial, and did not hold back from those tender ties and attachments, which connect a man to the world, and which by some have been considered incompatible with a life devoted to wisdom and sublime philosophy: Strict in his morals as Draco, he was not like him disposed to put criminals to death, whilst there was any hope of conducting them by gentle measures to repentance: His modesty was natural and unaffected, and though he was generally silent in company, his silence threw no damp upon festivity, for it did not savour of

ſullenneſs, and he was known to be a friend to the uſe of wine with freedom, but without exceſs: At the meeting of the ſeven celebrated ſages (his contemporaries and colleagues in wiſdom) when they were entertained by Periander at Corinth, the golden ſalver, which the Mileſian fiſhermen had dragged out of the ſea in their net, and which the Delphic oracle upon reference of the controverſy had decreed to the wiſeſt man of the age, was by general ſuffrage given to Solon; each perſon, with becoming deference to the others, had ſeverally declined the prize, but Solon was at length conſtrained to receive it by concurrent vote of the whole aſſembly.

Hiſtorians are not agreed upon the exact time of Solon's departure from Athens, and ſome maintain that he continued there till his death; this is not probable; but the reſult of the accounts puts it out of doubt that he remained there, whilſt there was any hope of compoſing the diſturbances of the ſtate, and of reſtoring its tranquillity and freedom, under the new conſtitutions he had eſtabliſhed. But this excellent citizen turning his back upon Athens, than all theſe hopes periſhed, and univerſal deſpair took place; the degeneracy of the people became incurable, and no one was found with authority or zeal to oppoſe the approaching revolution: Though Solon was far in the decline of life, yet if there had been any public virtue ſubſiſting, the liberty of Athens had not been loſt without a ſtruggle; but, although neutrality in civil commotions had been declared infamous and criminal by the laws of Solon, the populace through deſpair or indolence

declined

declined the conteſt, and held themſelves in readineſs to receive a maſter in either of the contending partiſans, who ſhould prevail over his competitors.

Fortune and ſuperior addreſs at length decided the prize of ambition to Piſiſtratus and his party, for he poſſeſſed every qualification that could recommend him to the public; of inſinuating manners, with a beautiful and commanding perſon, he was gallant, eloquent, and munificent; no man acquitted himſelf more gracefully as a public ſpeaker, and when Pericles in aftertimes alarmed the jealouſy of the Athenians, the reſemblance he bore to Piſiſtratus in eloquence as well as in features was ſo ſtriking, that he was univerſally called the *Second Piſiſtratus*, and the comic poets in their ſatirical alluſions exhibited him on the ſtage by that name and character.

Whilſt theſe party ſtruggles were in ſuſpence, Piſiſtratus uſed an artifice for recommending himſelf to the people, which was deciſive in his favour: One day on a ſudden he ruſhed into the forum, where the citizens were aſſembled, as if he had been flying from aſſaſſins, who were in purſuit of him, and preſented himſelf to public view defaced with wounds, and covered with blood; he was mounted in his chariot, and the mules that drew him were ſtreaming with blood as well as himſelf: The crowd flocked around him, and in this ſituation without wiping his wounds or diſmounting from his chariot, he harangued the forum; he told them he had that inſtant eſcaped from the aſſaſſinating ſwords of the nobles, who had cruelly attempted to deſtroy the man of the people for his activity in oppoſing the

exactions of ſordid creditors and uſurious tyrant[illegible]: His tears, his ſufferings, the beauty of his perſ[illegible]n now ſtreaming with blood, which he had ſp[illegible]lt in their cauſe, his military ſervices at Megar[illegible], and his proteſtations of affection to the peopl[illegible], in whoſe defence he ſolemnly proteſted a dete[illegible]- mination to perſiſt or periſh, all together forme[illegible]d ſuch an addreſs to the paſſions, and preſente[illegible]d ſuch a picture to the eye, that were irreſiſtib[illegible]y affecting.

Though it ſoon appeared in proof, that th[illegible]e whole was artifice, and that all theſe wound[illegible]s about himſelf and his mules were of his own gi[illegible]- ing for the impreſſion of the moment, ſtill th[illegible]e moment ſerved his purpoſe, and in the heat [illegible]f popular tumult he obtained a decree for grantin[illegible]g him a body-guard, not armed as ſoldiers, bu[illegible]t with ſticks and clubs: At the head of this deſpe[illegible]e- rate rabble he loſt no time in forcing his way int[illegible]o the citadel, and took poſſeſſion of it and the com[illegible]- monwealth in the ſame moment: He next pro[illegible]o ceeded to exile the moſt powerful and obnoxiou[illegible]s of his opponents. Megacles and Lycurgus wit[illegible]h their immediate adherents either fled from the cit[illegible]y or were forcibly driven out of it; the revolutio[illegible]n was compleat.

The tumult having ſubſided, Piſiſtratus bega[illegible]n to look around him, and to take his meaſures fo[illegible]r ſecuring himſelf in the authority he had ſeize[illegible]d: For this purpoſe he augmented his body-guar[illegible]d, which, as they were firſt voted to him, conſiſte[illegible]d only of fifty; theſe he endeavoured to attach [illegible]to his perſon by liberal payments, and whilſt h[illegible]e equipt them at all points like ſoldiers, he put a cunning ſtratagem in practice by which he co[illegible]n- trive[illegible]

trived to ſeize all the private arms of the citizens and totally diſmantled Athens: He uſed leſs ceremony with the nobles, for he ſtripped them of all weapons of offence openly and by force; and now he found himſelf, as he believed, in ſafe poſſeſſion of the ſovereign power and throne of Athens.

This paſſed in the fifty-firſt Olympiad, when Comias was archon.

It rarely happens that dominion, rapidly obtained, proves firmly eſtabliſhed. The factions of Megacles and Lycurgus were broken by this revolution, but not extinguiſhed, and Piſiſtratus either could not prevent their re-uniting, or perhaps over-ſecurity made him inattentive to their movements: He enjoyed his power for a ſhort time, and was in his turn driven out of Athens by thoſe he had exiled, and his effects were put up to public ſale, as the property of an outlaw.

Megacles and Lycurgus now divided the government between them; this was a ſyſtem that ſoon wrought its own overthrow; and Megacles, finding his party the weaker, invited Piſiſtratus to return to Athens, vainly imagining he could lull his ambition and ſecure him to his intereſt by giving him his daughter Cæſyra in marriage. Piſiſtratus accepted the terms, and obeyed the welcome recal; but it was in ſuch a manner, as might have put the weakeſt man upon his guard, for his return and entrance into Athens were accompanied by one of the moſt barefaced attacks upon public credulity and ſuperſtition, that is to be found in the hiſtory of man.

He

He had already ſucceeded in ſeveral hardy ſtratagems, and all had been diſcovered after they had ſerved his purpoſes. His pretended aſſaſſination, his contrivances for arming his body-guard and for diſarming the citizens at large, were all well known to the people, ſo that he muſt have taken a very nice meaſure of their folly and blindneſs, when upon his entering the city he undertook to bring in his train a woman, named Phæa, whom he dreſſed in the habit of the goddeſs Minerva, and impoſed her on the vulgar for their tutelar deity in perſon: He had inſtructed her how to addreſs the people in his behalf, commanding them to reinſtate him in his power, and open the gates of the citadel at his approach: The lady was ſufficiently perſonable for the character ſhe aſſumed, and, as a proof of her divinity, was of coloſſal ſtature: Extravagant as the experiment may ſeem, it ſucceeded in all points; the human deity was obeyed, and the ingenious demagogue carried all before him: This Grecian Joan of Arc received the adoration of the ſuperſtitious vulgar in public, and the grateful careſſes of the exulting tyrant in private: The lady was not of very diſtinguiſhed birth and fortune, for before ſhe took upon her the character of a goddeſs ſhe condeſcended to the mortal occupation of a flower-girl, and made garlands after the cuſtom of the Greeks for feaſts and merry-makings: Piſiſtratus rewarded her liberally by giving her in marriage to his ſon Hipparchus; a commodious reſource for diſpoſing of a caſt-off goddeſs; as for himſelf, he was engaged to Cæſyra: Phæa's marriage with Hipparchus ſoon convinced the world that ſhe was a mortal, but Piſiſtratus gave

himſelf no concern to prevent the diſcovery; in proceſs of time it came to paſs, upon Piſiſtratus's ſecond expulſion, that Phæa was publicly impeached and condemned upon the charge of *læſæ Majeſtatis*.

N° XIX.

PISISTRATUS had been five years in exile, when Megacles brought about his recal, and vainly thought to fix him in his intereſt by giving him his daughter Cæſyra in marriage; ſuch alliances rarely anſwer the political ends for which they are made: Piſiſtratus had ſeveral ſons by his firſt wife, and having re-eſtabliſhed himſelf in the tyranny after the manner we have been deſcribing, and beſtowed his favourite Phæa upon his ſon Hipparchus, he took the daughter of Megacles as the condition of his contract with her father, but with a fixed determination againſt a ſecond family, whoſe pretenſions might come in competition with thoſe of his children by his firſt marriage, in whoſe favour he wiſhed to ſecure the ſucceſſion, and who, both by age and capacity, were fit for government, whenever it ſhould devolve upon them.

Cæſyra put up with her huſband's neglect for ſome time, but at length ſhe imparted her diſguſt to her mother, and ſhe of courſe communicated it to Megacles. Juſtly offended by the indignity of ſuch treatment, Megacles immediately took his

his meaſures with the enemies of his ſon-in-law for his ſecond expulſion, prudently diſguiſing his reſentment, till he was in a condition to put it in force: It did not long eſcape the penetration of Piſiſtratus, but when he came to the knowledge of the conſpiracy that had been formed againſt his power, he found himſelf and party too weak to oppoſe it, and ſeizing the hour of ſafety, made a voluntary abdication by retiring into Eretria without a ſtruggle and in the utmoſt precipitation.

Megacles and his friends ſeem to have conſidered this receſſion of Piſiſtratus as deciſive, or elſe the time did not allow them to follow it by any active meaſures for preventing his return: Eleven years however paſſed and ſtill he remained an exile from Athens; old as he was, his ambition does not ſeem to have cooled, nor was he idle in the interim; he had an interview with his ſons in Eretria and concerted meaſures with them for his reſtoration; he formed alliances with ſeveral of the Grecian cities, particularly Thebes and Argos, and obtained a ſeaſonable ſupply of money, with which he enliſted and took into his pay a conſiderable army of mercenaries, and began hoſtilities in the Athenian ſtate by ſeizing upon Marathon. This ſucceſsful meaſure drew out many of his ſecret partiſans from Athens to join him in this place, where the promiſing aſpect of his affairs and the popularity of his character had induced great numbers to reſort to his ſtandard: Thus reinforced he put his army in motion and directed his march towards the city. The ruling party at Athens haſtily collected troops to

to oppoſe his approach, and put them under the command of Leogaras, who no ſooner took the field againſt Piſiſtratus, than he ſuffered himſelf and army to be ſurprized by that experienced general, and fled in diſorder over the country: the politic conqueror ſtopped the purſuit and diſpatched his ſons after the fugitives to aſſure them of pardon and protection, if they would go back to their homes and reſume their occupations in peace like good citizens: Piſiſtratus was far advanced in age, and having carried this deciſive action by ſtratagem, took every prudent precaution for eſtabliſhing his advantage by ſeizing the ſons of the partiſans in oppoſition to his government, and detaining them in cloſe cuſtody as hoſtages for the peaceable behaviour of their parents. He conducted himſelf on the occaſion with ſo much temper and judgment, the ſplendor of his talents and the elegance of his manners reflected ſo much luſtre on his court and country, that his uſurpation was either no longer remembered, or remembered without averſion and regret; in ſhort, his genius for government was ſuch that no man queſtioned his right: Even Solon, with all his zeal for liberty, pronounced of Piſiſtratus, that Athens would not have contained a more virtuous citizen, had his ambition been directed to a more juſtifiable purſuit: He was mild and merciful in the extreme, winning in addreſs, an eloquent orator, a juſt judge, and a munificent ſovereign; in a word, he had either the merit of poſſeſſing, or the art of perſonating, every good quality and every brilliant accompliſhment.

Having

Having now brought down this brief recapitulation of the Athenian hiſtory to the laſt period of the reign of Piſiſtratus, we are arrived at the point of time, in which that remarkable æra commences, which I call *The Literary age of Greece*: It was now that Piſiſtratus conceived the enlarged and liberal idea of inſtituting the firſt public library in Greece, and of laying it open to the inſpection and reſort of the learned and curious throughout the kingdoms and provinces of that part of the world—*Libros Athenis diſciplinarum liberalium publice ad legendum præbendos primus poſuiſſe dicitur Piſiſtratus tyrannus.* (Aul. Gell. cap. xvii. lib. vi.)—Through a long, though interrupted, reign of three and thirty years he had approved himſelf a great encourager of literature and a very diligent collector of the works of learned men: The compiler of the ſcattered rhapſodies of Homer, and the familiar friend of the great epic poet Orpheus of Croton (author of the Argonautics) he was himſelf accompliſhed in the learning of the age he lived in; and, whilſt his court became a place of reſort for contemporary genius, he puſhed his reſearches after the remains of the ancient poets and philoſophers through every ſpot, where the liberal ſciences had been known to flouriſh; collecting books in Ionia, Sicily, and throughout all the provinces of Greece with much coſt and diligence; and having at length compleated his purpoſe and endowed a library with the treaſures of the time, he laid it open to all readers for the edification of mankind——*Who of thoſe times ſurpaſſed him in learning* (ſays Cicero) *or what orator was more eloquent or accompliſhed than Piſiſtratus, who firſt diſpoſed the works of Homer*

Homer in that order of compilation we have them at this very time? (De Orat. iii. 137.)

The inſtitution of this library forms a ſignal epoch in the annals of literature, for from this period Attica took the lead of all the provinces of Greece in arts and ſciences, and Athens henceforward became the ſchool of philoſophers, the theatre of poets, and the capital of taſte and elegance, acknowledged to a proverb throughout the world. From this period to the death of Menander the comic poet an illuſtrious ſcene preſents itſelf to our obſervation. Greece, with unbounded fertility of genius, ſent a flood of compoſitions into light, of which, although few entire ſpecimens have deſcended to poſterity, yet theſe with ſome fragments, and what may be further collected on the ſubject from the records of the ſcholiaſts and grammarians, afford abundant matter for literary diſquiſition.

It is painful in the extreme to reflect upon the [illegible] of this illuminated age, who have periſhed by the irruptions of the barbarous nations. When we meditate on the magnificence of the ancient buildings of Greece and Rome, the mind is ſtruck with awe and veneration; but thoſe impreſſions are of a very melancholy caſt, when we conſider that it is from their preſent ruins we are now meaſuring their paſt ſplendor; in like manner from a few reliques of ancient genius we take a mournful eſtimate of thoſe prodigious collections, which till the fatal conflagrations at Alexandria, remained entire and were without compariſon the moſt valuable treaſure upon earth.

Piſiſtratus, as we have obſerved, eſtabliſhed the

firſt public library in Greece; Xerxes plundered Athens of this collection much augmented by the literary munificence of Hipparchus and the ſucceeding archons: Xerxes was not, like the barbarians of the lower ages, inſenſible to the treaſure he had poſſeſſed himſelf of; on the contrary, he recorded theſe volumes as the moſt ſolid fruits of his expedition and imported them into Perſia, as ſplendid trophies of his triumph on his return. Seleucus, ſurnamed Nicanor, afterwards reſtored this Library to Athens with a princely magnanimity. The kings of Pergamus alſo became great collectors, and the Pergamæan library grew into much reputation and reſort. But of all the libraries of antiquity that collected at Alexandria by the Ptolemies of Egypt was much the moſt reſpectable. Athenæus ſays (p. 3.) that Ptolemy Philadelphus purchaſed the Pergamæan library, and in particular the books collected by Nileus, principally conſiſting of the Greek dramatiſts, which with great library at Alexandria with forty thouſand volumes. This library was unhappily ſet on fire, when Julius Cæſar found it neceſſary to burn his ſhips in the docks at Alexandria; ſo Plutarch ſtates the caſe; but Aulus Gellius ſays they were ſet on fire accidentally by the auxiliary troops—*non ſponte, neque opera conſulta, ſed a militibus forte auxiliaribus incenſa ſunt.*—This misfortune was in a great meaſure repaired by the library which Marc Antony preſented to Cleopatra, and by ſubſequent additions was increaſed to ſuch an amount, that when it was at laſt irretrievably deſtroyed by the Caliph Omar, it conſiſted of ſeven hundred thouſand volumes.

This

This amazing repoſitory of ancient ſcience was buried in aſhes by the well known quibbling edict of that barbarous fanatic—*If*, ſaid the Caliph, *theſe volumes contain doctrines conformable to the Koran, then is the Koran alone ſufficient without theſe volumes; but, if what they teach be repugnant to God's book, then is it fitting they were deſtroyed.*—Thus, with falſe reaſon for their judge and falſe religion for their executioner, periſhed an innumerable company of poets, philoſophers, and hiſtorians, with almoſt every thing elegant in art and edifying in ſcience, which the moſt illuminated people on earth had in the luxuriancy of their genius produced. In vain did the philoſopher John of Alexandria intercede to ſave them; univerſal condemnation to the flames was the ſentence ignorance denounced againſt theſe literary martyrs. The flow of wit, the flights of fancy, and the labours of learning alike contributed to feed the fires of thoſe baths, in which the ſavage conquerors recreated themſelves after the toils of the ſiege. Need we enquire when art and ſcience were extinct, if darkneſs overſpread the nations? It is a period too melancholy to reflect upon and too vacant to record: Hiſtory paſſes over it, as over the chart of an ocean without a ſhore, with this cutting recollection accompanying it, that in this ocean are buried many of the brighteſt monuments of ancient genius.

It appears that at the time Terence was writing Rome was in poſſeſſion of two thouſand Greek comedies; of all which, *væ barbaris!* not one hath deſcended to us, except what are found in our ſcanty volume of Ariſtophanes, and theſe are partly of the old perſonal claſs. The gleanings of a few

few fragments from the grammarians and scholiasts, with the translation of the Roman stage, are now the only samples of the Greek comedy in its last purity and perfection. It is true that writers of the lower ages, and even fathers of the Christian church, have quoted liberally from the new comedy of the Greeks; these fragments are as respectable for their moral cast, as for their elegant turn of expression; but what a poignancy do they give to our regret, when we compute the loss posterity has suffered by the scale of these remains!

On the part of tragedy, though very many noble works have perished, yet as some specimens of the great masters have come down to us entire, we have more to console us in this than in the comic department. Happily for the epic muse, the rage of ignorance could not reach the immortal poems of Homer: What other compositions of that great bard may have been lost to the world is but a dark enquiry at the best; many poems of an antediluvian and some of a contemporary date, have undoubtedly been destroyed; but I am inclined to think that from the time when those wonderful productions of the Iliad and Odyssey were collected and made public at Athens till the Augustan æra little was attempted in the epic branch.

N° XX.

AT the ſame time that it is fair to ſuppoſe there muſt be more than ordinary merit in men, who riſe to great opulence and condition in life from low beginnings, all the world muſt be ſenſible of the danger attending ſudden elevation, and how very apt a man's head is to turn, who climbs an eminence, to which his habits have not familiarized him. A mountaineer can tread firm upon a precipice and walk erect without tottering along the path, that winds itſelf about the craggy cliff, on which he has his dwelling; whilſt the inhabitant of the valley travels with affright and danger over the giddy paſs, and oftentimes is precipitated from the heighth to periſh in the gulph beneath his feet. Such is the fate of many, who by the revolutions of fortune are raiſed to lofty ſituations: It is generally the lot of ſuch people to make few friends; in their danger there are none to give them warning, in their fall there are few to afford them pity.

This is not the caſe with them, who are born to the dignities they enjoy; the ſovereign, whoſe throne is his inheritance, meets with pity and indulgence; pity for the cares inſeparable from his condition, indulgence for the failings and exceſſes incidental to hereditary greatneſs; but the man, who is the maker of his own fortune, acts on a ſtage where every ſtep he takes will be obſerved with jealouſy; amongſt the many thouſands, who are ſet to watch him, let him reflect how many hearts there

there are, rankling with diſappointed pride, and envying him the lot, which in their own conceit at leaſt their merit had a better title to: When ſuch a man appears, it is the common cry—*I cannot bear that upſtart.*—At the ſame time therefore that it muſt be allowed more natural to excuſe the proud looks of the high, than the proud looks of the low, ſtill it is no bad caution to beware of giving eaſy faith to reports againſt thoſe, whom ſo many unſucceſsful people are intereſted to deſcry; for though fortune can do ſo many mighty things amongſt us, and make great men in this world, ſhe cannot make friends.

If caution be neceſſary for ſuch as are only lookers on upon theſe ſudden changes in the ſcene of life, how much more wary ſhould he be, who by fortune's favour is the actor in it! Time paſt and preſent ſo abounds in examples to put him on his guard, that if he will not profit by example, what hope is there that precept will avail? That any man ſhould grow arrogant, who has once been dependant, is as unaccountable for the folly of the thing, as it is for the baſeneſs of it; it is as if a pedagogue ſhould turn tyrant, becauſe he remembers to have ſmarted under the laſh of the maſter when a ſchool-boy: And yet there ſeems a principle in ſome natures, that inclines them to this deſpicable ſpecies of revenge, by which they ſacrifice all claim to reaſon, reputation, or religion. Dionyſius, though the cruelleſt of all tyrants, had moderation in a private ſtation and made a good and patient ſchoolmaſter; he handled the ſcepter like a rod, and the rod as he ſhould have done a ſceptre. Are we to conclude from this and other inſtances, that humanity may be learnt, by thoſe who

ho deſcend from power, but that men become rants by aſcending to it?

Is there in nature any thing ſo ridiculous as pride, ſelf-deſtructive, ſo abſurd? The man, who ris out of humble life, muſt have ſeen it, felt it, id remarked its folly; he muſt have been connced that pride deprives itſelf of its own proper)ject; for every proud man, who aſſumes a ſupe-)rity on the ſcore of rank, or wealth, or titles, rfeits that better intereſt with mankind, which)uld have credited him for ſuperiorities of a far)bler quality, than thoſe on which he grounds s ſilly arrogance: How ſtrange is it therefore, hen the man, who has ſeen through the weak-:ſs of this paſſion in others, whilſt below them in ndition, ſhould fall into the ſame folly, when he es to be their equal! And yet it happens every y. What is ſo hateful to a poor man as the irſe-proud arrogance of a rich one? Let fortune ift the ſcene and make the poor man rich, he ns at once into the vice, that he declaimed a-inſt ſo feelingly. Theſe are ſtrange contradic-)ns in the human character. One ſhould have ought that Pope Sixtus V. might have recollect-himſelf enough to be humble, though Paſquin id never reminded him of it; but neither he nor :cket, nor Wolſey, had any moderation in their irit, though profeſſing a religion, whoſe very eſ-nce is humility.

In modern times the philoſopher's ſtone ſeems have been found by our adventurers in the Eaſt, here beggars have become princes and princes ave become beggars; if Ben Jonſon was now ring, could he have painted theſe upſtart vo-

luptuaries

luptuaries more to the life, than by the following animated deſcription:

" I will have all my beds blown up, not ſtuff'd,
Down is too hard; and then my oval room
Fill'd with ſuch pictures, as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated——My miſts
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To loſe ourſelves in, and my baths, like pits,
Ty fall into, from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in goſſamour and roſes——
My meat ſhall all come in in Indian ſhells,
Diſhes of agate ſet in gold and ſtudded
With emeralds, ſaphyrs, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carp, dormiſe, and camels heels
Boil'd in the ſpirit of ſol and diſſolv'd pearl,
(Apicius' diet 'gainſt the epilepſie)
And I will eat theſe broths with ſpoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy ſhall eat pheaſants; I myſelf will have
The beards of barbels ſerv'd inſtead of ſallads;
Oil'd muſhrooms and the ſwelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant ſow, newly cut off,
Dreſſed with an exquiſite and poignant ſauce,
For which I'll ſay unto my cook, there's gold,
Go forth and be a knight!——My ſhirts
I'll have of taffata ſarſnet, ſoft and light
As cobwebs, and for all my other raiment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the Perſian,
Were he to teach the world riot a-new.
My gloves of fiſh's and bird's ſkins perfum'd
With gums of Paradiſe and eaſtern air—
Q. And do you think to have *the ſtone* with this?—
A. No, I do think to have all this with *the ſtone*."
(ALCHYMIST.)

Theſe are ſtrong colours; and though he ha dipped his pencil pretty liberally into the pallet o the ancients, he has finely mixed the compoſitio with tints of his own; to ſpeak in the ſame figur

ſay of his ſketch, that it is in the very
of the maſter.
ſhould be loth however to offer none but
s of the abuſe of proſperity, I am happy in
ing one very ſingular example of the con-
t, though I go back to times far diſtant
r own to fetch it.

SISTRATUS to SOLON.

neither without example in ſeizing the tyranny,
out claim; foraſmuch as I derive from Co-
d take no more by force, than I ſhould have
by right, if the Athenians had never violated
hs of allegiance, which in times poſt confirmed
gative of my anceſtors. I live here without
owards men or gods; neither tranſgreſſing
s myſelf, nor permitting others to tranſgreſs
Judge therefore if the conſtitution you have gi-
thens is not ſafer under my adminiſtration, than
led to the diſcretion of the people: No man ſuf-
ng under my government, nor do I expect any
tributions from my people, contenting myſelf
e tenths of their produce, as by ancient uſage
d; and theſe I apply not to my own coffers,
oſe of the ſtate, for defraying civil and reli-
ences, and as a proviſion for the future exi-
f war. Againſt you, Solon, I harbour no
convinced that in your oppoſition to my mea-
s acted upon public, not perſonal motives: You
foreſee what uſe I was to make of power, and
uld have foreſeen it, I will perſuade myſelf you
either have traverſed my intereſts, nor with-
ourſelf from your country; return therefore I
ou, return to Athens, and believe on the word

of a king you have nothing to fear from Piſiſtratus, who has not the heart as you well know, to annoy even his enemies, much leſs ſo excellent a citizen as Solon: Come then, if you are ſo diſpoſed, and be received into the numb. of my deareſt friends; but if you are reſolved againſt returning, remember it is your own choice; and if Solon is loſt to his country, Piſiſtratus is acquitted of being the cauſe of it. Farewell.

SOLON to PISISTRATUS.

I can readily believe that you are incapable of doing me any injury, if I was to return to Athens: Before you was a tyrant I was your friend, and am now no otherwiſe your enemy than every Athenian muſt be, who is adverſe to your uſurpation. Whether it is better to be governed by the will of one man, or by the laws of the commonwealth, let every individual judge for himſelf; if I could prefer a tyrant, certainly of all tyrants I ſhould prefer Piſiſtratus. As to my returning to Athens, I do not think it for my honour, after having founded the conſtitution of my country upon principles of freedom, to come home upon motives of convenience, and give a ſcandal to mankind by appearing to acquieſce under that tyranny, which you have forcibly aſſumed, but which I, when voluntarily offered, thought proper to reject. Farewell.

The above letters are to be found in Diogenes Laertius, but the learned reader knows they are generally ſuppoſed interpolations of the ſophiſts; it muſt be owned however they are characteriſtic of the writers, and though they ought not to be received as facts in hiſtory, may be read as a ſpeech in Livy or Guicciardini. The following anecdotes will

row a ſtronger light upon the character of
itus, and as there is no reaſon to queſtion
uthenticity, they will be anſwerable witneſ-
the point in queſtion.

t an entertainment given by Piſiſtratus to
f his intimates, Thraſippus, a man of vio-
iffions and enflamed with wine, took ſome
n not recorded to break out into the moſt
it abuſe and inſult: Piſiſtratus, who had
no reply to his invectives, fearing that the
y of his gueſts ſhould be interrupted by the
iduct of Thraſippus, who was now got up
aving the room, roſe from his ſeat and en-
l him to ſtay, aſſuring him that nothing he
ould be remembered to his diſadvantage;
l of being pacified by an act ſo gracious and
ding, the brutal drunkard became more fu-
and after venting all the fouleſt words a
l imagination could ſuggeſt, with a violence
ng to decency and loathſome to relate, fud-
turned upon Piſiſtratus, as he was ſoliciting
o take his ſeat at the table, and ſpate in his
Upon an inſult ſo intolerable the whole com-
oſe as one man, and in particular Hippias and
rchus, ſons of the tyrant, were with diffi-
prevented from killing him on the ſpot. The
oſition of Piſiſtratus ſaved Thraſippus, and
s ſuffered to go home without any violence
perſon. The next morning brought him to
ıſes, and he appeared in the preſence of Pi-
us with all proper humility, expecting to re-
the puniſhment he merited. What muſt have
his ſelf-conviction and reproach, when he
gain received with the utmoſt complacency!

Penetrated to the heart with the recollection c his behaviour, and the unmerited pardon he ha met with, he was proceeding to execute that ven geance on himſelf, which he was conſcious he de ſerved, by ruſhing on his ſword, when Piſiſtra tus again interpoſed and ſeizing his hand ſtopt th ſtroke; not content with this, he conſoled hin with the moſt ſoothing expreſſions, aſſured him o his moſt entire forgiveneſs, and having put hin at peace with himſelf, reinſtated him in his favou and received him again into the number of hi intimates."

Though it is ſcarce poſſible to find an inſtance o good-nature in any man's character ſuperior t the above, I am tempted to add the following anec dote not only as a corroborating evidence, bu from the pleaſure one naturally takes in hearin or relating facts, that make ſo much to the ho nour of human nature, and which inſpire the hear with a love for mankind.

" Thraſimedes a young Athenian, had the au dacity to force a kiſs upon the daughter of Piſiſ tratus, as ſhe was walking in public proceſſio at a religious ſolemnity; tranſported by the vio lence of his paſſion, and conſidering that he ha already committed an unpardonable offence, h ſeized her perſon, and forcibly conveying her o board a ſhip, put to ſea with her on his paſſage t Ægina; the ſons of Piſiſtratus purſued and over took him, bringing him in perſon before their father: Thraſimedes, without betraying an marks of fear, immediately declared himſelf per fectly prepared to meet any puniſhment Piſiſtra tus ſhould think fit to decree; for, having mi carried in his attempt, and loſt the object fo

 whic

which alone he wiſhed to live, all conſequences became indifferent; diſappointment, not death, was his puniſhment; and when the greater evil had been ſuffered, he had little apprehenſion for the leſſer.—Having ſaid this, he waited his ſentence; when Piſiſtratus after long ſilence, breaking out into admiration at the reſolution of Thraſimedes, inſtead of puniſhing his audacity, rewarded his paſſion by beſtowing his daughter upon him in marriage."

N°. XXI.

Non jam illud quæro, contra ut me diligat illa,
Aut, quod non potis eſt, eſſe pudica velit;
Ipſe valere opto, et tetrum hunc deponere morbum.
(CATULLUS.)

IT is become a very gainful trade with our ſmall-ware venders of literature to expoſe certain pamphlets in ſhop windows and upon ſtalls in alleys and thorough-fares, which, if any police was kept up in this great capital, would be put down by the civil magiſtrate as a public nuiſance; I mean Trials for Adultery, the publiſhers of which are not content with ſetting down every thing *verbatim* from their ſhort-hand records, which the ſcrutinizing neceſſity of law draws out by pointed interrogatory, but they are alſo made to allure the curioſity of the paſſenger by tawdry

engravings, in which the heroine of the tale is diſplayed in effigy, and the moſt indecent ſcene of her amours ſelected as an eye-trap to attract the youth of both ſexes, and by debauching the morals of the riſing generation, keep up the ſtock in trade, and feed the market with freſh caſes for the Commons, and freſh ſupplies for the retailers of indecency.

If the frequency of our divorces is thus to be encouraged becauſe they make ſport for the lawyers, it may be wiſe to uſe no preventives againſt the plague or ſmall-pox, becauſe they cut out work for the doctors. Upon this principle a prudent father will breed up his ſons civilians, and furniſh out a library for his daughters with theſe edifying volumes, and if once they take kindly to their ſtudies, there is no fear of their bringing cuſtom to their brothers and driving a trade, as it is called, for their families. A convenient neſt of theſe trials, neatly bound and gilt at the backs, will ſerve both as elegant furniture to their cloſets or bedchambers, and as repoſitories of ſcience, like treatiſes on the chances to make them ſkilful in the game. If they are afraid of their huſbands looking into their library, they may find out a hundred devices for lettering them at the back; they may call them—*Sermons to Married Women* —or *The Lives of the learned Ladies*—*The Acts of the Britiſh Matrons*—*Commentaries on the Marriage Act*—*Treatiſes on Polygamy*—or by any other title, which their wit needs no prompting to deviſe.

Another circumſtance of the times, which will greatly aid them in their ſtudies, is, that they have it daily and hourly in their power to reſort to

to the fountain-head for authority, and conſult the very ladies themſelves, who are the heroines of theſe intereſting naratives. Theſe adepts in the art are to be ſeen in all places, and ſpoken to at all hours without hindrance of buſineſs, or knowledge of a bedfellow. As theſe disfranchiſed matrons or ex-wives keep the beſt company, and make the beſt figures in all faſhionable circles, a ſcholar may receive inſtruction wthout ſlander, and proſtitute her honour without riſquing her reputation; a huſband muſt be a brute indeed, who can object to this ſociety, and a wife muſt be a fool indeed, who does not profit by it; when a new married-woman receives theſe privileged ladies in her houſe, ſhe ſees at once the folly of being virtuous, for they are the merrieſt, the loudeſt, the beſt followed, and the moſt admired of all their ſex; they never diſgrace their characters by a puſillanimous repentance, they never baulk their pleaſures by a ſtupid reformation, but keep it up with ſpirit, like felons that die hard at the gallows, to the laſt moment of their lives. Moſt of them marry again, and are ſo much better than their neighbours, as they are made honeſt women of twice over; and that reputation muſt be more than commonly tender, which two coats of plaiſter will not keep together.

As a further temptation to our young wives not to wait the tedious courſe of nature, but to make themſelves widows of living huſbands, as ſoon as they can, they will recollect, that they enſure advantages to themſelves thereby, which natural widows do not enjoy; for in the firſt place they avoid a year's mourning, which is a conſideration not to be deſpiſed; in the next place they

have precedents for marrying in the firſt week their widowhood; and as it is the general prac to chuſe their gallants, they certainly run riſque of taking a ſtep in the dark, which wid ſometimes have been ſuſpected to repent of; th ly, they eſcape all bickerings and jealouſies, wh diſturb the peace of families, by the comm practice of ladies putting their ſecond huſban mind of what their firſt huſband would h done, or would have ſaid upon this or that o ſion, had he been alive.—*Things were not ſo in firſt huſband's time—Oh that my firſt huſband w living! he would not ſuffer this or that thing to p this or that man to uſe me after ſuch a manner* — familiar expreſſions in the family dialogues of cond wives in the regular order; whereas the irre lars never caſt theſe taunts in the teeth of t ſpouſes, becauſe they know the anſwer is read hand, if they did.

The Irregulars have alſo frequent opportun of ſhewing their affability and ſweetneſs of tem upon meeting their huſbands in public places mixed companies; the graceful acknowledgm of a reſpectful curteſy, a down-caſt look of deſt ſenſibility, or the pretty flutter of embar ment are incidents upon an unexpected ren tre, which a well-bred woman knows how make the moſt of, and are ſure to draw the e of the company upon her.

If on the other hand a lady on her divorce c ſes to revive her maiden title and take poſt in former rank, the law will probably give her t as good a title to her virgin name, as it found with. She alſo has her advantages; for at ſame time that ſhe is free from the encumbra

of matrimony, ſhe eſcapes the odious appellation of old maid: Such a lady has the privilege of public places without being pinned to the ſkirts of an old dowager, like other miſſes; ſhe can alſo indulge a natural paſſion for gaming to a greater length than ſpinſters dare to go; ſhe can make a repartee or ſmile at a doubleentendre, when a ſpinſter only bites her lips, or is put to the troubleſome reſource of her fan, when ſhe ought to bluſh, but cannot.

Before I turned my mind to reflect upon theſe and other advantages, ſo preponderating in favour of divorces, I uſed to wonder why our legiſlature was ſo partial to ſuitors, and gave ſuch notorious encouragement and facility to Acts of Parliament for their relief and accommodation; I now ſee the good policy of the meaſure, and how much the eaſe of his majeſty's good ſubjects is thereby conſulted. It is confeſſed there is a ſhort monition in the decalogue againſt this practice, but nobody inſiſts upon it; there are alſo ſome texts ſcattered up and down in holy writ to the ſame purport, but no well-bred preacher ever handles ſuch topics in his pulpit; and if a fine lady ſhould ever read a chapter in the bible, or hear it read to her, it is very eaſy to ſkip over thoſe paſſages, and every polite perſon knows it is better to make a breach in any thing, than in good manners to a lady.

Our Engliſh ladies by the frequency of their incontinence, and the divorces thence enſuing, have not only furniſhed out a moſt amuſing library to young ſtudents of both ſexes, but they have effectually retrieved the characters of our wives from ſinking into contempt with foreign-

ers on account of their domeſtic inſipidity and attachment to the dull duties of a family. This was once the general opinion, which other nations entertained of our matrons, but upon a late tour through a great part of the continent of Europe I found it was entirely reverſed, and ideas more expreſſive of their ſpirit univerſally adopted.

It may well be expected, that the influx of foreigners, and the out-flow of natives, which the preſent peace will occaſion, will not ſuffer the pretenſions of our ladies to loſe ground in this particular: Our French neighbours are certainly good critics in gallantry, and they need not now ſtand in dread of a repulſe from the women of England, whatever they may apprehend from the men.

Much more occurs to me on this ſubject, but theſe premiſes will ſerve to introduce an idea, which if the ſeveral ladies, who have ſtood trial, would club their wits to aſſiſt me in, might be rendered practicable, and that is, of reducing Infamy to a ſyſtem by rules and regulations of manners tending to the propagation and encreaſe of divorces in Great Britain. A few looſe hints occur to me on this ſubject, but I offer them with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to better judges, ſimply as rudiments in the art; the refinements muſt be left to thoſe who are profeſſors.

" As early impreſſions are ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting, I would adviſe all mothers, who wiſh to train their daughters after the above ſyſtem, to put them in their infancy under the care of thoſe commodious ladies, whom we vulgarly call Mademoiſelles, as the beſt forcers of early plants; under whoſe tuition young ladies have been known

to

to get ſo forward as to have pretty notions of flirtation at the tender age of ſix years; at eight years they can anſwer queſtions in the catechiſm of gallantry; before they reach their tenth ſummer, they can leer, ogle, talk French, write ſonnets, play with the footmen and go through their exerciſe to admiration: I would then put them to their ſtudies, of which the annals abovementioned will be a principal part; the circulating libraries will furniſh out a conſiderable catalogue, and Mademoiſelle will ſupply them with French memoirs, novels, &c. &c. At the age of twelve it will be proper to ſend them to the boarding-ſchool, and there they will have the opportunity of making female friendſhips with their ſeniors in age, by which they will greatly edify: In the holiday vacations they will correſpond with their boarding-ſchool aſſociates, and theſe letters ſhould be ſacred and inviolable, by which means they may carry on an intercourſe of thoughts without reſerve, and greatly improve their ſtile.

"When two years have been thus employed, they muſt be brought to London to be finiſhed under the beſt maſters, moſt of which ſhould be recommended by Mademoiſelle; and in their intervals from ſtudy they will be allowed to relax their minds in the company of their mother, by looking on at the card-tables, repoſing themſelves after their fatigue upon ſophas, informing themſelves of the intrigues of the town, qualifying themſelves in a proper familiarity of manners by calling young men by their ſirnames, romping occaſionally with the gallants of their mother, when ſhe is out of ſight, and above all things cultivating

ing intimacies with their late ſchool-fellows, who are come out into the world.

" When their hair is off their foreheads, it will be neceſſary they ſhould lay out profeſſedly for admirers amongſt the young rakes of faſhion, and for this purpoſe I particularly recommend to them the tea-room at the Opera-houſe, where I would have them ſtay out all the company, and then commit themſelves to their gallants to find out their coaches, who will be ſure to lead them through all the blind alleys, and never carry them to the right door till the laſt, by which time the carriages of theſe gallants will be drove off, and then common charity will compel them to bring the obliging creatures home in theirs.

" All this while I would have them put entire confidence in Mademoiſelle, whoſe good-nature will accommodate them in any little notes or meſſages they may have to manage, and whoſe opinion in dreſs will be ſo indiſpenſable, that it will be proper to take her out with them to all milliners ſhops, artificial-flower makers, and maſquerade warehouſes for advice. If the young fellows will come to theſe places at the ſame time, who can help it? Mademoiſelle will go down to call the ſervants, and ten to one if they are not gone to the ale-houſe, and the coach is out of the way in ſpite of all her pains to find it.

" When they have made a ſtrong attachment, and conſequences are to be apprehended, it will be time for them to think of marriage; but on no account with the man of their heart, for that would interrupt friendſhip; any body, who can make a ſettlement, can make a huſband, and that huſband can make his wife her own miſtreſs, and every

every body's elſe, that ſhe pleaſes: Mademoiſelle becomes *femme de chambre*, and when her lady is diſpoſed for divorce, chief witneſs upon her trial; a picturesque ſcene is choſen for the frontiſpiece, the heroine figures in the print-ſhops, her fame is founded in the brothels, and her career of infamy is compleated."

N° XXII.

IF any of my learned readers, ſkilled in the oriental languages, ſhall chuſe to turn over the thirty and three volumes of Abulfagi, the Arabian hiſtorian, they may find the following ſtory: Near one hundred leaves of the Papyrus have been expended in the relation, but I have been at the pains of compreſſing it into one paper.

In the beginning of the eleventh century Abderama, the laſt deſcendant of the Samanian family, who reigned over the territory of Bucharia, was beſieged in his capital of Bochara by Mamood the Great, who afterwards reduced all India to his command. This mighty conqueror, who may be ſtiled the Alexander of the Arabian hiſtorians, made twelve irruptions into India, and in each expedition ſwept away as much wealth, and made as great a devaſtation of the human ſpecies, as Nadir Shah in his. Mamood was the ſon of the uſurper Subuctagi, who expelled the father of Abderama from Samarcand, and

and reduced his empire to the poſſeſſion of Bochara only and its dependencies.

Such was the formidable general who ſat down with his forces before Bochara, and ſuch the hereditary enmity of theſe inveterate opponents; Abderama therefore had no reſource but to defend his citadel to the laſt extremity: Diſabled by his age from active ſervice, he put the garriſon under command of a valiant captain named Abdullah: This young prince was of the houſe of Katiba, the general of the Caliph Oſman, who conquered Great Bucharia for that victorious Mahommedan: Abdullah was the moſt accompliſhed perſonage of his time, of admirable qualities and matchleſs intrepidity: In vain he challenged Mamood to decide the fate of Bochara by ſingle combat; he was alſo beloved by Zarima, daughter of Abderama and ſole heireſs of his crown; the beauty of this princeſs was celebrated through all the Eaſt; more rhapſodies have been compoſed and chaunted in the praiſes of Zarima than even a Helen gave a ſubject to: Our language cannot reach the deſcriptions of theſe florid writers; the whole creation has been culled for objects to ſet in ſome compariſon with Zarima; but as the fire of their imaginations would ſeem like phrenſy to ours, I ſhall not riſque a fall by following them in their flights.

In a furious ſally made upon the army of the beſiegers, Abdullah at the head of the Bocharians had ſingled out the perſon of Mamood, and puſhed his horſe up to the breaſt of that on which Mamood was fighting; the ſhock was furious on both ſides; Abdullah received the point of his opponent's lance in his ſide, and Mamood was

ſtruck

ſtruck from his ſaddle to the ground by the battle-axe of Abdullah; the combatants ruſhed in to cover their fallen general, and victory was ſnatched out of the graſp of the brave Bocharian, who fell back wounded amongſt his companions, and retreated unpurſued into the town after a furious ſlaughter of the foe.

Whether Mamood was diſcouraged by the obſtinacy of the Bocharians, or, as ſome hiſtorians inſinuate, was daunted by this attack, which he had ſo narrowly eſcaped from, ſo it was that he let the command of the ſiege devolve upon his general Kamhi, and at the head of a ſcouring party made incurſions into the country to lay it waſte with fire and ſword, and break up the ſupplies of Bochara.

Kamhi had ſeen the beautiful Zarima; he had been in Abderama's court before Mamood's invaſion, and to ſee the princeſs was to be enamoured. No ſacrifice could be too great for Kamhi to obtain a prize ſo much above all computation in the heated fancy of a lover: He ſecretly imparted to Abderama the conditions, on which he would betray his truſt, and expoſe the army he commanded to inevitable deſtruction.

If theſe conditions ſtaggered the aged monarch on the ſcore of honour, ſo did they on the ſide of intereſt. To ſave his crown and city was a tempting offer, and the divided heart of Abderama was not more agitated as a monarch for the impending danger of his throne, than it was agonized as a man for the daily ſufferings of his faithful people. He ſubmitted to receive Kamhi into the town, and to treat with him in perſon on the ſubject of his propoſal: Abdullah, from whom this

this was to be concealed, was now recovering from his wound, but incapable of ſervice for a time; it was propoſed by Kamhi to exchange hoſtage againſt hoſtage, and Abdullah was inſtructed to meet him in the depth of night with one companion on each ſide; each general was to exchange armour on the ſpot, and ſo to paſs their reſpective centinels; and mutual ſecrecy was pledged between the parties.

There was no difficulty in perſuading the generous Abdullah to this enterprize; Abderama giving him to underſtand, that the meeting was to adjuſt the payment of a ſum of money, which Kamhi was to receive for betraying the army he commanded before Bochara; the tranſaction was to be kept a profound ſecret even from Zarima; the unſuſpecting Abdullah repaired to his rendezvous at the appointed hour without taking leave of the princeſs, and Kamhi with his aſſociate paſſed the city guard unqueſtioned in the habit of his rival. He haſted without a moment's loſs to the palace of the old king, and expounded to him the plan he had deviſed for ſecuring the performance of his part of the contract; nothing now remained for Abderama, but to engage his daughter to make a ſacrifice, which ſevere and difficult as it was, he thought he might depend upon her piety and public ſpirit for complying with. In this hope he immediately repaired to her chamber, where he found her repoſing on her couch; he threw himſelf at her feet in an agony of tears, and in the moſt ſupplicating poſture adjured her to ariſe and ſave her father, country, and herſelf from impending deſtruction: Rouſed from her ſleep, the beauteous Zarima immediately demanded

ed the reaſon of that ſolemn adjuration, and what it was that ſhe could do to gain thoſe glorious ends —*Emulate the magnanimity of Abdullah*, replied the father, *reſign Abdullah, as that heroic youth, to ſave this ſinking city from extinction, has now reſigned his Zarima.*—Aſtoniſhment had now deprived her of the power of utterance, and Abderama proceeded without interruption to expoſe to her the whole purport of his treaty with Kamhi, and the conditions, on which alone Bochara might be ſaved, and Mamood's army betrayed into his hands. He proteſted to her that Abdullah had been a party to this treaty, that he had left the city for ever, and to convince her of it, he was ready to produce Kamhi in the very habit, which her lover had exchanged with him for the purpoſe of bringing him to an interview with her, and concluding the agreement.

Not to dwell any longer on Abderama's arguments, (in which was I to follow my Arabian author I ſhould ſwell this recital to an unreaſonable length) it will ſuffice to ſay that the father prevailed. In the original it appears, as if ſome ſhare in the ſucceſs was owing to female pique, but as the Arabian authors are very ſubtle and refined in finding motives and in ſcrutinizing the human paſſions, I ſhould hope this ſuggeſtion may be imputed to the hiſtorian, rather than to the heroine.

As I chuſe to paſs over many pages of my original in this place, the reader will now ſuppoſe that the traiterous Kamhi is in poſſeſſion of his beautiful, but reluctant, victim; and that Abderama has already made a ſacrifice more painful, than that of Euryſtheus, or Agamemnon,

non, when they immolated their daughters. With the firſt dawn of the morning Kamhi repaired to the army, and began to ſet on foot the project he had concerted with Abderama; when he had given out his orders for dividing and diſpoſing the troops in ſuch a manner, as was beſt adapted to his deſign, he gave the ſignal agreed upon with the king for the ſally: The whole garriſon was put in motion on this occaſion, and Abderama determined once more to ſhew himſelf to his army, and command in perſon. Every thing had been ſo prepared on the part of Kamhi, that the impreſſion, which the Bocharians made upon the beſiegers, was immediate, and the ſlaughter became univerſal: Nothing could have ſaved them from compleat deſtruction, but the unexpected appearance of Mamood and his army in this ſeaſonable moment for their relief; as Mamood's troops were entirely compoſed of cavalry, he flew into action with amazing rapidity; the fainting ſpirits of the ſoldiers revived at the ſight of their victorious chief; his well-known voice rallied their broken ranks, and they turned upon their purſuers with redoubled fury: Even the guard, that had been planted upon Abdullah, now ran to their arms and joined the action; the army of Abderama, no longer ſupported by the valour and conduct of their favorite general, began to give way and retreat in diſorder to the city; in this inſtant Abdullah ruſhed from his tent, and preſented himſelf to the eyes of the diſpirited Bocharians; the army ſent up a ſhout of joy, the aged Abderama ſunk into his arms, covered with blood and expiring with his wounds; life juſt ſerved him to exclaim—*My*

ſon!

ſon! my ſon! and then forſook him; his attendants bore him off to his litter in the rear, whilſt Abdullah turned the faces of his ſoldiers on the foe, and preſſed into the action, where it was hotteſt.

The conflict became terrible, every inch of ground was obſtinately diſputed, and the combatants on either ſide fell by whole ranks, as if reſolved upon maintaining the conteſt to the laſt man: Night at length put an end to the undecided fight, and Abdullah led off his ſurviving followers into the city, without any attempt on the part of Mamood to purſue him: His wound in the ſide, which was not yet healed, burſt open by the violence of his exertions in the action, and he had received others, under which he found himſelf ſinking, and which he had reaſon to believe were mortal; in this extremity he loſt not a moment's time in betaking himſelf to his beloved Zarima; his ſtrength juſt ſerved him to preſent himſelf before her and to fall exhauſted with his wounds at her feet.

Terrible interview! Zarima was expiring; ſhe had taken poiſon.

The ſupplications of an aged father, the deliverance of a ſuffering city, the ſalvation of an ancient empire, and, above all, the example, as ſhe believed, of her betrothed Abdullah, had prevailed with this heroic princeſs to ſacrifice herſelf to the deteſted arms of Kamhi; the contract had been fulfilled upon her father's part, but to ſurvive it was more than ſhe had engaged for, and an indignity, which her nature could not ſubmit to: As ſoon as the battle joined, ſhe put her reſolution into act, and ſwallowed the mortal draught.

draught. Life juſt ſufficed to relate this diſaſtrous tale to the dying Abdullah, and to receive the account from his lips of the deception, which Abderama had put upon him: The body of her dead father was now brought into the palace; ſhe caſt a look upon it, but was ſpeechleſs; fainting, and in the article of death, ſhe dropt into the arms of Abdullah, her head fell upon his breaſt, juſt as it was heaving with the laſt long-drawn ſigh, that ſtopt his heart for ever.

N° XXIII.

AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the obſervation of every man of common experience in life, many inſtances muſt occur to his memory of the falſe opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune: Things, which we lament as the moſt unhappy occurrences and the ſevereſt diſpenſations of providence, frequently turn out to have been voucheſafements of a contrary ſort; whilſt our proſperity and ſucceſs, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleaſure, and viſions of ambition, turn againſt us in the end of life, and ſow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in thoſe awful moments, when the vanities of this world loſe their value, and the mind of man being on its laſt departure, takes a melancholy review of time miſpent and bleſſings miſapplied.

Though

Though it is part of every good man's religion to reſign himſelf to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wiſdom of that duty will be of uſe to every one, who falls under the immediate preſſure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the falſe eſtimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil we ſhall get hope on our ſide, which, though all friends elſe ſhould fail us, will be a chearful companion by the way: By a patient acquieſcence under painful events for the preſent, we ſhall be ſure to contract a tranquillity of temper, that will ſtand us in future ſtead; and by keeping a fair face to the world we ſhall by degrees make an eaſy heart, and find innumerable reſources of conſolation, which a fretful ſpirit never can diſcover.

I wonder why I was ſo uneaſy under my late loſs of fortune, ſaid a very worthy gentleman to me the other day, *ſeeing it was not occaſioned by my own miſconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy in the humble ſtation I have retired to, are the greateſt bleſſings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.*— How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—*What an eſcape have I had from ſuch a man, or ſuch a woman!*—And yet perhaps they had not wiſdom enough to ſuppoſe this might turn out to be the caſe at the time it happened, but complained, lamented and reviled, as if they were ſuffering perſecution from a cruel and tyrannic Being, who takes pleaſure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal exceſs of ſenſibility in the perſon of a Frenchman

Frenchman named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his miſanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciſcan convent; I was in that city ſoon after this event, and my curioſity led me to collect ſeveral particulars relative to this extraordinary humoriſt. He inherited a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent diſpoſition, ſubject however to ſudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various cauſes are aſſigned for his miſanthropy, but the principal diſguſt, which turned him furious againſt mankind, ſeems to have ariſen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his miſtreſs, juſt when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whoſe paſſions were always in extremes, had given a thouſand inſtances of romantic generoſity to this unworthy friend, and repoſed an entire confidence in him in the matter of his miſtreſs: He had even ſaved him from drowning one day at the imminent riſque of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne and ſwimming to the aſſiſtance of his, when it was ſinking in the middle of the ſtream: His paſſion for his miſtreſs was no leſs vehement: ſo that his diſappointment had every aggravation poſſible, and, operating upon a nature more than commonly ſuſceptible, reverſed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greateſt part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After

After many years paſſed in foreign parts he was accidentally brought to his better ſenſes by diſcovering that through theſe events, which he had ſo deeply reſented, he had providentally eſcaped from miſeries of the moſt fatal nature: Thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciſcans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his paſt errors after the moſt exemplary manner. On all occaſions of diſtreſs Father Chaubert's zeal preſented itſelf to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and ſometimes he would enforce his admonitions of reſignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary caſes he has been known to give his communicants a tranſcript or diary in his own hand-writing of certain paſſages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for ſuch extraordinary purpoſes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's converſation and inſtruction; I had his leave for tranſcribing it, or publiſhing, if I thought fit; this I ſhall now avail myſelf of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

"My ſon, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beaſt without reaſon, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wiſdom in adverſity and inſpire thy heart with ſentiments of reſignation to the will of the Almighty!

"When the treachery of people, which I ought to have deſpiſed, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon

upon leaving France and ſeeking out ſome thoſe countries, from whoſe famiſhed inhabita nature withholds her bounty and where men gro in ſlavery and ſorrow: As I paſſed through t villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and ſ the peaſants dancing in a ring to the pipe or rouſing at their vintages, indignation ſmote heart, and I wiſhed that heaven would daſh th cups with poiſon, or blaſt the ſunſhine of th joys with hail and tempeſt.

" I traverſed the delightful province of Biſ without reſt to the ſoles of my feet or ſleep the temples of my head. Nature was before eyes dreſſed in her gayeſt attire;—*Thou mothe fools*, I exclaimed, *why doſt thou trick thyſelf ſo daintily for knaves and harlots to make a pro ty of thee? The children of thy womb are viper. thy boſom, and will ſting thee mortally, when t haſt given them their fill at thy improvident bre* —The birds chaunted in the groves, the fr trees gliſtened on the mountain ſides, the wa falls made muſic for the echoes, and man w ſinging to his labour;—*Give me*, ſaid I, *the c of fetters and the yell of galley-ſlaves under the l of the whip* —And in the bitterneſs of my h I curſed the earth, as I trode over its pro ſurface.

" I entered the ancient kingdom of Caſ and the proſpect was a recreation to my ſorr vexed ſoul: I ſaw the lands lie waſte and falle the vines trailed on the ground and buried t fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man idle, and nature ſlept as in the cradle of creati the villages were thinly ſcattered, and ruin upon the unroofed ſheds, where lazy pride

ſtretc

retched upon its ſtraw in beggary and vermin. *lh! this is ſomething*, I cried out, *this ſcene is fit r man, and I'll enjoy it.*—I ſaw a yellow half- arved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his road-brimmed beaver on his head, through hich his ſtaring locks crept out in ſqualid ſhreds, at fell like ſnakes upon the ſhoulders of a fiend. -*Such ever be the fate of human nature! I'll ag- ravate his miſery by the inſult of charity. Harkye, aſtilian*, I exclaimed, *take this piſette; it is coin, is ſilver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard g it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you; t by your pride and touch it!—Curſt be your na- on*, the Caſtilian replied, *I'll ſtarve before I'll ke it from your hands.—Starve then*, I anſwer- d, and paſſed on.

« I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves owled in the deſart, and the vultures ſcreamed in ocks for prey; I looked, and beheld a gloomy anſion underneath my feet, vaſt as the pride of s founder, gloomy and diſconſolate as his ſoul; was the Eſcurial.—*Here then the tyrant reigns*, id I, *here let him reign; hard as theſe rocks his rone, waſte as theſe deſarts be his dominion!*—A eagre creature paſſed me; famine ſtared in his e, he caſt a look about him, and ſprung upon kid, that was browſing in the deſart, he ſmote dead with his ſtaff, and haſtily thruſt it into his allet.—*Ah, ſacrilegious villain!*—cried a brawny llow; and, leaping on him from behind a rock, ized the hungry wretch in the act; he drop- ed upon his knees and begged for mercy.—*Mer- !* cried he that ſeized him, *do you purloin the roperty of the church and aſk for mercy? Take it!* -So ſaying, he beat him to the earth with a

blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of Saint Lawrence: I could have hugged the miſcreant for the deed.

" I held my journey through the deſart, and deſolation followed me to the very ſtreets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquiſition came forth from the cells of torture, the croſs was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch in a ſaffron-coloured veſt, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open ſquare; they kindled a fire about him, and ſang praiſes to God, whilſt the flames deliberately conſumed their human victim: He was a Jew who ſuffered, they were Chriſtians who tormented.—*See what the religion of God is,* ſaid I to myſelf, *in the hands of man!*

" From the gates of Madrid I bent my courſe towards the port of Liſbon; as I traverſed the wilderneſs of Eſtremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—*You have miſſed your aim,* I cried, *and have loſt the merit of deſtroying a man.*—*Give me your purſe,* ſaid the robber.—*Take it,* I replied, *and buy with it a friend; may it ſerve you as it has ſerved me!*

" I found the city of Liſbon in ruins; her foundations ſmoaked upon the ground; the dying and the dead laid in heaps; terror ſate in every viſage, and mankind was viſited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake—*Have they not the inquiſition in this country?* I aſked; I was anſwered they had.—*And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake?* ſaid

ſaid I within myſelf, *let them give God thanks and be quiet.*

"Preſently there came ſhips from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preſerved, then turned and curſed their preſervers for heretics.—*This is as it ſhould be*, ſaid I, *theſe men act up to their nature, and the Engliſh are a nation of fools; I will not go amongſt them.*—After a ſhort time behold a new city was riſing on the ruins of the old one! The people took the builders tools, which the Engliſh had ſent them, and made themſelves houſes: I overheard a fellow at his work ſay to his companion.——*Before the earthquake I made my bed in the ſtreets, now I ſhall have a houſe to live in.—This is too much*, ſaid I; *their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will ſtay no longer in their country*—I deſcended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ſhip, whoſe canvaſs was looſed for ſailing.—*She is an Engliſh ſhip*, ſays a Galliego porter; *they are brave ſeamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter-deck.—They pay well for what they have*, ſays a boatman, *and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.*——I threw myſelf into the wherry, and entered the ſhip: The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody queſtioned me why I was amongſt them. The tide wafted us into the ocean and the night became tempeſtuous, the veſſel laboured in the ſea and the morning brought no reſpite to our toil.—*Whither are you bound?* ſaid I to the maſter.—*To hell*, ſaid he, *for nothing but the devil ever drove at ſuch a rate!*—The fellow's voice was thunder; the ſailors ſung in the ſtorm, and

the maſter's oaths were louder than the w
the third day was a dead calm, and he
louder than ever.—*If the winds were of this*
making, thought I, *he would not be content*
them.—A favourable breeze ſprung up as if i
come at his calling.—*I thought it was coming*
he, *put her before the wind, it blows fair fo*
port.—But where is your port? again I aſked
—*Sir*, ſays he, *I can now anſwer your qu*
as I ſhould do; with God's leave I am bou
Bourdeaux; every thing at ſea goes as it p
God.—My heart ſunk at the name of my n
city. *I was freighted*, added he, *from L*
with a cargo of goods of all ſorts for the
ſufferers by the earthquake; I ſhall load back
wine for my owners, and ſo help out a char
voyage with ſome little profit, if it pleaſe G
bleſs our endeavours.——*Heyday!* thought I,
fair weather changes this fellow's note!—L
ſaid he to a handſome youth, who ſtood a
elbow, *we will now ſeek out this Monſieur C*
bert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bi
your account.—Shew me your bills, ſaid I,
am Chaubert.—He produced them, and I
my own name forged to bills in favour of th
lain who had ſo treacherouſly dealt with n
the affair of the woman who was to have
my wife.—*Where is the wretch*, ſaid I, *who*
theſe forgeries?—The youth burſt into tears.
is my father, he replied, and turned away.—
ſays the maſter, *I am not ſurprized to find*
fellow a villain to you, for I was once a t
in affluence and have been ruined by his mean
reduced to what you ſee me; I can earn a ma
nance, and am as happy in my preſent hard

ploy, nay happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own ſon proves him an unnatural raſcal, and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.

N° XXIV.

CHAUBERT's narrative proceeds as follows. —" When the Engliſh maſter declared he was happier in his preſent hard ſervice than in his former proſperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I ſtarted with aſtoniſhment, and ſtood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrenſy would break out; I looked him ſteadily in the face, and to my ſurpriſe ſaw no ſymptoms of madneſs; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impreſſed upon his features.—*Are you in your ſenſes*, I demanded, *and can you forgive the villain?—From my heart*, anſwered he, *elſe how ſhould I expect to be forgiven?*—His words ſtruck me dumb; my heart tugged at my boſom; the blood ruſhed to my face. He ſaw my ſituation and turned aſide to give ſome orders to the ſailors; after ſome minutes he reſumed the converſation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, ſaid—*It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be ſure the fellow deſerves hanging for his treatment of his poor boy his ſon, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother——Who is his mother? What was her name?* I eagerly demanded. Her name had no ſooner paſſed his lips than I felt a ſhock through all my frame beyond that of elec-

tricity; I ſtaggered as if with a ſudden ſtroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary ſhriek burſt from me, and I cried out—*That woman—Oh! that woman—Was a devil*, ſaid the maſter, *and if you knew but half the miſery you have eſcaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the bleſſing; I have heard your ſtory, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you ſee, he does not like to have his miſtreſs taken from him; but ſome things are better loſt than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word you complain of the luckieſt hour in your whole life.* He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and ſhutting myſelf up into my cabbin ſurrendered myſelf to my meditations.

My mind was now in ſuch a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much leſs put them in any order for relation: The ſhip however kept her courſe, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bourdeaux; the maſter accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ſhip: The firſt object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's compting-houſe: The convict was kneeling on a ſcaffold: whilſt a friar was receiving his laſt confeſſion; his face was turned towards us; the Engliſhman glanced his eye upon him, and inſtantly cried out—*Look, look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.*—The wretch had diſcovered us in the ſame moment, and called aloud—*Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me ſpeak to you before I die!*—His yell was horror to my ſoul; I loſt the power of motion, and the croud puſhing towards the ſcaffold, thruſt me forward to the very edge of it; the friar ordered ſilence,

ſilence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out ſo eagerly, and what he had farther to confeſs. *Father*, replied the convict, *this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was ſpeaking; he was the beſt of friends to me, and I repaid his kindneſs with the blackeſt treachery; I ſeduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and becauſe we dreaded his reſentment, we conſpired in an attempt upon his life by poiſon.*—He now turned to me and proceeded as follows—*You may remember, Chaubert, as we were ſupping together on the very evening of Louiſa's elopement, ſhe handed to you a glaſs of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite ſpaniel leaped upon your arm and daſhed it on the floor; in a ſudden tranſport of paſſion, which you were ever addicted to, you ſtruck the creature with violence and laid it dead at your feet. It was the ſaving moment of your life—the wine was poiſoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's inſtrument for preſerving you; reflect upon the event, ſubdue your paſſions, and practiſe reſignation; Father, I have no more to confeſs; I die repentant; Let the executioner do his office.*"

Here ends the diary of Chaubert.

I do not mean to expoſe my ideas to ingenious ridicule by maintaining that every thing happens to every man for the beſt, but I will contend, that he, who makes the beſt of it, fulfils the part of a wiſe and good man: Another thing may be ſafely advanced, namely, that man is not competent to decide upon the good and evil of many events, which befal him in this life, and we have authority to ſay, *Woe be to him that calls good evil, and evil good!* I could wiſh that the ſtory of Chaubert, as

I have given it, might make that impreſſion upon any one of my readers, as it did upon me, when I received it; and I could alſo wiſh, that I felt myſelf worthy to add to it the experience of many occurrences in my own life, to which time and patience have given colours very different from thoſe they wore upon their firſt appearance.

When men ſink into deſpondency or break out into rage upon adverſities and misfortunes, it is no proof that Providence lays a heavier burthen upon them than they can bear, becauſe it is not clear that they have exerted all the poſſible reſources of the ſoul.

The paſſions may be humoured, till they become our maſters, as a horſe may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early diſcipline will prevent mutiny and keep the helm in the hands of reaſon. If we put our children under reſtraint and correction, why ſhould we, who are but children of a larger growth, be refractory and complain, when the Father of all things lays the wholeſome correction of adverſity on our heads?

Amongſt the fragments of *Philemon* the comic poet, there is part of a dialogue preſerved between a maſter and his ſervant, whoſe names are not given, which falls in with the ſubject I am ſpeaking of; theſe fragments have been collected from the works of the ſcholiaſts and grammarians, and many of them have been quoted by the fathers of the Chriſtian church for the moral and pious maxims they contain; I think the reader will not be diſpleaſed, if I occaſionally preſent him with ſome ſpecimens from theſe remains of the Greek Comedy, and for the preſent conclude my paper with the following tranſlation.

Servant.

Servant. *Whilſt you live, Sir, drive away ſorrow; it is the worſt company a man can keep.*

Maſter. *Whilſt I live, ſirrah? why there is no living without it.*

Servant. *Never tell me, Sir; the wounds of the mind are not to be healed by the tears of the eyes: If they were, who would be without the medicine? They would be the beſt family-phyſic in nature; and if nothing but money would buy them, you could not pay too dearly for the purchaſe. But alack-a-day, what do they avail? Weep, or weep not, this ſtubborn world of ours will have its way; ſighing and groaning, take my word for it, is but labour loſt.*

Maſter. *Granted! for its uſe I will not contend, nor can you, as I take it, diſpute its neceſſity: It is as natural for the eyes to ſhed tears in affliction, as for a tree to drop its leaves in autumn.*

Servant. *That I deny; the neceſſity of evil I admit, but not the neceſſity of bewailing it. Mark how your maxims and mine differ; you meet misfortune in the way, I let misfortune meet me: There are too many evils in life, that no man's wiſdom can avoid; but he is no wiſe man who multiplies too many by more. Now my philoſophy teaches me, that amongſt all the evils you complain of, there is no evil ſo great as your complaint itſelf: Why it drives a man out of his ſenſes, out of his health, nay at laſt out of the world; ſo ſhall it not me; If misfortune will come, I cannot help it, but if lamentation follows it, that is my fault; and a fool of his own making, my good maſter, is a fool indeed.*

Maſter. *Say you ſo, ſirrah? Now I hold your inſenſibility to be of the nature of a brute; my feelings I regard as the prerogative of a man; thus although we differ widely in our practice, each acts up to his proper character.*

Servant. *If I am of the nature of a brute, becauſe I fear the gods and ſubmit to their will, the gods forgive me! If it be the prerogative of a man, to ſay I will not bear misfortunes, I will not ſubmit to the decrees of the gods, let the gods anſwer that for themſelves! I am apt to think it is no great mark of courage to deſpair, nor any ſure proof of weakneſs to be content. If a man were to die of a diſappointment, how the vengeance does it come to paſs that any body is left alive? You may, if you think well of it, counteract the deſigns of the gods, and turn their intended bleſſings into actual misfortunes, but I do not think their work will be mended by your means; you may, if you pleaſe, reſent it with a high hand, if your mother, or your ſon, or your friend ſhould take the liberty to die, when you wiſh them to live; but to me it appears a natural event, which no man can keep off from his own perſon, or that of any other; you may, if you think it worth your while, be very miſerable, when this woman miſcarries, or that woman is brought to bed; you may torment yourſelf, becauſe your mother has a cough, or your miſtreſs drops a tear; in ſhort, you may ſend yourſelf out of the world with ſorrow, but I think it better to ſtay my time in it and be happy.*

N° XXV.

I MENTIONED in my ſeventh paper that I had a card from Vaneſſa inviting me to a *Feaſt of Reaſon*. I confeſs I was very curious to know what the nature of this feaſt might be; and having been ſince favoured with a ſecond invitation, I ſhall take the liberty of relating what I ſaw and heard at that lady's aſſembly.

The

The celebrated Vaneſſa has been either a beauty, or a wit all her life long; and of courſe has a better plea for vanity, than falls to moſt women's ſhare; her vanity alſo is in itſelf more excuſeable for the pleaſing colours it ſometimes throws upon her character: it gives the ſpring to charity, good-nature, affability; it makes her ſplendid, hoſpitable, facetious; carries her into all the circles of fine people, and crowds all the fine people into her's; it ſtarts a thouſand whimſical caprices, that furniſh employment to the arts, and it has the merit of opening her doors and her purſe to the ſons of ſcience; in ſhort, it adminiſters protection to all deſcriptions and degrees of genius, from the manufacturer of a tooth-pick to the author of an epic poem: It is a vanity, that is a ſure box at an author's firſt night, and a ſure card at a performer's benefit; it pays well for a dedication, and ſtands for ſix copies upon a ſubſcribers liſt. Vaneſſa in the centre of her own circle ſits like the ſtatue of the Athenian Minerva, incenſed with the breath of philoſophers, poets, painters, orators, and every votariſt of art, ſcience, or fine ſpeaking. It is in her academy young noviciates try their wit and practiſe panegyric; no one like Vaneſſa can break in a young lady to the poetics, and teach her Pegaſus to carry a ſide-ſaddle: She can make a mathematician quote Pindar, a Maſter in Chancery write novels, or a Birmingham hardware-man ſtamp rhimes as faſt as buttons.

As I came rather before the modern hour of viſiting, I waited ſome time in her room before any of the company appeared; ſeveral new publlications on various ſubjects were lying on the table; they were ſtitched in blue paper and moſt of them freſh from the preſs; in ſome ſhe had ſtuck ſmall

ſcraps

ſcraps of paper, as if to mark where ſhe had left off reading; in others ſhe had doubled down certain pages ſeemingly for the ſame purpoſe. At laſt a meagre little man with a moſt ſatirical countenance was uſhered in, and took his ſeat in a corner of the room; he eyed me attentively for ſome time through his ſpectacles; and at laſt accoſted me in the following words: "You are looking at theſe books, Sir; I take for granted they are newly publiſhed." 'I believe they are,' I replied. "I thought ſo," ſays he. "Then you may depend upon it their authors will be here by and by; you may always know what company you are to expect in this houſe by the books upon the table. It is in this way Vaneſſa has got all her wit and learning, not by reading, but by making authors believe ſhe reads their works, and by thus tickling their vanity ſhe ſends ſo many heralds into the world to cry up her fame to the ſkies; it is a very pretty fineſſe, and ſaves a world of time for better amuſements." He had no ſooner ſaid this than Vaneſſa entered the room, and whilſt I was making a moſt profound reverence, I beheld ſomething approaching to me, which looked like columns and arches and porticos in the perſpective of a playhouſe ſcene; as I raiſed my eyes and examined it a little cloſer I recognized the ruins of Palmyra embroidered in coloured ſilks upon Vaneſſa's petticoat. It was the firſt viſit I had ever paid, and Vaneſſa not being ready with my name, I made a ſilent obeiſance, and receiving a ſmile in return, retreated to my chair: my friend ſaid a great many ſmart things upon the ruins of Palmyra, which Vaneſſa on her part contended to be a very proper emblem for an old woman in decay, who-

who had ſeen better days; the wit replied, that inſtead of Palmyra it ought to have been Athens, and then ſhe would have been equipped from head to foot in character. Vaneſſa ſmiled, but maintained the propriety of her choice, bidding him obſerve, "that though ſhe carried a city upon her back, that city all the world knew was planted on a deſart." She now addreſſed herſelf to me, and in the moſt gracious manner aſked me when I hoped to put my project into execution: I anſwered in about two months, thinking ſhe alluded to the publication of theſe papers, a circumſtance I knew ſhe was informed of. "Well, I proteſt," ſays Vaneſſa, "I envy you the undertaking, and I wiſh I could find courage enough to accompany you." I aſſured her there was nothing in the world would make me ſo happy as her aſſiſtance, and that I was confident it would enſure ſucceſs to my undertaking. "There you flatter me," ſays ſhe, "for I ſhould do nothing but look after ſhells and corals and the palaces of the Tritons and Naiads, if I was to go down with you."—Here I began to ſtare moſt egregiouſly.—"But after all," added ſhe, "will your diving-bell carry double?" This luckleſs diving-bell was ſuch an unexpected plunge to me, that if I had been actually in it, I could ſcarce have been more hampered; ſo I thought it was better to remain under water, and wait till the real artiſt came in to ſet the miſtake to rights: This however my neighbour with the ſpectacles would not allow of, for ſuſpecting the mal-entendu, he began to queſtion me how long I could ſtay under water, and whether I could ſee diſtinctly; he then took a pamphlet from the table, and ſpreading out a large engraved plan of a diving-bell, deſired

fired me to inform him how I managed thoſe pipes and conductors of air; all this while he was ſlyly enjoying my confuſion, till I ſummoned reſolution to appriſe Vaneſſa of her miſtake; this produced a thouſand polite apologies on her part—— "But theſe wretched eyes of mine," ſays ſhe, "are for ever betraying me into blunders." "That is a pity indeed," replied the wit, "for they illuminate every body elſe; but if they betray their owner," adds he, "it is God's revenge againſt murder." Several literati now entered the room, to whom Vaneſſa made her compliments, particularly to a blind old gentleman, whom ſhe conducted to his chair with great humanity, and immediately began talking to him of his new diſcoveries and experiments on the microſcope. "Ah! Madam," replied the minute philoſopher, "thoſe reſearches are now over; ſomething might have been done, if my eyes had held out, but I loſt my ſight juſt as I had diſcovered the generation of mites; but this I can take to myſelf to pronounce, that they are an oviparous race." "Be content," replied Vaneſſa, "there is a bleſſing upon him who throws even a *mite* into the treaſury of ſcience."—The philoſopher then proceeded to inform her, that he had begun ſome curious diſſections of the eye of a mole, but that his own would not ſerve him to complete them: "If I could have proceeded in them," ſays he, "I am verily perſuaded I could have brought him to his eye-ſight by the operation of couching; and now," ſays he, "I am engaged in a new diſcovery, in which I mean to employ none but perſons under the like misfortune with myſelf."—So intereſting a diſcovery raiſed my curioſity, as well as Vaneſſa's, to enquire into it, and methought even the wit in the ſpectacles

had a fellow-feeling in the ſubject.—"It is a powder, madam," added the philoſopher, "which I have prepared for deſtroying vermin on fruit trees, and even ants in the Weſt Indies; I confeſs to you," ſays he, "it is fatal to the eye-ſight, for I am perſuaded I owe the loſs of mine to it, rather than to the eggs of mites, or the couching of moles; and accordingly I propoſe that this powder ſhall be blown through bellows of my own inventing by none but men who are ſtone blind; it will be very eaſy for your gardener, or overſeer of your plantations, to lead them up to their work, and then leave them to perform it; for the duſt is ſo ſubtile, that it is ſcarce poſſible to invent a cover for the eyes, that can ſecure them againſt it. I believe," added he, "I have ſome of it in my pocket, and if you have any flies or ſpiders in the room, I will ſoon convince you of its efficacy by an experiment before your eyes." Vaneſſa eagerly aſſured him there was no ſuch thing in the room, and drawing her chair to a diſtance, begged him not to trouble himſelf with any experiment at preſent.

There ſat an ordinary woman in a black cloak by the fire ſide with her feet upon the fender and her knees up, who ſeemed employed upon a cuſhion or pillow, which ſhe kept concealed under her apron, without once looking on the work ſhe was upon. "You have read of the Witch of Endor," ſays ſhe to me, (obſerving I had fixed my eyes upon her) "I am a deſcendant of that old lady's, and can raiſe the dead, as well as ſhe could."—Immediately ſhe put aſide her apron, and produced a head moulded in wax ſo ſtrikingly like my deceaſed friend, the father of Calliope, that the ſhock it

gave

gave me was too apparent to eſcape her.—"You knew this brave fellow I perceive," ſays ſhe, "England never owned a better officer; he was my hero, and every line in his face is engraved in my heart."—"What muſt it be in mine?" I anſwered, and turned away to a circle of people, who had collected themſelves round a plain, but venerable old man, and were very attentive to his diſcourſe: He ſpoke with great energy, and in moſt choſen language; nobody yet attempted to interrupt him, and his words rolled not with the ſhallow impetuoſity of a torrent, but deeply and fluently, like the copious current of the Nile: He took up the topic of religion in his courſe, and, though palſy ſhook his head, he looked ſo terrible in Chriſtian armour, and dealt his ſtrokes with ſo much force and judgment, that Infidelity, in the perſons of ſeveral petty ſkirmiſhers, ſneaked away from before him: One little fellow however had wriggled his chair nearer and nearer to him, and kept baying at him whilſt he was ſpeaking, perpetually crying out—"Give me leave to obſerve—not to interrupt you, Sir—That is extremely well, but in anſwer to what you ſay."—All this had been going on without any attention or ſtop on the part of the ſpeaker, whoſe eyes never once lighted on the company, till the little fellow, growing out of all patience, walked boldly up to him, and catching hold of a button ſomewhere above the waiſtband of his breeches, with a ſudden twitch checked the moving-ſpring of his diſcourſe, and much to my regret brought it to a full ſtop. The philoſopher looked about for the inſect that annoyed him, and having at laſt eyed him, as it were aſkaunce, demanded what it was that provoked him to impatience.—"Have I ſaid any thing, good Sir, that you

you do not comprehend ?"—" No, no, replied he, " I perfectly well comprehend every word you have been ſaying."—" Do you ſo, Sir," ſaid the philoſopher, " then I heartily aſk pardon of the company for miſemploying their time ſo egregiouſly,"—and ſtalked away without waiting for an anſwer.

Vaneſſa had now recollected or enquired my name, and in a very gracious manner repeated her excuſes for miſtaking me for the diver.—" But if the old ſaying holds good," adds ſhe, that truth lies at the bottom of a well, I dare ſay you will not ſcruple to dive for it, ſo I hope I have not given you a diſhonourable occupation." I was endeavouring at a reply, when the wit in the ſpectacles came up to us and whiſpered Vaneſſa in the ear, that the true diving-bell was in yonder corner; ſhe immediately turned that way, and as ſhe paſſed whiſpered a young lady loud enough for me to hear her " My dear, I am in your third volume."—The girl bowed her head, and by the Arcadian grace that accompanied it, I took it for granted ſhe was a Noveliſt.

I now joined a cluſter of people, who had crowded round an actreſs, who ſat upon a ſopha, leaning on her elbow in a penſive attitude, and ſeemed to be counting the ſticks of her fan, whilſt they were vying with each other in the moſt extravagant encomiums.—" You was adorable laſt night in Belvidera," ſays a pert young parſon with a high toupee; " I ſat in Lady Blubber's box, and I can aſſure you ſhe and her daughters too wept moſt bitterly---but then that charming mad ſcene, by my ſoul it was a chef d'œuvre; pray, Madam, give me leave to aſk you, was you really in your ſenſes ?"—" I ſtrove to do it.

it as well as I could," anſwered the actreſs. "Do you intend to play comedy next ſeaſon?" ſays a lady, ſtepping up to her with great eagerneſs.—"I ſhall do as the manager bids me," ſhe replied. "I ſhould be curious to know," ſays an elderly lady, which part, Madam, you yourſelf eſteem the beſt you play?"—"I always endeavour to make that which I am about the beſt." An elegant young woman of faſhion now took her turn of interrogatory, and with many apologies begged to be informed by her, if ſhe ſtudied thoſe inchanting looks and attitudes before a glaſs?—"I never ſtudy any thing but my author."—"Then you practiſe them in rehearſals?" rejoined the queſtioner.—"I ſeldom rehearſe at all," replied the actreſs. "She has fine eyes," ſays a tragic poet to an eminent painter, "what modeſt dignity they bear, what awful penetration! mark how they play in thoſe deep ſockets, like diamonds in the mine! whilſt that commanding brow moves over them like a cloud, and carries ſtorm or ſun-ſhine, as the deity within directs: She is the child of nature, or, if you will allow me the expreſſion, nature herſelf; for ſhe is in all things original; in pity, or in terror, penitent, or preſumptuous, famiſhed, mad, or dying, ſhe is her author's thought perſonified; and if this nation, which faſhion now nails by the ears to the ſhameful pillory of an Italian opera, ſhall ever be brought back to a true reliſh of its native drama, that woman will have the merit of their reformation." This rhapſody was received with great tranquillity by the painter, who coolly replied—"All that is very well, but where will you ſee finer attitudes, than in an opera dance, or more

picturesque

picturesque draperies, than in a masquerade? Every man for his own art." Vanessa now came up, and desiring leave to introduce a young muse to Melpomene, presented a girl in a white frock with a fillet of flowers twined round her hair, which hung down her back in flowing curls; the young muse made a low obeisance in the stile of an Oriental salam, and with the most unembarrassed voice and countenance, whilst the poor actress was covered with blushes and suffering torture from the eyes of all the room, broke forth as follows:——

Oh thou whom Nature's goddess calls her own,
Pride of the stage and favorite of the town—

—But I can proceed no further, for if the plague had been in the house, I should not have ran away from it more eagerly than I did from Miss and her poetry.

N° XXVI.

LEONTINE is one of those purse-proud humorists, who profess to speak what they think —*For why? he is independent and fears no man.* If you complain of an affront from Leontine, you are sure to be told—*That is his way, that is so like Leontine, you must take him as he is.*—In short, there are certain savages in society, who seem

ſeem to have a patent for their brutality, and he is one.

I often think I can give a good gueſs at the temper of the maſter by the ſervants looks; in Leontine's family it is ſtrongly marked; I was let in the other day by a ſtaring half-ſtarved fellow, freſh from the country, who was out of his wits for fear, not knowing whether he was to ſay his maſter was at home or abroad: Whilſt he ſtood gaping with the door half-opened in his hand, a voice roared out from the parlour, *Who's there?* Upon which he ſlapped the ſtreet-door in my face and ran to his maſter; as I was quietly walking away, he followed me up the ſtreet and told me to come back, for his maſter would ſee me. I found Leontine in a fit of the gout; his wife on her knees wrapping flannel round his foot: It mortified me to ſee how much the world is governed by the abject principle of fear, for the aſſiduity, with which this baſhaw was waited upon by his wife and ſervants, was ſurprizing. After having curſed the gout, damned his ſervants, and ſcolded his wife for her awkwardneſs in ſwathing his foot, he began to rave about the ſtate of the nation, crying out to me every now and then —"A fine paſs you have brought things to at laſt; I always told you how it would be, but you would not believe me, and now you are ruined, bankrupt, and undone to the devil; I thought what it would come to with your damned American war."—I told him I had nothing to do with politics, and knew very little of the matter.—"That's true," ſays he, "I underſtand you are writing a book, and going to turn author: You know I am your friend, and always

ſpeak

ſpeak my mind, therefore I muſt tell you, you will repent of what you are about. Cannot you let the world alone? Is it in your power to make it better? Can the devil make it worſe? Why I could write a book if I pleaſed, but I ſcorn it; nay I was fool enough to do it once from a ſilly principle of good-will to my country; and what was the conſequence? Why, after proving as plain as two and two make four that we were no longer a nation, that we were broken, baffled, defeated, and upon the eve of being a province to France—after having proved all this, d'ye ſee, for the good of my country, what was my reward, think you, but to be abuſed, vilified, poſted in the raſcally news-papers, who threw the twelfth of April in my teeth and ſet the people's heads a madding contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon, though I had been at the pains of convincing them how fooliſh all ſuch hopes were, and that there was not a chance left, though miracles ſhould be wrought in their favour, of any poſſible ſalvation for this devoted kingdom."

As Leontine is one of thoſe *pro* and *con* reaſoners, who handle their own argument in their own way by queſtion and anſwer, and know what their opponent has to offer before he has uttered three words, I always leave him a clear ſtage to fight out the ſubject by himſelf as he can; ſo that he proceeded without interruption to put a number of queſtions, to which he regularly made reponſes, and, though theſe were the very oppoſites to what I ſhould probably have given, I let them paſs without contradiction, till there was a ſtop to the torrent by the introduction of a ſtranger, who after telling Leontine

his

his name, proceeded to ſay he had a little neceſſary buſineſs to ſettle with him, which he ſhould take the liberty to explain in very few words. This ſtranger was a little, meagre, conſumptive man, far advanced in years, of an aſpect remarkably meek and humble, ſo that it was not without ſurprize I heard him begin as follows.——"I wait upon you, Sir, to demand full ſatisfaction and atonement for an injury you have done to my character by the baſeſt lie that ever man uttered, and which if you do not diſavow in as public a manner as you reported it, I ſhall expect you will immediately anſwer my challenge, as there is no other mode of redreſſing wrongs of ſo inſidious a nature." When this gentleman announced his name and deſcription I found he was a general officer, who had been upon an unſucceſsful command in the courſe of the war; and that Leontine in one of his political rhapſodies had treated his character according to his cuſtom with great ſcurrility; this had unluckily paſſed in hearing of a friend of the general's, who had endeavoured to ſtop Leontine in time, but not being able ſo to do, had made report to his friend of what had been ſaid of him in his abſence. As he fixed his eyes upon Leontine in expectation of his anſwer, I obſerved his cheeks, which before were of a ruddy ſcarlet, turn to a deep purple, which gradually darkened into a livid tawney; fear ſo transformed his features, that the flying ſoldier in Le Brun's battle was not a more perfect model of horror: His lips, which ſo lately thundered out vengeance and anathemas againſt the whole hoſt of critics, magazine-mongers, news-

news-writers, and reviewers, with all their devils, runners, and retainers, now quivered without the power of utterance, till at laſt a gentle murmuring voice was heard to ſay—"General, if I have given you offence, I am very ſorry for it, but I ſuſpect that what I ſaid muſt have been unfairly ſtated, elſe"—Here the little gentleman immediately interrupted him, by ſaying—"This excuſe affects the veracity of my friend; I ſhall therefore take the liberty of calling him into your room, which I did not chuſe to do in the firſt inſtance, not knowing you had any body with you; but if this gentleman will have the goodneſs to ſtand in place, of your referee on the occaſion, I will bring my witneſs face to face, who will teſtify to the very words you ſpoke." This was no ſooner ſaid than done; for the friend was in the paſſage, and in the moſt preciſe terms aſſerted the truth of his information.—"And now, Sir," reſumed the General, "give me leave to ſay there is not a man in England more abhors a perſonal quarrel than I do, but I make it my ſtudy to give no offence, and both my reputation and my profeſſion indiſpenſably oblige me not to put up with inſult from any man: There is no alternative therefore left to either of us, but for you to ſign this paper, which I ſhall uſe as I ſee fit in my own vindication, or turn out; I am very ſorry for it; it is an unhappy cuſtom, but if occaſions can juſtify it, I take the preſent to be one."—Having ſo ſaid, he tendered the paper to Leontine with as much politeneſs and addreſs, as if he had been delivering a petition to the commander in chief.

The

The intimidated boaſter took the paper with a trembling hand, and throwing his eye over it, begged to know if it might not be mitigated in ſome particulars:—"I ſhould be very glad to oblige you," ſays the General, "in what you wiſh, but they are my words, and as I generally think before I ſpeak or write, I am not in the habit of unſaying any thing I aſſert; you muſt therefore ſign to all, or none."—"If it muſt be ſo, it muſt," ſays Leontine with a ſigh, and took the pen.—"Stop, Sir, if you pleaſe, interpoſed the General, "I would know of this gentleman, if he has any thing to offer on your behalf, why you ſhould not ſign that paper." I anſwered, that I had nothing to offer in the caſe; upon which Leontine put his name to the paper.—"Sir," ſays the General, "I am perfectly ſatisfied, and beg your pardon for the trouble I have given you; I am perſuaded you are not a perſon, who can injure my character, and this paper is of no further uſe."—So ſaying, he threw it into the fire, and having made his bow to Leontine and wiſhing me a good morning, took his friend under the arm and coolly walked out of the houſe. As I was ſuſpicious Leontine's courage might return after his departure, I thought it beſt to follow his example, and, taking up my hat, left the mortified baſhaw to his meditations, well ſatisfied to find an example in confirmation of my opinion —*That a bully at home is a coward abroad.*

As I walked along, meditating on what had paſſed, a doubt for the firſt time aroſe in my mind as to the practice of duelling, and I began to think there might be certain advantages accruing to ſociety, which, if the immorality of the action

ion could be diſpenſed with, might poſſibly ance the evils, ſo evidently to be ſet againſt m. On the one ſide I ſaw in all its horrors untimely cataſtrophe of a father, huſband, , or brother, hurried out of life, and made the rifice of a ſavage faſhion, which the world calls iour: On the other part I reflected within ſelf what the ſtate of manners might probably reduced to, and how much ſociety would ſuf- if ſuch overbearing inſolent characters as ontine were not held in reſtraint by thoſe per- al conſiderations, which owe their influence to practice of duelling. To their wives, ſer- its, and dependant inferiors, from whom no ntment is to be apprehended, theſe tyrants inſupportable; to ſociety in general they are enſive as far as they dare; it is not ſhame, nor eſpect to good manners in any degree, nor the r of the laws, which ſtop them, for none of ſe conſiderations affect them; neither is it the armed hand of man, that can correct them, theſe brutal natures are commonly endowed h brutal ſtrength, and Leontine would no re have feared his puiſny antagoniſt without a apon than I ſhould ſtand in awe of an infant. theſe creatures, thought I, were let looſe up- ſociety, and we had nothing but our ſuits to p them in order, the proverb would be literal- made good, and the weakeſt muſt go to the ll; but that ſame lucky invention of gunpow- levels the ſtrong with the feeble, and puts all, o bear the character of a gentleman, upon the ne line of defence: If blows were to be ex- nged with impunity, and foul language was to endured without account, we ſhould be a na-

tion of rabble. It ſeems therefore as if nothing more were to be wiſhed, than for certain mitigations of this terrible reſource, which muſt ultimately depend upon the voluntary magnanimity of thoſe, who are compelled to reſort to it: What I mean is, to expreſs a wiſh that gentlemen would think it no derogation from their honour to acknowledge an error, or aſk pardon for an offence; and as it can very rarely happen, but that one party muſt to his own conviction be in the fault, it ſeems to follow, that all thoſe affairs of honour, that can be done away by an apology, might by manly and ingenuous characters be prevented from extremities: As to injuries of that deep nature, which according to the infirmity of human ideas, we are apt to call inexpiable, I preſume not to give an opinion; and in the aggravating inſtance of a blow, I have only to lament, that the ſufferer has to expoſe his perſon to equal danger with the offender. Though ſome unhappy inſtances of frivolous duels have lately occurred, I cannot think that it is the vice of the times to be fond of quarrelling; the manners of our young men of diſtinction are certainly not of that caſt, and if it lies with any of the preſent age, it is with thoſe half-made-up gentry, who force their way into half-price plays in boots and ſpurs, and are clamorous in the paſſages of the front boxes in a crowded theatre: I have with much concern obſerved this to be an increaſing nuiſance, and have often wiſhed thoſe turbulent ſpirits to be better employed, and that they had diſmounted from their horſes either a little ſooner or not ſo ſoon: But it is not by reaſoning theſe gentlemen will be taught to correct their behaviour.

I would ſeriouſly recommend to my readers of all deſcriptions to keep a careful watch upon their tempers, when they enter into argumentation and diſpute; let them be aſſured that by their management of themſelves on ſuch occaſions they are to decide their characters; and whether they are to paſs as men of education, temper, and politeneſs, or as illiterate, hot, and ill-bred blockheads, will depend upon their conduct in this particular. If the following ſhort and obvious maxims were attended to, I think animoſities would be avoided and converſation amended.

Every man, who enters into a diſpute with another, (whether he ſtarts it or only takes it up) ſhould hear with patience what his opponent in the argument has to offer in ſupport of the opinion he advances.

Every man, who gives a controverted opinion, ought to lay it down with as much conciſeneſs, temper, and preciſion, as he can.

An argument once confuted, ſhould never be repeated, nor tortured into any other ſhape by ſophiſtry and quibble.

No jeſt, pun, or witticiſm, tending to turn an opponent or his reaſoning into ridicule, or raiſe a laugh at his expence, ought by any means to be attempted; for this is an attack upon the temper, not an addreſs to the reaſon of a diſputant.

No two diſputants ſhould ſpeak at the ſame time, nor any man overpower another by ſuperiority of lungs, or the loudneſs of a laugh, or the ſudden burſt of an exclamation.

It is an indiſpenſable preliminary to all diſputes, that oaths are no arguments.

If any diſputant ſlaps his hand upon the table, let him be informed that ſuch an action does not clinch his argument, and is only pardonable in a blackſmith or a butcher.

If any diſputant offers a wager, it is plain he has nothing elſe to offer, and there the diſpute ſhould end.

Any gentleman who ſpeaks above the natural key of his voice caſts an imputation on his own courage, for cowards are loudeſt, when they are out of danger.

Contradictions are no arguments, nor any expreſſions to be made uſe of, ſuch as—That I deny—There you are miſtaken—That is impoſſible—*or any of the like blunt aſſertions, which only irritate, and do not elucidate.*

The advantages of rank or fortune are no advantages in argumentation; neither is an inferior to offer, or a ſuperior to extort the ſubmiſſion of the underſtanding on ſuch occaſions; for every man's reaſon has the ſame pedigree; it begins and ends with himſelf.

If a man diſputes in a provincial dialect, or trips in his grammar, or (being Scotch or Iriſh) uſes national expreſſions, provided they convey his meaning to the underſtanding of his opponent, it is a fooliſh jeſt to turn them into ridicule, for a man can only expreſs his ideas in ſuch language as he is maſter of.

Let the diſputant who confutes another, forbear from triumph; foraſmuch as he, who increaſes his knowledge by conviction, gains more in the conteſt, than he who converts another to his opinion:

nion; and the triumph more becomes the conquered, than the conqueror.

Let every diſputant make truth the only object of his controverſy, and whether it be of his own finding, or of any other man's beſtowing, let him think it worth his acceptance and entertain it accordingly.

N° XXVII.

THE following ſtory is ſo extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country, where it happened, I ſhould have conſidered it as the invention of ſome poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portugueſe gentleman, whom I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe no otherwiſe than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poiſoning his half-ſiſter by the ſame father, after ſhe was with child by him. This gentleman had for ſome years before his trial led a very ſolitary life at his caſtle in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Liſbon and Badajos, the frontier garriſon of Spain: I was ſhewn his caſtle, as I paſſed through that diſmal country, about a mile diſtant from the road, in a bottom ſurrounded with cork-trees, and never ſaw a more melancholy habitation. The circumſtances, which made againſt this gentleman, were ſo ſtrong and the ſtory was in ſuch general circulation in the neighbourhood, where he lived, that although he

laid out the greateſt part of a conſiderable inc
in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his g
to thank him for his bounty, or ſolicit relief,
cept one poor father of the Jeronymite con
in Montremos, who was his confeſſor and a
as his almoner at diſcretion.

A charge of ſo black a nature, involving
crime of inceſt as well as murder, at length re
ed the ears of juſtice, and a commiſſion was
to Montremos to make enquiry into the caſe:
ſuppoſed criminal made no attempt to eſcape,
readily attended the ſummons of the commiſſ
ers. Upon the trial it came out from the co
ſion of the priſoner, as well as from the depoſi
of the witneſſes, that Don Juan had lived f
his infancy in the family of a rich merchar
Liſbon, who carried on a conſiderable trade
correſpondence in the Brazils; Don Juan b
allowed to take this merchant's name, it was
nerally ſuppoſed that he was his natural ſon,
a clandeſtine affair of love having been carried
between him and the merchant's daughter J
pha, who was an only child, ſhe became p
nant, and a medicine being adminiſtered to he
the hands of Don Juan, ſhe died in a few h
after with all the ſymptoms of a perſon who
taken poiſon. The mother of the young lady
vived her but a few days, and the father th
himſelf into a convent of Mendicants, mad
over by deed of gift the whole of his propert
the ſuppoſed murderer.

In this account there ſeemed a ſtrange obſc
ty of facts, for ſome made ſtrongly to the cri
nation of Don Juan, and the laſt-mentioned
cumſtance was of ſo contradictory a nature, a
th

throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore to compel the priſoner to a further elucidation of the caſe, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilſt this was preparing, Don Juan without betraying the leaſt alarm upon what was going forward, told his judges that it would ſave them and himſelf ſome trouble, if they would receive his confeſſion upon certain points, to which he ſhould truly ſpeak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one ſyllable: He ſaid that he was not the ſon as it was ſuppoſed of the merchant, with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceaſed Joſepha any otherwiſe than by the tendereſt ties of mutual affection and a promiſe of marriage, which however he acknowledged had not been ſolemnized: That he was the ſon of a gentleman of conſiderable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in queſtion; that the merchant for reaſons beſt known to himſelf choſe to call him by his own name, and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe, that he was an orphan youth, the ſon of a diſtant relation of the perſon who adopted him; he begged his judges therefore to obſerve that he never underſtood Joſepha to be his ſiſter; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveneſs for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her; that with reſpect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that ſhe was ſick in conſequence of her pregnancy, and being afraid of creating an alarm or ſuſpicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if

for himſelf, which he accordingly did, and he v
rily believed they were faithfully mixed, inaſmu
as he ſtood by the man, whilſt he prepared t
medicine, and ſaw every ingredient ſeparate
put in.

The judges thereupon aſked him, if he wou
take it on his conſcience to ſay, that the lady d
not die by poiſon: Don Juan, burſting into te
for the firſt time, anſwered, to his eternal ſo
row he knew that ſhe did die by poiſon.—Was th
poiſon contained in the medicine ſhe took?—
was.——Did he impute the crime of mixing t
poiſon in the medicine to the apothecary, or c
he take it on himſelf;—Neither the apotheca
nor himſelf, was guilty.—Did the lady, from
principle of ſhame, (he was then aſked) comm
the act of ſuicide, and infuſe the poiſon withc
his knowledge?—He ſtarted into horror at t
queſtion and took God to witneſs, that ſhe w
innocent of the deed.

The judges ſeemed now confounded, and for
time abſtained from any further interrogatori
debating the matter amongſt themſelves by wh
pers: When one of them obſerved to the priſo
er, that according to his confeſſion he had ſaid ſ
did die by poiſon, and yet by the anſwers he h
now given, it ſhould ſeem as if he meant to a
quit every perſon, on whom ſuſpicion could po
bly reſt; there was however one interrogatory le
which unnatural as it was, he would put to h
for form's ſake only, before they proceeded to gr
ter extremities, and that queſtion involved the
ther or mother of the lady.—Did he mean to i
pute the horrid intention of murdering th
child to the parents?——No, replied
priſo

priſoner in a firm tone of voice, I am certain no ſuch intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I ſhould be the worſt of ſinners if I imputed it to them.—The judges upon this declared that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would however for the laſt time, demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poiſon Joſepha: to which he anſwered without heſitation, that he did know, but that no tortures ſhould force him to declare it; as to life, he was weary of it, and they might diſpoſe of it as they ſaw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recuſant, and ſtripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a ſurgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulſe; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures; they had given him one ſevere ſtretch by ligatures fixed to his extremities and paſſed over an axle, which was turned by a windlaſs; the ſtrain upon his muſcles and joints by the action of this infernal engine was dreadful, and nature ſpoke her ſufferings by a horrid craſh in every limb; the ſweat ſtarted in large drops upon his face and boſom, yet the man was firm amidſt the agonies of the machine, not a groan eſcaped, and the fiend who was ſuperintendant of the helliſh work, declared they might encreaſe his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulſe had not varied a ſtroke nor abated of its ſtrength in the ſmalleſt degree.

The tormentors had now begun a ſecond operation with more violence than the former, which their deviliſh ingenuity had contrived to vary ſo as to exort acuter pains from the application to

the engine to parts, that had not yet had their full ſhare of the firſt agony; when ſuddenly a monk ruſhed into the chamber and called out to the judges to deſiſt from torturing that innocent man, and take the confeſſion of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a ſignal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints ſnapped audibly into their ſockets with the elaſticity of a bow. Nature ſunk under the revulſion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed—"Inhuman wretches, delegates of hell and agents of the devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent, for behold!" (and ſo ſaying he threw back his cowl) "behold the father and the murderer of Joſepha!—"

The whole aſſembly ſtarted with aſtoniſhment; the judges ſtood aghaſt, and even the dæmons of torture rolled their eye-balls on the monk with horror and diſmay.

"If you are willing," ſays he to the judges, "to receive my confeſſion, whilſt your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vileſt criminal, ever ſtretched upon it; hear me! If not, ſet your engine to work without further enquiry, and glut your appetites with human agonies, which once in your lives you may now inflict with juſtice."

"Proceed," ſaid the ſenior judge.

"That guiltleſs ſufferer, who now lies inſenſible before my eyes," ſaid the monk, "is the ſon of an excellent father, who was once my deareſt friend: He was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our

our ſettlements in the Brazils: He reſided there twenty years without viſiting Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me many ſums of money on his ſon's account; at this time a helliſh thought aroſe in my mind, which the diſtreſs of my affairs and a paſſion for extravagance inſpired, of converting the property of my charge to my own account; I imparted theſe ſuggeſtions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her accompt; let me do her juſtice to confeſs ſhe withſtood them firmly for a time; ſtill fortune frowned upon me, and I was ſinking in my credit every hour; ruin ſtared me in the face, and nothing ſtood between me and immediate diſgrace, but this infamous expedient.

"At laſt perſuaſion, menaces, and the impending preſſure of neceſſity conquered her virtue, and ſhe acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan ſon of a diſtant relation of our own name; I maintained a correſpondence with his father by letters pretending to be written by his ſon, and I ſupported my family in a ſplendid extravagance by the aſſignments I received from the Brazils. At length the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his ſon and his heirs. I had already advanced ſo far in guilt, that the temptation of this contingency met no reſiſtance in my mind, and I determined upon removing this bar to my ambition, and propoſed to my wife to ſecure the prize, that fortune had hung within our reach, by the aſſaſſination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror, and for ſome time her thoughts remained in ſo diſturbed a ſtate, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack: After ſome time the agent of the deceaſed arrived in Liſbon

bon from the Brazils, and as he was privy to my correſpondence, it became neceſſary for me to diſcover to Don Juan who he was, and alſo what fortune he was intitled to. In this criſis, threatened with ſhame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that doſe with poiſon, which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which in fact was deſtined for our only child: She took it; heaven diſcharged its vengeance on our heads, and we ſaw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to expreſs our lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach of even your invention to compare with thoſe we felt? Wonderful were the ſtruggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child: She bewailed us; ſhe conſoled, nay ſhe even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confeſſion of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that puniſhment upon us, which juſtice demanded and our crimes deſerved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter with her laſt breath by the moſt ſolemn adjurations exacted and obtained a promiſe from Don Juan not to expoſe her parents to a public execution by expoſing what had paſſed. Alas! alas! we ſee too plainly how he kept his word! Behold, he dies a martyr to honour! your infernal tortures have deſtroyed him—"

No ſooner had the monk pronounced theſe words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a ſigh; a ſecond would have followed, but heaven could no longer tolerate the

agonies of innocence, and ſtopped his heart for ever.

The monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghaſtly with terror, as he ſtretched out his mangled limbs at life's laſt gaſp—"Accurſed monſters," he exclaimed, "may God requite his murder on your ſouls at the great day of judgment! His blood be on your heads, ye miniſters of darkneſs! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeaſed by my contrition, in the midſt of flames my aggrieved ſoul will find ſome conſolation in the thought, that you partake its torments."

Having uttered this in a voice ſcarce human, he plunged a knife into his heart, and whilſt his blood ſpouted on the pavement dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

N° XXVIII.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?

I THINK it much to be lamented that our Engliſh newſpapers have ſuch an extenſive circulation through Europe, unleſs proper means could be taken to reſtrain their exceſſive licentiouſneſs. As few foreigners will believe any government ſo void of reſource in this particular, they can no otherwiſe account for our not correcting theſe abuſes of the preſs, but becauſe we want the will and not the power. Amongſt the cauſes that have lately operated to increaſe their circulation and ſucceſs, I hope

I hope for the honour of human nature, their licentiouſneſs is not one; and yet it appears as if their encouragement had kept pace with their malignance. If I had not experienced the bad effects they have upon the minds of people in other countries, I ſhould not have thought ſuch publications capable of ſuch miſchief. Though the conductors of them ſeem careleſs about the conſequences, I will not believe it was in their minds to do a deliberate injury to their country; but as they are not diſpoſed to put a bridle on themſelves, it were to be wiſhed ſome prudent hand would do the office for them; though I ſee the difficulty of finding ſuch a curb as ſhall not gall the mouth of Freedom.

I am not at preſent diſpoſed to be any longer ſerious on this ſubject, and therefore waving all the weightier matters of my charge, I ſhall take notice only of one ridiculous circumſtance in which they abound, vulgarly called *Puffing*.

I have been turning over ſome papers to find out the chief profeſſors of this art, which I believe is now carried to its higheſt ſtate of improvement: Truth compels me to ſay, that with regret I have diſcovered ſeveral amongſt them, who ought to have underſtood themſelves better, but whilſt there is hope they will amend, I am contented they ſhould eſcape; at leaſt I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence, regarding them for the preſent as perſons ſurpriſed into bad company, and chargeable with indiſcretion rather than depravity.

Our advertiſing Quacks or Empirics are an antient and numerous claſs of *Puffers*. A colliſion of rival intereſts occaſions theſe gentlemen to run foul of each other in their general undertakings, and

and betrays their natural modeſty into a warmer ſtile of colouring their own merits, than the liberal ſtudy of phyſic and the public-ſpirited principle on which they pretend to act, would otherwiſe warrant: If the candid reader can find an excuſe for them in their zeal and anxiety to recommend the bleſſings which they offer to mankind, I will not impede the plea. A fooliſh partiality ſome people ſtill have for phyſicians regularly bred, and a ſqueamiſh unwillingneſs to repair to back-doors and blind alleys for relief, oblige them to uſe ſtrong words to combat ſtrong prejudices. But tho' they are at ſome pains to convince us that our bills of natural deaths might be all compriſed under the ſingle article of old age, there is yet here and there obſtinate man who will die *felo de ſe* before the e of threeſcore years and ten.

Whilſt the ſages are *puffing* off our diſtempers in one page, the auctioneers are *puffing* off our property in another. If this iſland of ours is to be credited for their deſcription of it, it muſt paſs for a terreſtrial paradiſe. It makes an Engliſh ear tingle to hear of the boundleſs variety of lawns, groves and parks; lakes, rivers, and rivulets; decorated farms and fruitful gardens; ſuperb and matchleſs collections of pictures, jewels, plate, furniture, and equipages; town-houſes and country-houſes; hot-houſes and ice-houſes; obſervatories and conſervatories; offices attached and detached; with all the numerous *etceteras* that glitter down the columns of our public prints. Numerous as theſe are, it is leſs a matter of ſurpriſe with me where purchaſers are found, than why any one, whoſe neceſſities are not his reaſon, will be a vender of ſuch enchanting poſſeſſions. Though a man's ca-

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price may be tired of a beautiful object long enjoyed, yet when he ſees an old acquaintance dreſſed out in new colours, and glowing in the flowery deſcription of theſe luxuriant writers, I ſhould expect that his affection would revive, and that he would recall the cruel ſentence of alienation. Pliny never ſo deſcribed his villa, as theſe *Puffers* will ſet forth the caſt-off manſion of a weary owner. Put a vicious, lame, and ſtumbling horſe into their hands, and he comes out ſafe and ſound the next morning, and is fit to carry the firſt lady in the land: Weed your collections of their copies and counterfeits, by the help of a perſuaſive tongue, quick eye, and energetic hammer, they are knocked down for originals and antiques, and the happy buyer bears them off delighted with his bargain. What is the harp of an Orpheus compared to the hammer of an Auctioneer!

I muſt in the next place requeſt the readers attention to the Poliſhing *Puffers*; a title by which I would be underſtood to ſpeak of thoſe venerable teachers and inſtructors, who are endowed with the happy faculty of inſtilling arts and ſciences into their diſciples, like fixed air into a vapid menſtruum: Theſe are the beatified ſpirits whom Virgil places in his poetical Elyſium: Fooliſh men amongſt the Greeks, ſuch as Socrates, Plato, and others, trained their pupils ſtep by ſtep in knowledge and made a bugbear of inſtruction; Pythagoras in particular kept his ſcholars five years in probationary ſilence, as if wiſdom was not to be learned without labour; our modern poliſhers *puff* it into us in a morning; the poliſh is laid on at a ſtroke, juſt as boys turn a braſs buckle into a ſilver one with a little quick-ſilver and brick-duſt;

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the poliſht buckle indeed ſoon repents of its tranſmutation, but it is to be hoped the alluſion does not hold through, and that the poliſht mind or body does not relapſe as ſoon to its primitive ruſticity. Strange! that any body will be a clown, when the Graces invite us to their private hops with hand-bills and advertiſements: Why do not the whole court of Aldermen dance at my Lord Mayor's ball inſtead of ſtanding with their hands in their pockets, when grown gentlemen (let them grow to what ſize they may,) are taught to *walk a minuet* gracefully in three lectures? Amazing art! only to be equalled by the obſtinacy that reſiſts it. How are the times degenerated! Orpheus fiddles and the brutes won't dance. Go to the courts of law, liſten to the bellowing of the bar; mount the gallery of the ſenate, obſerve how *this here* and *that there* orator breaks poor Priſcian's head for the good of his country; enter our theatres—does that gentleman ſpeak to a ghoſt, as a ghoſt ought to be ſpoken to? Walk into a church, if you have any feeling for the ſacred ſublimity of our ſervice, you will never walk into another where it is ſo mangled: Every one of theſe parricides might be taught not to murder his mother-tongue without mercy, if he would but believe an advertiſement and betake himſelf to the Poliſher. Education at our public ſchools and univerſities is travelling in a waggon for expedition, when there is a bridle road will take you by a ſhort cut to Parnaſſus, and the Poliſher has got the key of it; he has elocution for all cuſtomers, lawyers, players, parſons, or ſenators; ready-made talents for all profeſſions, the bar, the ſtage, the pulpit, or the parliament.

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There is another claſs of *Puffers*, who ſpeak ſtrongly to the paſſions, and uſe many curious devices to allure the ſenſes, fitting out their Lottery-offices, like fowlers who catch birds by night with looking-glaſſes and candles, to entice us to their ſnare. Some of them hang out the goddeſs of good-fortune in perſon with money-bags in her hands, a tempting emblem; others recommend themſelves under the auſpices of ſome lucky name, confounding our heads with cabaliſtical numbers, unintelligible calculations, and myſterious predictions, whoſe abſurdity is their recommendation, and whoſe obſcurity makes the temptation irreſiſtible:

Omnia enim ſtolidi magis admirantur amantque,
Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt.

Eſſences, coſmetics, and a hundred articles of pretended invention for the frivolous adorning of our perſons engroſs a conſiderable ſhare of our public papers; the *Puffs* from this quarter are replete with all the gums and odours of Arabia; the chemiſts of Laputa were not more ſubtile extractors of ſunbeams than theſe artiſts, who can fetch powder of pearls out of rotten bones and mercury, odour of roſes from a turnip, and the breath of zephyrs out of a cabbage-ſtalk; they can furniſh your dreſſing-room with the toilette of Juno, bring you bloom from the cheeks of Hebe, and a noſegay from the boſom of Flora. Theſe *Puffers* never fail to tell you after a court birth-day that their waſhes, powders, and odours, were the favorites of the drawing-room, and that the reigning beauties of the aſſembly bought their charms at their counters.

After

After theſe follow a rabble of rarec-ſhew-men with mermaids, man-tygers, ourang-outangs, and every monſter and abortion in creation; columns of giants and light-infantry companies of dwarfs; conjurers, rope-dancers, and poſture-maſters; tooth-drawers, oculiſts, and chiropodiſts; every one *Puffs* himſelf off to the public in a ſtile as proud as Antient Piſtol's; every fellow, who can twirl upon his toe, or ride a gallop on his head, paſtes himſelf up in effigy on our public offices and churches, and takes all the courts in Europe to witneſs to the fame of his performances. If a raſcal can ſhew a louſe thro' a microſcope, he xpects all the heads in Engla nd to itch till they behold it; if a ſon of the gallows can ſlide down a rope from the top of a ſteeple, he *Puffs* off his ſlight in Pindarics, that would make a moderate man's head giddy to read; nay, we have ſeen a gambling-houſe and a brothel thrown open to the town, and public lectures in obſcenity audaciouſly advertiſed in a Chriſtian city, which would not have been tolerated in Sodom or Gomorrah.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject without hinting to the proprietors of our Royal Theatres, that this expedient of *puffing* is pardonable only in a troop of ſtrollers, or the maſter of a puppet-ſhew. Whilſt the Muſes keep poſſeſſion of our theatre, and genius treads the ſtage, every friend to the national drama will condemn the practice, and hold them inexcuſable, who are reſponſible for it, if they do not diſcontinue it. It is hardly poſſible that any cauſe can be profited by *puffing*; if any can, it muſt be a contemptible one; the intereſts of literature are amongſt the laſt that

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can expect advantage from it, or that ſhould condeſcend to ſo mean a reſource: Inſtead of attracts ing curioſity, it creates diſguſt; inſtead of anſwering the temporary object of profit, it ſinks the permanent fund of reputation. As to the impolicy of the meaſure many reaſons may be given, but theſe I ſhall forbear to mention, leſt whilſt I am ſtating dangers I ſhould appear to ſuggeſt them. In concluſion, I have no doubt but the good ſenſe of the proprietors will determine on a reform; for I am perſuaded they cannot be profited by houſes of their own filling, nor any author flattered by applauſes of his own beſtowing.

N° XXIX.

SOCIETY in deſpotic governments is narrowed according to the degree of rigour, which the ruling tyrant exerciſes over his ſubjects. In ſome countries it is in a manner annihilated. As deſpotiſm relaxes towards limited monarchy, ſociety is dilated in the ſame proportion. If we conſider freedom of condition in no other light than as it affects ſociety, a monarchy limited by law, like this of ours, is perhaps the freeſt conſtitution upon earth; becauſe was it to diverge from the center on which it now reſts, either towards deſpotiſm on one hand, or democracy on the other, the reſtraints upon ſocial freedom would

would operate in the ſame degree, tho' not in the ſame mode; for whether that reſtraint is produced by the awe of a court, or the promiſcuous licentiouſneſs of a rabble, the barrier is in either caſe broken down; and whether it lets the cobler or the king's meſſenger into our company, the tyranny is inſupportable and ſociety is enſlaved.

When an Engliſhman is admitted into what are called the beſt circles in Paris, he generally finds ſomething captivating in them on a firſt acquaintance; for without ſpeaking of their internal recommendations, it is apt to flatter a man's vanity to find himſelf in an excluſive party, and to ſurmount thoſe difficulties, which others cannot. As ſoon as he has had time to examine the component parts of this circle, into which he has ſo happily ſtept, he readily diſcovers that it is a circle, for he goes round and round without one excurſion; the whole party follows the ſame ſtated revolution, their minds and bodies keep the ſame orbit, their opinions riſe and ſet with the regularity of planets, and for what is paſſing without their ſphere they know nothing of it. In this junto it rarely happens but ſome predominant ſpirit take the lead, and if he is ambitious of making a maſter-ſtroke indeed, he may go the length to declare, *that he has the honour to profeſs himſelf an Atheiſt.* The creed of this leading ſpirit is the creed of the junto; there is no fear of controverſy; inveſtigation does not reach them, and that liberality of mind, which a colliſion of ideas only can produce, does not belong to them; you muſt fall in with their ſentiments, or keep out of their ſociety: and hence ariſes that overruling ſelf-opinion ſo peculiar to the French, that

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aſſumed ſuperiority ſo conſpicuous in their manners, which deſtroys the very eſſence of that politeneſs, which they boaſt to excel in.

Politeneſs is nothing more than an elegant and concealed ſpecies of flattery, tending to put the perſon to whom it is addreſſed in good-humour and reſpect with himſelf: But if there is a parade and diſplay affected in the exertion of it, if a man ſeems to ſay—*Look how condeſcending and gracious I am!* whilſt he has only the common offices of civility to perform, ſuch politeneſs ſeems founded in miſtake, and calculated to recommend the wrong perſon; and this miſtake I have obſerved frequently to occur in French manners.

The national character of the Spaniards is very different from that of the French, and the habits of life in Madrid as oppoſite as may be from thoſe which obtain at Paris. The Spaniards have been a great and free people, and though that grandeur and that freedom are no more, their traces are yet to be ſeen amongſt the Caſtilians in particular. The common people have not yet contracted that obſequiouſneſs and ſubmiſſion, which the rigour of their government, if no revolution occurs to redreſs it, muſt in time reduce them to. The condition, which this gallant nation is now found in, between the deſpotiſm of the throne and the terrors of the Inquiſition, cannot be aggravated by deſcription; body and mind are held in ſuch compleat ſlavery by theſe two gloomy powers, that men are not willing to expoſe their perſons for the ſake of their opinions, and ſociety is of courſe exceedingly circumſcribed; to trifle away time ſeems all they aſpire to; converſation turns upon few topics, and they are ſuch as will not carry

ry a diſpute; neither glowing with the zeal of party, nor the cordial interchange of mutual confidence; day after day rolls in the ſame languid round through life; their ſeminaries of education, eſpecially ſince the expulſion of the Jeſuits, are grievouſly in decline; learning is extinct; their faculties are whelmed in ſuperſtition, and ignorance covers them with a cloud of darkneſs, through which the brighteſt parts cannot find their way.

If this country ſaw its own intereſts in their true light, it would conciliate the affections of the Spaniſh nation, who are naturally diſpoſed towards England; the hoſtile policy of maintaining a haughty fortreſs on the extremity of their coaſt, which is no longer valuable than whilſt they continue to attack it, has driven them into a compact with France, odious to all true Spaniards, and which this country has the obvious means of diſſolving. It is by an alliance with England that Spain will recover her priſtine greatneſs; France is plunging her into provincial dependency; there is ſtill virtue in the Spaniſh nation; honeſty, ſimplicity, and ſobriety are ſtill characteriſtics of the Caſtilian; he is brave, patient, unrepining; no ſoldier lives harder, ſleeps leſs, or marches longer; treat him like a gentleman, and you may work him like a mule; his word is a paſsport in affairs of honour, and a bond in matters of property. That dignity of nature, which in the higheſt orders of the ſtate is miſerably debaſed, ſtill keeps its vigour in the bulk of the people, and will aſſuredly break out into ſome ſudden and general convulſion for their deliverance. If there are virtue and good ſenſe

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in the adminiſtration of this country, we ſhall ſeize the opportunity yet open to us.

It now remains that I ſhould ſpeak of England, and when I turn my thoughts to my native iſland, and conſider it with the impartiality of a citizen of the world, I diſcern in it all advantages in perfection, which man in a ſocial ſtate can enjoy. A conſtitution of government ſufficiently monarchical to preſerve order and decorum in ſociety, and popular enough to ſecure freedom; a climate ſo happily tempered, that the human genius is neither exhauſted by heat, nor cramped and made torpid by cold; a land abounding in all manner of productions, that can encourage induſtry, invite exerciſe and promote health; a lot of earth ſo ſingularly located, as marks it out by Providence to be the emporium of plenty and the aſylum of peace: a religion, whoſe eſtabliſhment leaves all men free, neither endangering their perſons, nor enſlaving their minds; a ſyſtem of enlightened education ſo general, and a vein of genius ſo characteriſtical, that under the banners of a free preſs muſt ſecure to the nation a ſtanding body of learned men, to ſpread its language to the ends of the world and its fame to all poſterity.

What is it then, which interrupts the enjoyments of ſocial life, and diſturbs the harmony of its inhabitans? Why do foreigners complain that time hangs heavy on their hands in England, that private houſes are ſhut againſt them, and that, were it not for the reſource of public places, they would find themſelves in a ſolitude, or (more properly ſpeaking) ſolitary in a crowd? How comes it to paſs that country gentlemen, who occaſionally

occaſionally viſit town, ſee themſelves neglected and forgotten by thoſe very people, who have been welcomed to their houſes and regaled with their hoſpitality; and men of talents and character, formed to grace and delight our convivial hours, are left to pace the Park and ſtreets of London by themſelves, as if they were the exiles from ſociety?

The fact is, trade occupies one end of the town, and politics engroſs the other: As for foreigners of diſtinction, who ought in good policy to be conſidered as the gueſts of the ſtate, after they have gone through the dull ceremonial of a drawing-room, the court takes no further concern about them. The crown has no officer charged with their reception, provides no table within or without the palace for their entertainment; parliamentary or official avocations are a ſtanding plea for every ſtate miniſter in his turn to neglect them. The winter climate and coaſt of England is ſo deterring to natives of more temperate latitudes, that they commonly pay their viſits to the capital in the ſummer, when it is deſerted; ſo that after billieting themſelves in ſome empty hotel amidſt the fumes of paint and noiſe of repairs, they wear out a few tedious days, and then take flight, as if they had eſcaped from a priſon. When parliament is ſitting and the town is full, a man, who does not intereſt himſelf in the politics and party of the day, will find the capital an unſocial place; the degree of freedom, which in other reſpects, is the life of ſociety, now becomes its mortal foe; the zeal, and even fury, with which people abet their party, and the latitude they give themſelves in opinion and diſcourſe, ex-

tinguiſh every voice, that would ſpeak peace and pleaſure to the board, and turn good fellowſhip into loud contention and a ſtrife of tongues.

The right aſſumed by our news-papers of publiſhing what they are pleaſed to call Parliamentary Debates I muſt regard as one of the greateſt evils of the time, replete with foreign and domeſtic miſchief: Our orators ſpeak pamphlets, and the ſenate is turned into a theatre. The late hours of parliament, which to a degree are become faſhionable, are in effect deſtructive to ſociety. I cannot diſpenſe with obſerving collaterally on this occaſion that profeſſional men in England conſort more excluſively amongſt themſelves, and communicate leſs generally than in other countries, which gives their converſation, however informing, an air of pedantry, contracted by long habits, great ardour for their profeſſion and deep learning in it.

As for ſlander, which amongſt other evils owes much of its propagation to the ſame vehicle of the daily preſs, it is the poiſon of ſociety; depreſſes virtuous ambition, damps the early ſhoots of genius, puts the innocent to pain, and drives the guilty to deſperation; it infuſes ſuſpicion into the beſt natures, and looſens the cement of the ſtrongeſt friendſhips; very many affect to deſpiſe it, few are ſo highminded as not to feel it; though common ſlanderers ſeldom have it in their power to hurt eſtabliſhed reputations, yet they can always contrive to ſpoil company, and put honeſt men to the trouble of turning them out of it.

It is a common ſaying that authors are more ſpiteful to each other, and more irritable under an attack, than other men; I do not believe the obſervation

obſervation is well founded; every ſenſible man knows that his fame, eſpecially of the literary kind, before it can paſs current in the world, pays a duty on entrance, like ſome ſort of merchandize, *ad valorem*; he knows that there are always ſome who live upon the plunder of condemned reputations, watching the tides of popular favour in hopes of making ſeizures to their own account—*Habent venenum pro victu, immo pro deliciis.* The little injury ſuch men do to letters chiefly conſiſts in the ſtupidity of their own productions: They may to a certain degree check a man's living fame, but if he writes to poſterity, he is out of their reach, becauſe he appeals to a court, where they can never appear againſt him.

When we give our praiſe to any man's character or performances, let us give it abſolutely, and without compariſon, for it is juſtly remarked by foreigners, that we ſeldom commend poſitively: This remark bears both againſt our good-nature and our good ſenſe; but let no man by this or any other declamation againſt ſlander be awed into that timid prudence, which affecting the name of candour, dares not to condemn, and of courſe is not entitled to applaud. Truth and juſtice have their claims upon us, and our teſtimony againſt vice, folly and hypocriſy is due to ſociety; manly reſentment againſt miſchievous characters, cleanly ridicule of vanity and impertinence, and fair criticiſm of what is under public review are the prerogatives of a free ſpirit; they peculiarly belong to Engliſhmen, and he betrays a right conſtitutionally inherent in him, who from mean and perſonal motives forbears to exerciſe it.

When I have ſaid this, I think it right to add, that I cannot ſtate a caſe, in which a man can be juſtified in treating another's name with freedom, and concealing his own.

N° XXX.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit Sinus? ALEA quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad caſum tabulæ, poſitâ ſed luditur arcâ.
(JUVENAL. Sat. 1.)

THE paſſage, which I have ſelected for the motto of this paper, will ſhew that I intend to devote it to the conſideration of the vice of *Gaming*; and I forbore to ſtate it in my preceding eſſay amongſt the cauſes, that affect ſociety in this country, becauſe I regarded it as an evil too enormous to be brought within the brief enumeration therein contained, reſolving to treat it with that particular reſpect and attention, which its high ſtation and dignity in miſchief have a claim to.

Though I have no heſitation at beginning the attack, I beg leave to premiſe that I am totally without hope of carrying it. I may ſay to my antagoniſts in the words, though not altogether in the ſenſe, that the angel Gabriel does to his—

"Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine."

What

What avails my hurling a feeble eſſay at the heads of this hydra, when the immortal drama of *The Gameſter* lies trodden under his feet?

Conſcious that I do not poſſeſs the ſtrength, I ſhall not aſſume the importance of a champion, and as I am not of dignity enough to be angry, I ſhall keep my temper and my diſtance too, ſkirmiſhing like thoſe inſignificant gentry, who play the part of teazers in the Spaniſh bull-fights, ſticking arrows in his creſt to provoke him to bellow, whilſt bolder combatants engage him at the point of his horns.

It is well for Gameſters, that they are ſo numerous as to make a ſociety of themſelves, for it would be a ſtrange abuſe of terms to rank them amongſt ſociety at large, whoſe profeſſion it is to prey upon all who compoſe it. Strictly ſpeaking it will bear a doubt, if a Gameſter has any other title to be called a man, except under the diſtinction of Hobbes, and upon claim to the charter of *Homo Homini Lupus*—As a *Human Wolf* I grant he has a right to his *wolfiſh prerogatives*: He, who ſo far ſurprizes my reaſon or debauches my principle, as to make me a party in my own deſtruction, is a worſe enemy than he who robs me of my property by force and violence, becauſe he ſinks me in my own opinion; and if there was virtue in mankind, ſufficient for their own defence, honeſt men would expel gameſters as outlaws from ſociety, and good citizens drive them from the ſtate, as the deſtroyers of human happineſs, wretches, who make the parent childleſs and the wife a widow.

But what avail a parcel of ſtatutes againſt gaming, when they, who make them, conſpire toge-

ther for the infraction of them? Why declare gaming-debts void in law, when that ſilly principle, ſo falſely called honour (at once the idol and the ideot of the world) takes all thoſe debts upon itſelf and calls them debts of honour? It is not amongſt things practicable to put gaming down by ſtatute. If the face of ſociety was ſet ſteadily againſt the vice; if parents were agreed to ſpurn at the alliance of a gameſter, however ennobled; if our ſeminaries of education would enforce their diſcipline againſt early habits of play; if the crown, as the fountain of honour, and the virtuous part of the fair ſex, as the diſpenſers of happineſs, would reprobate all men addicted to this deſperate paſſion, ſomething might perhaps be done. If tradeſmen would conſult their own intereſt, and give no credit to gameſters; if the infamous gang of money-lenders could be abſolutely extinguiſhed, and the people at large, inſtead of riſing againſt a loyal fellow-ſubject, becauſe he worſhip God according to the religion of his anceſtors at a Catholic altar, would exerciſe their reſentment againſt thoſe illegal places of reſort, where deſperadoes meet for nightly pillage, this contagious evil might poſſibly be checked; but when it is only to be hoped that a combination of remedies might ſtem the diſeaſe, how can we expect a recovery, when no one of them all is adminiſtered?

Though domeſtic miſery muſt follow an alliance with a gameſter, matches of this ſort are made every day; a parent, who conſents ſo to ſacrifice his child, muſt either place his hope in her reforming her huſband, or elſe he muſt have made up his mind to ſet conſequences at defiance; a very

a very fooliſh hope, or a very fatal principle. There can be no domeſtic comfort in the arms of a gameſter, no conjugal aſylum in his heart: Weak and ignorant young women may be duped into ſuch connections; vain and ſelf-conceited ones may adventure with their eyes open, and truſt to their attractions for ſecurity againſt misfortune; but let them be aſſured there is not a page in the world's hiſtory, that will furniſh them with an example to palliate their preſumption; eager to ſnatch the preſent pleaſures of a voluptuous proſpect, they care little for the ruin, which futurity keeps out of ſight.

With the cleareſt conviction in my mind of the general advantages of public education, I muſt acknowledge a ſuſpicion that due attention is not paid in our great ſeminaries of education to reſtrain this fatal paſſion in its firſt approaches. I fear there are ſome evidences of a guilty negligence now in operation, ſpreading poiſon as they flow, and carrying with them in their courſe all the charms of eloquence, the flow of wit, and faſcinating ſpell of ſcience; ſanctified by faſhion, Gaming-houſes, which out-peer the royal palace, riſe around it in defiance; trophies and monuments of the triumphs of diſſipation. The wife, whoſe huſband enters thoſe doors, and the parent, who owns a ſon within them, muſt either eradicate affection and nature from their hearts, or take leave of happineſs for ever. Woe be to the nation, whoſe police cannot, or dare not, correct ſuch an evil! 'Tis fooliſh to lament the amputation of a limb, when the mortality is in our vitals.

I ſhall not take upon myſelf to lay down rules for kings, or affect to pronounce what a ſovereign can, or cannot, do to diſcountenance gaming in this kingdom; but I will venture to ſay that ſomething more is requiſite than mere example: *It was in the decline of Rome, when the provinces were falling off from her empire, whilſt a virtuous but unfortunate prince poſſeſſed the throne, that the greateſt part of Africa was in revolt: The General, who commanded the Roman legions, was a ſoldier of approved courage in the field, but of mean talents and diſſolute manners. This man in the moſt imminent criſis for the intereſts of Rome, ſuffered and encouraged ſuch a ſpirit of gaming to obtain amongſt his officers in their military quarters, that the fineſt army in the world entirely loſt their diſcipline, and remained inactive, whilſt a few levies of raw inſurgents wreſted from the Roman arms the richeſt provinces of the empire. Hiſtory records nothing further of this man's fate or fortune, but leaves us to conclude that the reproaches of his own conſcience and the execrations of poſterity were all the puniſhment he met with. The empire was rent by faction, and his party reſcued him from the diſgrace he merited.*

The laſt reſource in all deſperate caſes, which the law cannot, or will not, reach, lies with the people at large: It is not without reaſon I ſtate it as the laſt, becauſe their method of curing diſorders is like the violent medicines of empirics, never to be applied to but in abſolute extremity. If the people were, like Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar, *never to do wrong but with juſt cauſe*, I ſhould not ſo much dread the operation of their remedies; I ſhall therefore venture no further, than

than to expreſs an humble wiſh, that when it ſhall be their high and mighty pleaſure to proceed again to the pulling down and burning of houſes, thoſe houſes may not be the repoſitories of ſcience, but the receptacles of gameſters.

When a man of fortune turns gameſter, the act is ſo devoid of reaſon, that we are at a loſs to find a motive for it; but when one of deſperate circumſtances takes to the trade, it only proves that he determines againſt an honeſt courſe of life for a maintenance, and having his choice to make between robbery and gaming, prefers that mode of depredation, which expoſes him to leaſt danger, and has a coward's plea for his vocation. Such an one may ſay with Antient Piſtol—

" I'll live by Nym, and Nym ſhall live by me,
" And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood:
" Is not this juſt?——"

In the juſtice of his league I do not join with Antient Piſtol, but I am ready to allow there is ſome degree of common ſenſe in this claſs of the brotherhood, of which common ſenſe I cannot trace a ſhadow amongſt the others. A preference therefore in point of underſtanding is clearly due to the vagabonds and deſperadoes; as to the man, who, for the ſilly chance of winning what he does not want, riſques every thing he ought to value, his defence is in his folly, and if we rob him of that, we probably take from him the only harmleſs quality he is poſſeſſed of. If however ſuch an inſtance ſhall occur, and the dæmon of gaming ſhall enter the ſame breaſt, where honour, courage, wit, wiſdom reſide, ſuch a mind

is like a motley ſuit of cards, where *kings*, *queens* and *knaves* are packed together, and make up the game with temporary good-fellowſhip, but it is a hundred to one but *the knave will beat them out of doors* in the end.

As there are ſeparate gangs of gameſters, ſo there are different modes of gaming; ſome ſet their property upon games of ſimple chance, ſome depend upon ſkill, others upon fraud.

The gameſters of the firſt deſcription run upon luck: a ſilly crew of Fortune's fools; this kind of play is only fit for them, whoſe circumſtances cannot be made worſe by loſing, otherwiſe there is no proportion between the good and the evil of the chance; for the good of doubling a man's property bears no compariſon with the evil of loſing the whole; in the one caſe he only gains ſuperfluities, in the other he loſes neceſſaries; and he, who ſtakes what life wants againſt that which life wants not, makes a fooliſh bet, to ſay no worſe of it. Games of chance are traps to catch ſchool-boy novices and gaping country-ſquires, who begin with a guinea and end with a mortgage; whilſt the old ſtagers in the game, keeping their paſſions in check, watch the ebb and flow of fortune, till the booby they are pillaging ſees his acres melt at every caſt.

In games of ſkill, depending upon practice, rule and calculation, the accompliſhed profeſſor has advantages, which may bid defiance to fortune; and the extreme of art approaches ſo cloſely to the beginning of fraud, that they are apt to run one into the other: in theſe engagements, ſelf-conceit in one party and diſſimulation in the other are ſure to produce ruin, and the ſufferer

has ſomething more than chance to arraign, when he reviews the wreck of his fortune and the diſtreſſes of his family.

The drama of a gameſter commonly has ſelf-murder for its cataſtrophe, and authors, who write to the paſſions, are apt to dwell upon this ſcene with partial attention, as the ſtriking moral of the piece; I confeſs it is a moral, that does not ſtrike me; for as this action, whenever it happens, devolves to the ſhare of the loſing, not of the winning gameſter, I cannot diſcover any particular edification, nor feel any extraordinary pathos, in a man's falling by his own hand, when he is no longer in a capacity of doing or ſuffering further injury in ſociety. I look upon every man as a ſuicide from the moment he takes the dice-box deſperately in hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time is only ſharpening the dagger before he ſtrikes it to his heart.

My proper concern in this ſhort eſſay is to ſhew, that Gaming is the chief obſtructing cauſe, that affects the ſtate of ſociety in this nation, and I am ſenſible I need not have employed ſo many words to convince my reader that gameſters are very dull and very dangerous companions. When blockheads rattle the dice-box, when fellows of vulgar and baſe minds ſit up whole nights contemplating the turn of a card, their ſtupid occupation is in character; but whenever a cultivated underſtanding ſtoops to the tyranny of ſo vile a paſſion, the friend of mankind ſees the injury to ſociety with that ſort of aggravation, as would attend the taking of his purſe on the highway, if upon ſeizure of the felon, he was unexpectedly to diſcover the perſon of a judge.

N° XXXI.

MELISSA was the daughter of a weak indulgent mother, who was left a young widow with two children; ſhe had a handſome perſon, a tolerable fortune and good natural parts; uncontrouled in her education, ſhe was permitted to indulge herſelf in ſtudies of a romantic turn, and before ſhe compleated her ſixteenth year was to be found in all the circles of prating ſentimentaliſts, who fill the ſilly heads of young women with female friendſhip and platonic love.

The ordinary pleaſures and accompliſhments of her own ſex were below the notice of Meliſſa; from the tumult of a noiſy country-dance ſhe revolted with horror, as from the orgies of Bacchus; a ſoul of her ſeraphic caſt could not deſcend to the vulgar employment of the needle, and the ornaments of dreſs claimed no ſhare in the attention of a being ſo engaged in ſtudies of a ſublimer ſort: She loved muſic, but they were plaintive Lydian airs with dying cadences, warbled by ſome female friend at the ſide of a rivulet, or under the ſhade of an arbour; and if the ſummer zephyrs murmured to the melody, it was ſo much the better for Meliſſa; then ſhe would ſit rapt in penſive pleaſure with the hand of her friend faſt cloſed in her's, and call it the ſoul's harmony: To theſe nymph-like retirements that filthy ſatyr man was never admitted; he was not thought or ſpoken of but with terror and averſion: When the ſtrain was finiſhed, ſhe would break out into ſome poetic rhapſody upon *friendſhip, contemplation,*

temptation, night, or ſome ſuch ſubject, which her memory ſupplied her with very readily on ſuch occaſions.

In the mean time the impertinence of ſuitors occaſionally interrupted the more refined enjoyments of Meliſſa's ſoul: One of theſe was a gentleman of good birth, conſiderable fortune, and an unexceptionable character; but the florid health of the robuſt creature was an inſuperable objection, and having caſually let fall a hint that he was fond of hunting, ſhe diſmiſt him to his vulgar ſports with a becoming diſdain: Her ſecond ſuitor was a handſome young officer, the cadet of a noble houſe; this attack was carried on very briſkly, and Meliſſa was only ſaved from the horrors of matrimony by luckily diſcovering that her lover was ſo devoid of taſte and underſtanding, as to profeſs a preference for that rake Tom Jones before the moral Sir Charles Grandiſon; ſuch a ſin againſt ſentiment would have been enough to have undone him for ever with Meliſſa, if no other objection had ariſen; but this being followed up with many like inſtances of bad taſte in the belles-lettres, he was peremptorily diſcarded: A third offer came from a man of high rank and fortune, and was preſſed upon her by her mother with much earneſt ſolicitation; for in fact it was a very advantageous propoſal; the lover was polite, good-natured, generous and of an amiable character, but in the unguarded warmth of his heart he let fall the diſtant expreſſion of a hope, that he might have an heir to his eſtate and titles; the ſenſuality of which idea was ſuch a groſs affront to the delicate Meliſſa, that he, like the others, was ſent off with a refuſal.

The

The report of theſe rebuffs ſet Meliſſa free from any future ſolicitations, and it appeared as if ſhe was deſtined to enjoy a ſabbath of virginity for the reſt of her days: So many years elapſed, that ſhe now began to tread the down-hill path of life, grew flatternly and took ſnuff: Still the gentle paſſion of friendſhip did not abate, her attachment for Partheniſſa grew cloſer than ever, and if by evil accident theſe tender companions were ſeparated for a day, eight ſides of letter-paper could not contain the effuſions of their affection.

I ſhould have told the reader that Meliſſa had a ſiſter ſome years younger than herſelf, brought up from her childhood by a maiden aunt, who was what the polite world calls in contempt a good ſort of woman, ſo that poor Maria was educated accordingly, and juſtly held in ſovereign contempt for her vulgar endowments by Meliſſa; there were other trifling reaſons which helped to put her out of favour with her more accompliſhed ſiſter; for, as I have already hinted, ſhe was ſeveral years younger, and in ſome opinions rather handſomer; they ſeldom met however and never correſponded, for Maria had no ſtile and little ſentiment; ſhe dreſſed her own caps, mended her own linen, and took charge of her aunt's houſehold: It was therefore with ſome degree of ſurprize, that Meliſſa received the news of Maria's being on the point of marrying a nobleman, and that ſurprize was probably enhanced upon hearing, that this noble perſon was the very man, who ſome years ago had vainly aſpired to ſolicit the impregnable Meliſſa herſelf: If ſhe turned pale upon the receipt of this intelligence, eat no dinner

dinner that day and took no ſleep that night, candour will impute it to the exceſs of Meliſſa's ſenſibility and the kind intereſt ſhe took in the happy proſpect of her ſiſter's marriage; but a cenſorious world gives ſtrange interpretations, and ſome people were ready enough to ſay ill-natured things on the occaſion; the behaviour of that amiable lady ſoon confuted ſuch inſinuations, for ſhe immediately ſet out for her aunt's, where Maria was receiving his lordſhip's viſits every day, and where Meliſſa's preſence muſt have greatly added to the felicity of both parties.

Her preparations for this viſit were ſuch as ſhe had never made before, for though in general ſhe was rather negligent of her dreſs, ſhe put her art to the utmoſt ſtretch on this occaſion, and left no effort untried that might do credit to her ſiſter by ſetting off her own appearance in his lordſhip's eyes upon the meeting: Whilſt ſhe gave her perſon full diſplay ſhe did not ſpare her wit, and to make up for the taciturnity of Maria kept my lord in full diſcourſe all the time he ſtaid; ſhe likewiſe from her love of information ſet Maria right in many particulars, which that young lady through want of education was ignorant of, and plainly ſhewed the lover, that there was ſome underſtanding in the family on her part at leaſt, whatever the deficiency might be where he had fixt his choice.

Whether it was owing to theſe ſiſterly endeavours of Meliſſa, or to what other cauſe does not appear, but it ſhould ſeem as if my lord's attention to Maria grew ſtronger in proportion as Meliſſa ſtrove to attract it towards herſelf; and upon her hinting with ſome degree of raillery at what had

had formerly paſſed between them, his lordſhip looked her ſteadily in the face for ſome moments, then turned his eyes upon her ſiſter, and ſilently walked out of the room.

As it is not to be ſuſpected, that Meliſſa, with a ſoul ſuperior to all vulgar paſſions, could be envious of ſo mean a rival as Maria, it is not eaſy to account for the ſudden change of her behaviour to the noble ſuitor on his next viſit to her ſiſter: Inſtead of thoſe ſtudied attentions ſhe had paid him at their firſt meeting, ſhe now induſtriouſly took no notice of him, and ſate rapt in her own happy meditations; till upon his preſenting to her ſiſter a magnificent ſuit of jewels, the luſtre of thoſe ſparkling gems ſo dazzled her ſight, that the tears ſtarted in her eyes, the colour fled from her cheeks, and ſhe hurried out of the room in evident perturbation of ſpirit.

Upon entering her bedchamber ſhe diſcovered on her toilette a pacquet from her beloved Partheniſſa; nothing was ever ſo ſeaſonable; ſhe ſnatched it up with eagerneſs, haſtily broke it open, kiſſed it, and began to read. This valuable manuſcript was rather of the longeſt; it ſet out with a great deal of ingenious ridicule at the expence of the fond couple on the point of marriage; then digreſſed into an animated deſcription of the more refined enjoyments of female friendſhip, and concluded as follows:

"After all I have been ſaying, how ſhall I gain credit with Meliſſa, and what will ſhe think of her friend, when I tell her, that I have at laſt met with one of the male ſex, who is not abſolutely diſagreeable! perhaps I might even add, that Count Ranceval is ſo amiable a man, that were

were I poſſeſſed of Meliſſa's charms—but whither am I running? He is rich, generous, and of noble rank.—And what are theſe but feathers, you will ſay?—True, yet ſuch feathers have their weight in the world's ſcale.—Well, but Meliſſa is above the world.—No matter; ſtill it is a galling thing to yield precedence to a chit like Maria: What, tho' nature has endowed you with pre-eminence of talents, tho' your ſoul moves in a ſuperior ſphere to her's, ſtill you know reſpect will follow rank; but Counteſs Ranceval would ſet all to rights, and keep your natural ſuperiority unqueſtioned—So now the miſchief's out; you have my heart upon my paper.

"You will wonder what ſhould bring a noble ſtranger into ſo obſcure a corner of the world as ours: Health, my dear, is the Count's pretence: He may give Meliſſa probably a better reaſon, but this is the oſtenſible one; and certainly he is of a ſlim and delicate habit; he ſeems to be all ſoul and ſentiment; nothing earthy or corporeal about him: A compleat maſter of the Engliſh language, and well verſed in our Engliſh authors, particularly the dramatic ones, of whoſe works he is paſſionately fond. If our Dorſetſhire downs and gentle exerciſe reſtore his health, he is ſoon to leave us, unleſs Meliſſa's company ſhould detain him, for his father, the old Count, writes preſſing letters for him to return to Straſbourg, of which city he is a native, and of the firſt family in it. He lodges in our houſe with my uncle with one valet-de-chambre only, having left his ſervants in town, as our family could not receive his ſuite.

"He is impatient to be known to you, and I ſuppoſe you think I have ſaid all the fine things in

in the world to make him ſo; not I, believe me; on the contrary I have not ſpared for abuſe, whenever you was talked of, for I have let him fully into your character; I have fairly warned him what he is to look for, if he preſumes to make love to you; for that you are the moſt inexorable, exceptious, determined ſpinſter in England. Now as I know you love a little contradiction at your heart, you have a fair opportunity to come hither without delay and diſprove all I have been ſaying of you: But if you had rather be the bride-maid to Lady L. than the bride of Count Ranceval, ſtay where you are, and enjoy the elegant paſtime of throwing the ſtocking and drawing plumb-cake through the wedding-ring.

Farewell. Your's ever,

PARTHENISSA."

If the gentle ſpirits of Meliſſa were ſomewhat fluttered by what had paſſed before ſhe took up this letter from her friend, they were conſiderably more ſo, when ſhe laid it down: After pondering for a time in deep meditation on its contents, ſhe ſtarted up, took ſeveral turns in her chamber, ſate down again, then adjuſted her dreſs, then ran to the glaſs, looked at herſelf, put her cap in order, and at laſt rang the bell with great violence for her ſervant; her firſt reſolution had been to order her chaiſe inſtantly to be made ready and return home; theſe were the natural dictates of friendſhip; but upon her woman's entering the room a ſecond thought ſtruck her and alarmed her delicacy, leſt Partheniſſa ſhould impute her immediate compliance

compliance to any other, than the pure motives of affection and good-nature: This thought exceedingly embarraſſed her; however after ſeveral contradictory reſolutions, ſhe finally directed her ſervant to order the equipage and put things in train for her departure without delay.

The buſtle, which this ſudden order of Meliſſa occaſioned in the family, ſoon brought Maria into her chamber, who with much anxiety enquired into the cauſe of her haſty departure; Meliſſa having again fallen into a profound reverie gave no anſwer to this enquiry; upon which Maria repeated it, adding that ſhe hoped her mother was well, and that the letter brought no bad news from home.—"My mother is well and the letter brings no bad news from home," anſwered Meliſſa.—"Then I hope, ſiſter, ſays Maria, "nothing has happened here to give you any offence."—Meliſſa looked her ſteadily in the face, and after ſome time relaxed her features into that ſort of ſmile, which conſcious ſuperiority ſometimes deigns to beſtow upon importunate inſignificance. Maria, in whoſe compoſition the inflammable particles did not predominate, anſwered this ſmile of inſult no otherwiſe than by a bluſh of ſenſibility, and with a faultering voice ſaid—"If it is I, who am in the fault, ſiſter, I am heartily ſorry for it, and entreat you to believe that nothing can be further from my intentions, than to give you juſt cauſe of offence at any time."—"Lord, child," replied Meliſſa with infinite compoſure, "how vanity has turned thy poor head upſide down: I dare ſay you think it mighty pretty to practiſe the airs of a great lady and to be gracious to your inferiors; but have the goodneſs to ſtay till I am your

your inferior; perhaps that may never be the caſe; —but I ſhall ſay no more upon the ſubject; it is not your childiſh triumph in diſplaying a parcel of baubles, that can move me; no—you might recollect methinks that thoſe diamonds had been mine, if I would have taken them with the incumbrance appertaining to them——but I look higher, be aſſured, ſo I wiſh your ladyſhip a good morning, for I ſee my chaiſe is waiting."—Having thus ſaid, the accompliſhed Meliſſa, without ſtaying for an anſwer, flounced out of the room, took a haſty leave of her aunt below ſtairs, and, throwing herſelf into her chaiſe, drove from the door without further ceremony.

N° XXXII.

THE amiable Meliſſa having performed the duties of a ſiſter in the manner above related, eagerly flew to enjoy the delights of a friend, and upon her return home immediately betook herſelf to her beloved Partheniſſa. It ſo happened that ſhe found that young lady *tête-à-tête* with Count Ranceval; Meliſſa, upon diſcovering a ſtranger with her friend, ſtarted back, bluſhed and haſtily exclaimed—"Bleſs me! Partheniſſa, I thought you had been alone." She was now retiring, when Partheniſſa by gentle compulſion obliged her to return: The converſation ſoon grew intereſting, in the courſe of which many fine

ine things were ſaid by the Count, of which nothing was original but the application, for they were moſtly to be found in the prompter's library. Whilſt Meliſſa was amuſing her friend with an account of what had paſſed at her aunt's, the Count ſate for ſome time ſilent with his eyes fixt upon her, and drawing up a deep ſigh, that ſeemed to throw a delicate frame into great convulſion, exclaimed—"My God!"—Upon this exploſion of the ſoul, Meliſſa, tho' in the midſt of a narrative, in which ſhe had not neglected doing juſtice to her own ſweetneſs of temper and ſiſterly affection, ſtopt ſhort, and caſting a look of infinite ſenſibility on the ſighing Count, eagerly aſked if he was well.—The Count, inſtead of anſwering her queſtion, turned himſelf to Partheniſſa, and in the moſt moving tone of voice ſaid—"You told me ſhe was fair—

"True ſhe is fair; oh! how divinely fair!
"But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
"With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
"And ſanctity of manners.——

Here *Cato's ſoul* ſtood in his way, and ſtopt the farther progreſs of his ſpeech.

Whilſt this was paſſing, his valet entered the room and delivered a pacquet into his hands, bowing very devoutly and ſaying—"My Lord Count, a courier is arrived from Straſbourg, who brings you letters from his excellency your father."—The Count ſnatcht them from his hand with extacy, and ordered a liberal reward to the courier on the ſpot. Meliſſa now roſe from her ſeat and would have retired, but he implored her to ſtay, if it were only to gratify her benevolence in

in an occaſion of felicitating him, ſhould he be ſo happy as to find his honoured parent in good health. He now opened the letter, throwing the *envelope* careleſsly on the table; Partheniſſa took it up, and examining the ſeal, bade Meliſſa take notice of the coat of arms, which indeed was moſt ſplendidly engraven with trophies, mantle, and every proper badge of high nobility; whilſt Count Ranceval was reading, he threw aſide ſome incloſed papers, one of which fell upon the floor; Partheniſſa ſtooped and took it up; the Count, whoſe attention had been drawn off by the letter he was peruſing, was exceedingly ſhocked in point of politeneſs, when that young lady preſented it to him, and with many apologies for his inattention begged ſhe would accept the paper ſhe had had the trouble of taking up, declaring in the moſt peremptory manner that he could never forgive himſelf upon any other terms: Partheniſſa opened the paper, and looking at it, exclaimed—"Heavens! Count Ranceval, what do you mean? It is a bill for a thouſand pounds."—I am ſorry for it, Madam," ſaid the generous Count, "I wiſh it had been one of the others, to have been more worthy your acceptance; but I hope you will make no difficulty of receiving ſuch a trifle at my hands; there is but one good thing in the world, which I abound in, and that is the only one you have not; therefore I muſt inſiſt upon your accepting what I can ſo eaſily ſpare, and can never more worthily employ."—The Count now roſe from his ſeat, and in the moſt graceful manner imaginable forced the paper into Partheniſſa's hands, holding them both faſt cloſed within his own: A ſtruggle now enſued between

tween the generoſity of one party and the modeſty of the other, which was ſo obſtinately maintained on each ſide, that it was impoſſible to foreſee which would prevail, when the Count, recollecting himſelf on the ſudden, ſtruck upon a new expedient for overcoming this amiable young lady's delicacy, by delivering the paper to Meliſſa, and beſeeching her to ſtand his advocate on the occaſion.—"From you, divine Meliſſa," ſays the generous foreigner, "ſhe will not refuſe this trifle in diſpute between us: To whom ſhould I refer my cauſe, but to that angelic being, to whom I have ſurrendered my heart, and at whoſe feet I dedicate my life, fortune, happineſs and all things valuable in this world with a devotion that no ſuppliant ever felt before?"—As he was uttering theſe words, he threw himſelf on his knees, ſnatcht the hand of Meliſſa, preſſed it eagerly to his lips, and ſmothered it with ardent kiſſes; then applying his handkerchief to his eyes, dropped his head upon Meliſſa's knee, and in a trembling voice cried out—"Speak, loveliеſt of thy ſex, pronounce my fate, determine me for life or death; for, by the power that made me, I will not ſurvive the ſentence of deſpair."—"Oh generous youth! oh noble Count!" replied the amiable Meliſſa, "you confound me; you diſtreſs me: What muſt I reply?"—"Bleſs me with hope; encourage me to live; or let me fall at once," ſaid the enamoured youth.—Meliſſa pauſed; the tears ſtarted in her eyes; her heart was ſoftened, and her tongue refuſed to utter the fatal ſentence of death; ſhe was ſilent.—In this awful moment of ſuſpenſe, the lovely Partheniſſa, whoſe gentle heart overflowed with gratitude to her benefactor,

dropt

dropt on her knee alſo, and, claſping Meliſſa round the waiſt, with tears beſeeched her for the love of Heaven to ſave a noble youth who doted on her to diſtraction—"Think of his virtues, think of his affection," ſaid the beauteous pleader; "Can that ſoft heart, ſo full of pity, ſuffer him to die? Does not ſuch generoſity deſerve to live? Am I not bound to ſpeak in his behalf? Where can Meliſſa find a man ſo worthy of her choice? Shall the inſipid Maria ſtart into nobility, and move in a ſuperior ſphere, whilſt her accompliſhed ſiſter lives in humble ſolitude beneath her? No, no, the world demands Meliſſa.—Shall Maria glitter in the circles of the great, ſhall ſhe blaze with diamonds, whilſt my lovely friend—? But why do I talk this language to Meliſſa, whoſe ſoul looks down upon theſe vanities with juſt contempt? There are nobler motives, there are worthier reaſons, that plead the cauſe of love on this occaſion. Riſe, Count Ranceval, this moment riſe, receive a bleſſing to your arms, embrace your happineſs; ſhe yields! ſhe's your's! I ſee that ſhe conſents." Obedient to the word, the enraptured lover roſe, and throwing his arms round the unreſiſting fair one, claſped her to his heart, and whilſt he held her thus in cloſe embrace, exclaimed, "Oh paradiſe of ſweets! Oh ſoul of bliſs! Oh heavenly, charming maid! and art thou mine?" Speak to me, lovely creature! art thou mine?—"For ever! anſwered the bluſhing Meliſſa, and dropt her head upon his neck. "Hear it, earth, ſea and heaven! Hear it, ſun, moon and ſtars!" cried the enraptured lover,

"Hear

Hear it ye days and nights, and all ye hours;
That fly away with down upon your feet,
As if your buſineſs were to count my paſſion——
I'll love thee all the day, and every day,
And every day ſhall be but as the firſt,
So eager am I ſtill to love thee more."

This rhapſody was ſeconded by another embrace re ardent than the former: Partheniſſa then k her turn, and ſaluting her friend, cried out " Joy to you, my deareſt Counteſs; all joy all you both."—" Now," ſays Count Rance-, " my beloved Meliſſa has a right in every ng I poſſeſs, and her friend will no longer op- e the tender of that trifling ſum; it is an ear- t, that ſeals our engagement; the form, that o follow, cannot make us one more firmly, than nour now unites us; and conſidering you now eady as the daughter-in-law of this noble fa- r, I muſt beg leave to ſhew you what this let- further contains."—He then produced bills of hange, which the old Count had remitted for y conſiderable ſums.—" The purpoſe of this nittance," ſays he, " is to purchaſe a ſet of jewels ddition to the family ſtock of a newer faſhion, h a recommendation to beſtow them upon ſome gliſh woman, if I ſhould be happy enough to gage the affection of ſuch an one in this king- n, and behold how the deſcription of my fa- r's wiſh tallies with the adorable perſon, who now honoured me with her hand!"—He then d the following paragraph from his father's let- , tranſlating it as he went on—*If you ſhould ſe a wife in England (which I know it is your wiſh do) I charge you to be as attentive to the charms of mind, as to thoſe of her perſon: Let her temper*

be ſweet, her manners elegant, her nature modeſt her wit brilliant but not ſatyrical; above all th chuſe no woman who has not a ſenſibility of ſou which the delicacy of the ſex conſiſts. If you are tunate enough to match with ſuch an one, bring ſpouſe to Straſbourg, and I will jointure her in rich barony of Lavaſques; in the mean time I ſ you the incloſed bills for five thouſand pounds ſter to lay out in ſuch jewels and bijouterie, as befits rank and fortune to beſtow upon the lady of your in a country where thoſe things are in perfection. for the lady's fortune, I make no ſtipulations on ſcore; but it is an indiſpenſable condition, that ſhe woman well born, thoroughly accompliſhed, an bove all of the Proteſtant communion, according religious principles of our noble houſe. When Count had read this paragraph, turning to Me he ſaid—" Behold the full completion of my ther's model in this lovely perſon!"

The union of this happy couple being thu cided upon, no time was to be loſt in carryi into effect, for the Count was haſtening h ward, and Meliſſa had no objection to be be hand with her ſiſter: Of her mother there no doubt to be had, or, if there was, her fo was in her own power, and ſhe of full ag chuſe for herſelf. Secrecy however was ref upon for various reaſons, and the joy of ſurpr Maria was not amongſt the leaſt. The unc Partheniſſa, who was an attorney, was inſtr to make a ſhort deed, referring it to the old C at Straſbourg to compleat Meliſſa's ſettler when ſhe arrived at that city; this worthy tleman was accordingly let into the ſecret, a the ſame time undertook to get the licence a

pr

epare the parſon of Meliſſa's pariſh for the cere-
ony. The adjuſting ſo many particulars drew
e buſineſs into ſuch length, that the evening was
w far ſpent, and as Meliſſa was in the habit of
aring occaſionally the bed of her beloved friend,
e diſpatched a meſſenger to her mother, fig-
fying that ſhe ſhould ſleep at Partheniſſa's that
gat.

When this matter was ſettled, Partheniſſa quit-
d the room to give her orders for ſupper, and
ie happy lovers were left to themſelves for no
conſiderable time. The enamoured Count loſt
ot a moment of this precious interval, and with
ie help of Dryden, Otway, and Rowe kept up
is rhapſodies with great ſpirit: Now it was that
ve, which Meliſſa had ſo long kept at diſtance,
ok full revenge, and, like a griping creditor, ex-
ted his arrears with ample intereſt from his van-
uiſhed debtor. When Partheniſſa returned ſhe
rove to make her preſence as little interruption
poſſible to thoſe tender endearments, by rally-
g Meliſſa on her prudery, and frequently re-
inding her, that contracted lovers were in effect
an and wife; in ſhort, nothing could be more
nſiderate and accommodating than this amiable
iend.

An elegant but ſmall repaſt was now ſerved, at
hich no domeſtic was admitted; the Count was
the happieſt flow of ſpirits; Meliſſa's heart
uld not reſiſt the feſtivity of the moment, and all
as love and gaiety, till night was far ſpent and
ie hour reminded them of ſeparating. Parthe-
ſſa again retired to prepare her chamber, and
eliſſa was again left with her lover. How it
me to paſs that Partheniſſa omitted ſo neceſſary

a point of ceremony, as that of informing Meliſſa when her chamber was ready, I cannot pretend to account, but ſo it was, and that young lady, with a negligence, which friendſhip is ſometimes apt to contract, retired to her repoſe, and never thought more of poor Meliſſa, who was left in a ſituation very new to her, to ſay no worſe of it, but who had ſweetneſs of temper nevertheleſs to let her friend off with a very gentle reproof, when after a long time paſt in expectation of her coming, ſhe was at length obliged to ſubmit to the impropriety of ſuffering Count Ranceval to conduct her to her bed-chamber door.

The next day produced the licence, and Meliſſa was, or appeared to be, as impatient to conclude the ceremony as Count Ranceval himſelf. This is to be imputed to the timid ſenſibility of her nature, which rather wiſhed to precipitate an awful act, than to remain in terror and ſuſpence. Awful as it was to Meliſſa, it was auſpicious to the happy Count, for it put him in poſſeſſion of his amiable bride. The mother was let into the ſecret and with joy conſented to give Meliſſa away, and receive Counteſs Ranceval in return The matter paſſed in ſecret as to the neighbourhood, and Partheniſſa's uncle, to accommodate the parties, ſate up all night to compleat the deed, which gave the Count poſſeſſion of the lady's fortune, and referred her for a ſettlement to be made at Straſbourg in the barony of Lavaſques

A very happy company were now aſſembled at dinner, conſiſting of the bride and bridegroom, Partheniſſa, her uncle and the old lady, when a coach and ſix drove to the door, and as if fortune had determined to compleat the domeſtic felicity of this

this family in the ſame moment, Maria, who was now Lady L——, followed by her aunt and his Lordſhip, ran into the room, and falling on her knee, aſked bleſſing of her mother, whilſt Lord L—— preſented himſelf as her ſon-in-law, having driven from the church door to her houſe to pay his duty on this occaſion, meaning to return directly, for which purpoſe the equipage was ordered to wait.

Whilſt Maria approached to embrace Meliſſa, and to preſent to her a very fine bridal favour, embroidered with pearls, Count Ranceval whiſpered his lovely bride, that he muſt haſtily retire, being ſuddenly ſeized with a violent attack of the tooth-ach; being a perfect man of faſhion he contrived to retire without diſturbing the company, and putting up his handkerchief to his face to prevent the cold air affecting the part in pain, ran up to his lady's bed-chamber, whilſt Partheniſſa and her uncle very conſiderately retired from a family party, in which they were no longer intereſted.

Meliſſa received the bridal favour from Maria with a condeſcending inclination of her body, without riſing from her ſeat.—"You muſt permit me, ſiſter," "to transfer your preſent to the noble perſonage, who has juſt left the room; for having now the honour and happineſs to ſhare the name and title of Count Ranceval, I have no longer any ſeparate property; neither can I with any becoming decorum as Counteſs Ranceval and a bride myſelf, wear the pretty bauble you have given me, and which I can aſſure you I will return with intereſt, as ſoon as I go to London in my way

to Straſbourg, where the Count's immenſe poſſeſſions principally lie."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Maria, "how delighted am I to hear you have married a man of ſuch rank and fortune! What a bleſſing to my mother, to me, to my lord!—" So ſaying, ſhe threw her arms round her neck and embraced her, ſhe next embraced her mother, and turning to Lord L——, ſaid "My lord, you will congratulate the Counteſs."—"I hope ſo," replied Lord L——, "every thing that contributes to the happineſs of this houſe will be matter of congratulation for me; but let me aſk where Count Ranceval is; I ſhall be proud to pay my compliments to him, and by the glimpſe I had of his perſon think I have had the honour of ſeeing him before." "Very likely," anſwered Meliſſa, "the Count has been ſome time in London."—"I think ſo," ſaid Lord L——, "but I am impatient to make my bow to him."—"I hope he will ſoon come down," replied Meliſſa," "but he is ſuddenly ſeized with a dreadful tooth-ach, and gone up ſtairs in great pain.——"Alas, poor Count," ſaid Lord L——, "'tis a horrid agony, and what I am very ſubject to myſelf, but I have a noſtrum in my pocket which is very ſafe, and never fails to give eaſe; permit me, dear ſiſter, to walk up ſtairs with you and relieve the Count from his diſtreſs."

So ſaying, he followed Meliſſa up ſtairs, and was accompanied by the whole party. Upon their entering the chamber, Count Ranceval made a ſlight bow to the company, and again put up his handkerchief to his face: As ſoon as Lord L—— approached him, he ſaid,"—"I believe I can ſoon cure this gentleman."—Whereupon, ſnatching the

the handkerchief from his cheek, with one kick, pretty forcibly beſtowed upon the ſeat of diſhonour, he laid the puiſny Count ſprawling on the floor. The ladies with one conſent gave a ſhriek, that brought the whole family to the door, Meliſſa ran with agony to the fallen hero, who hid his face between his hands, whilſt Lord L—— cried out —"Take no pity on him, Madam, for the raſcal was my footman."—This produced a ſecond ſcream from Meliſſa, who, turning to Lord L——, with a look of horror, exclaimed—"What do I hear? Count Ranceval a footman! What then am I?" By this time the Count had recollected himſelf ſufficiently to make reply—"My lawful wife; and as ſuch I demand you: Let me ſee who will venture to oppoſe it."—This menace would have been followed with a ſecond chaſtiſement from my lord, had not Maria interpoſed, and taking her ſiſter tenderly by the hand, with a look of pity and benevolence, aſked her if ſhe was actually married. —"Irrecoverably," ſaid Meliſſa, and burſt into tears. "Yes, yes," reſumed the impoſtor, "I believe all things pretty ſafe in that quarter; I have not taken my meaſures by halves." "Raſcal! villain?" exclaimed my lord, and was again with difficulty held back by his lady from laying hands on him.—"Have patience, I conjure you," ſaid Maria, "if it be ſo, it is paſt redemption; leave me with my ſiſter, take my poor mother out of the room, and if this gentleman will give me leave to converſe a few minutes with my ſiſter"— "Gentleman!" ſaid Lord L——, and immediately taking him by the collar, dragged him out of the chamber, followed by the mother and the aunt. A ſcene now enſued between the ſiſters, in which

as I feel my pen unable to render juſtice to the divine benevolence of Maria, I will charitably drop the curtain over the fall of pride. There was no need for any negotiation with the Count, for he and his accomplice Partheniſſa, with the lawyer her uncle, ſet off for London with their credentials to take poſſeſſion of Meliſſa's fortune in the funds which the lawyer had but too effectually ſecured, having in a pretended counterpart of the deed he read to Meliſſa and her mother, inſerted the real name of the impoſtor. Meliſſa has as yet no further trouble from her huſband, and lives in retirement in a ſmall houſe belonging to Lord L. under his protection: She experiences daily inſtances of the bounty of Maria, and here, if envy (which yet rankles at her heart) would permit her reflection might teach her *how ſuperior virtue ſhines in its natural ſimplicity, and how contemptible pride appears, though diſguiſed under the maſk of falſe delicacy and affected refinement.*

N°. XXXIII.

ALTHOUGH the ſubject of *Witchcraft* has been treated ſeriouſly as well as ludicrouſly in ſo full a manner, as to anticipate in ſome meaſure what can be now offered to the reader's curioſity, yet I am tempted to add ſomething on this topic, which I ſhall endeavour to put together in ſuch ſhape and method, as may perhaps throw freſh light upon a ſubject

ſubject that ignorance and ſuperſtition have in all paſt ages of the world conſpired to keep in darkneſs and obſcurity.

The reader will recollect ſo much ſaid of ſorcerers and dæmons both in the old and new parts of the ſacred writings, that I need not now recapitulate the inſtances, but take them as they occur in courſe of my diſcuſſion.

Theologians, who have treated the ſubject ſeriouſly and logically, have defined magic to be *An art or faculty, which by evil compact with dæmons, performs certain things wonderful in appearance, and above the ordinary comprehenſion of mankind.*—According to this definition we are to look for the origin of this art to the author of all evil, the devil: Heathen writers have aſcribed the invention of magic to Mercury: Some of the early Chriſtians, who have wrote on the ſubject, ſpeak of Zabulus as the firſt magician, but this is only another name for the devil, and is ſo uſed by St. Cyprian: Some give the invention to Barnabas a magician of Cyprus, but who this Barnabas was, and in what time he lived, they have not ſhewn; though they have taken pains to prove he was not St. Barnabas the coadjutor of the apoſtle Paul: Some of the Spaniſh writers maintain that magic was ſtruck out in Arabia, and that a certain ancient volume of great antiquity was brought from thence by the Moors into Spain, full of ſpells and incantations, and by them and the Jews bequeathed to their poſterity, who performed many wonderful things by its aid, till it was finally diſcovered and burned by the Inquiſition.

Theſe are ſome amongſt many of the accounts, which pious men in time of ſuperſtition have offer-

ed to the world; the defenders of the art on the contrary derive its doctrines from the angel, who accompanied Tobit, and revealed them to him on the way, and they contend that theſe doctrines are preſerved in certain books written by Honorius, Albertus Magnus, Cyprian, Paul, Enoch and others. Toſtatus thinks that Jezebel, who inchanted Ahab with charms and filtres, was the firſt, who practiſed ſorcery; that from her time the Samaritans were ſo addicted to ſorcery, that a Samaritan and a ſorceror became one and the ſame term; which opinion he is confirmed in by that paſſage in ſcripture, where the Phariſees accuſe Chriſt of being *a Samaritan, and having a devil*; a charge, ſays he, implied in the very firſt poſition of his being a Samaritan: He admits jointly with St. Auſtin, that Pythoniſſa, or the Witch of Endor, actually raiſed the ſpirit of Samuel, not by magic incantations, but by expreſs permiſſion of God, for the puniſhment of Saul's impiety, and to provoke him to immediate repentance by the denunciation of his impending fate; whilſt other authorities in the church of early date maintain that it was not the ſpirit of Samuel, but a dæmon that appeared in his likeneſs: He admits alſo, that the rods of the Egyptian ſorcerers were like that of Moſes turned into ſerpents by the art and contrivance of the devil; in like manner the ſaid magicians turned the rivers into blood and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt; but though they kept pace with Moſes in producing thoſe plagues, their power he obſerves, did not reach, as his did, to the ſubſequent extirpation of them.

As to Simon the magician, whom Philip converted in Samaria, wonderful things are ſaid of him

by

by the fathers of the Chriſtian church; this man, Juſtin Martyr informs us, was born in the city of Gitta in Samaria, travelled to Rome in the time of Claudius, and by the aid of the devil performed ſuch aſtoniſhing feats, as cauſed him to be believed and worſhipped as a god, the Romans erecting a ſtatue to him on the banks of the Tiber between the bridges, with this inſcription, *Simoni Deo Sancto.* The ſacred hiſtorians record no particulars of Simon's ſorceries; but if the reader has curioſity to conſult *lib.* 2. *recognition:* & *lib.* 6. *conſtit. Apoſt. in Clem. Rom.* he will find many ſtrange ſtories of this ſorcerer, viz. that he created a man out of the air; that he had the power of being inviſible; that he could render marble as penetrable as clay; animate ſtatues; reſiſt the force of fire; preſent himſelf with two faces, like Janus; metamorphoſe himſelf into a ſheep or a goat; fly through the air at pleaſure; create vaſt ſums of gold in a moment and upon a wiſh; take a ſcythe in his hand and mow a field of ſtanding corn almoſt at a ſtroke, and bring the dead, unjuſtly murdered, into life: He adds, that as a famous courteſan named Selene was looking out of a certain caſtle, and a great croud had collected to gaze at her, he cauſed her firſt to appear, and afterwards to fall down from every window at one and the ſame time.

Anaſtaſius Nicenus's account agrees in many particulars with the above, and adds, that Simon was frequently preceded by ſpectres, which he ſaid were the ſpirits of certain perſons deceaſed. I ſhall make no further remark upon theſe accounts, except in the way of caution to readers of a certain deſcription, to keep in mind that the ſcriptural hiſtory ſays only—*That Simon uſed ſorcery and bewitched*

witched the people of Samaria, giving out that himſelf was ſome great one. The evidences of holy writ are ſimple and in general terms, but the accounts of the fathers of the church go much beyond them, and the ſuperſtition of the dark ages was ſo extravagant and unbounded, that there is no end to the tales invented, or inſerted in the Roman legends.

Though it appears from the ſcriptural account that Simon was converted by Philip, the arts he had imparted to his ſcholars did not ceaſe in the world, but were continued by Menander, one of his ſaid ſcholars, and a Samaritan alſo, who practiſed ſorceries and went to Antioch, where he deluded many people: Irenæus relates that Marcus, another of Simon's ſcholars, was a very powerful magician and drew many followers; that Anaxilaus pretended to cure madneſs by the ſame art, turned white wine into red, and propheſied by the help of a familiar; and that Carpocrates and his pupils practiſed magical incantations and love-charms, and had abſolute power over men's minds by the force of ſuperſtition. The charge of ſorcery became in after times ſo ſtrong a weapon in the hands of the church of Rome, that they employed it againſt all in their turns, who ſeparated themſelves from the eſtabliſhed communion. When Priſcillian carried the hereſy of the Gnoſtics into Spain he was twice brought to trial and convicted of ſorcery, which Severus Sulpitius in his epiſtle to Cteſiphon ſays he confeſſed to have learned of Marcus the Egyptian abovementioned; this Priſcillian was a great adept in Zoroaſtrian magic, and though a magician was promoted to the epiſcopacy. The ſame Severus in his life of Saint Martin relates that there was a

man in Spain, who by falſe miracles im-
upon the people to believe he was the pro-
lias, afterwards he feigned himſelf to be
, and drew Rufus, though a biſhop, to
edit to his blaſphemous impoſition, and to
m worſhip accordingly. Paul the deacon
lates that there were three other Pſeudo-
s in France, one of which was a Briton,
Gregory of Tours calls Eun (probably Evan)
om Robert the Chronologer and William
wberry record many miracles; all theſe
ells us were heretics.

he pontificate of Innocent VI. there was
onſalvo a Spaniard in the dioceſe of Con-
who wrote a book, which he entitled *Virgi-*
with a dæmon viſibly ſtanding at his elbow,
ſtating to him as he copied it from his
; in which book he announced himſelf to
riſt, the immortal ſaviour of the world;
an was put to death as a heretic and blaſ-
r. Sergius, the author of the Armenian
, was charged with keeping a dæmon in
ape of a dog conſtantly attending upon him;
erengarius, chief of the Sacramentarian he-
was in like manner accuſed of being a ma-
: Many more inſtances might be adduced,
ertullian takes a ſhorter courſe, and fairly
nces that all heretics were magicians, or
mmerce with magicians.

: Infidels eſcaped no better from this charge
he Heretics: for the Moors who brought
arts and inventions into Spain, of which
tives were in utter ignorance, univerſally fell
the ſame accuſation, and Martin Delrius
ſuit, who taught theology in Salamanca at
the

the cloſe of the ſixteenth century, ſays he was ſhewn the place where a great cave had been ſtopped up in that city by order of Queen Iſabella, which the Moors had uſed for the purpoſes of necromancy; that the Huſſites in Bohemia and the followers of the arch-heretic Luther in Germany confounded men's ſenſes by the power of magic and the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they had devoted themſelves; that ſome of them voluntarily recanted and confeſſed their evil practices, and others, being ſeized and examined at the tribunal of Treves, made like public confeſſion, at which time, he adds—"That terrible and tartarean prop of Lutheraniſm, Albert of Brandeburgh, himſelf a notorious magician, was in the act of laying waſte that very country with fire and ſword."—*Tetrum illud et tartareum Lutheraniſmi fulcrum, ipſe quoque magicæ nomine famoſus, Albertus Brandeburgicus, provinciam illam flammâ ferroq; prædabundus vaſtabat.*—He adds, that wherever the hereſy of Calvin went, whether to England, France or Holland, the black and diabolic arts of necromancy kept pace with it. That the dæmons take their abode in heretics as naturally as they did in heathen idols, or in the herd of ſwine, when commanded; nay Hieronymus declares that they got into worſe quarters by the exchange; Caſſian, (*Collat.* 7. *cap.* 31.) an ancient writer of great gravity, affirms that he had himſelf interrogated a dæmon, who confeſſed to him that he had inſpired Arius and Eunomius with the firſt ideas of their ſacrilegious tenets: That it is demonſtrable by reaſon, that all heretics muſt in the end be either atheiſts or ſorcerors; becauſe hereſy can only proceed from the paſſion of

of pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, which lead to atheiſm; or from curioſity and love of novelty, which incline the mind to the ſtudy of magical arts: That ſorcery follows hereſy, as the plague follows famine; for hereſy is nothing elſe but a famine, as deſcribed by the prophet Amos, chap. viii. verſe 11. *Not a famine of bread, nor a thirſt of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.*—Moreover hereſy is a harlot, as Iſaiah expreſſeth himſelf—*How is the faithful city become a harlot?*—And as harlots, when paſt their beauty, take up the trade of procureſſes, ſo dæmons, (as theſe good catholics inform us) turn old and obdurate heretics into ſorcerers: Father Maldonatus ſees the heretics again in the ninth chapter of the Apocalypſe come out of the ſmoke in form of locuſts upon the earth, and as Joel the prophet writes in the fourth verſe of his firſt chapter—*That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locuſt eaten; and that, which the locuſt hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that, which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten.*—So in theſe gradations of vermin may be ſeen the ſtages of hereſy, for what the heretics have left the ſorcerers by the devil's aid have deſtroyed; and what the ſorcerers have left the atheiſts have deſtroyed.

Having ſtated the charge, which my heretical readers will perceive is pretty general againſt them, I ſhall proceed to ſome facts in proof. One of the moſt ſtubborn amongſt theſe is the caſe of an heretical woman in the town of Paderborn, who brought forth a male infant in a parſon's gown and beaver—*palliatum et pileatum, modo eccleſiaſticorum*—who from his natural antipathy to papiſts always reviled them wherever he met them; this

Father

Father Delrius aſſures us was a fact of general notoriety, and a juſt judgment from God on the hereſy of the mother. Niderius in the chapter upon witches *in Formicario* ſays that an heretical young witch at Cologn, by the help of a dæmon, took a handkerchief and in the preſence of a great company of noble ſpectators tore it into pieces, and immediately afterwards produced it whole and entire; this wicked jade then took up a glaſs, threw it againſt the wall, broke it into a thouſand fragments, and inſtantly ſhewed it to the company as whole as at firſt: Niderius concludes, with juſt indignation againſt ſuch diabolical practices, that this girl was well handled by the Fathers of the Inquiſition, where her tricks could ſtand her in no ſtead; which indeed is not to be wondered at, as the devil himſelf would not chuſe to venture before that tribunal. Bodinus in his treatiſe upon dæmons relates that a conjurer named Triſcalinus performed ſome tricks before Charles the ninth of France, and by the black art contrived to draw into his hand ſeveral rings from the fingers of a courtier, who ſtood at a diſtance from him, and that every body ſaw theſe rings fly through the air to the conjurer, whereupon the whole company riſing up againſt him for the performance of ſuch diabolical feats *(quæ nec arte, nec actu humano, nec naturâ fieri poterant)* fell upon him and by force brought him to confeſs that he conſpired with the devil, which at firſt this hardened ſinner was very unwilling to do; Bodinus with great candour obſerves, that this was indeed a blot in the fame of Charles the ninth, who in all other reſpects was a praiſe-worthy monarch; *(aliàs laudato rege.)* When my readers recollect

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the meritorious part that Charles the ninth acted in the maſſacre of Paris, he will own with me that the candour of Bodinus is extraordinary in producing a ſtory ſo much to the diſcredit of a praiſe-worthy prince.

There was one Zedekiah a Jew phyſician, who in preſence of the Emperor Lodowick the pious in the year 876 ſwallowed a prize-fighter on horſeback, horſe and all, *(hoplomachum equitem devoravit)*—Nay he did more, he ſwallowed a cart loaded with hay, horſes and driver, *(currum quoque onuſtum fœno cum equis et aurigâ,)*—he cut off people's heads, hands and feet, which he faſtened on again in the eyes of all the court, whilſt the blood was running from them, and in a moment the man ſo maimed appeared whole and unhurt; he cauſed the Emperor to hear the ſound of hounds in full chace with ſhouts of huntſmen and many other noiſes in the air; and in the midſt of winter ſhewed him a garden in full bloom with flowers and fruits and birds ſinging in the trees; a moſt deteſtable piece of magic and very unworthy of an emperor to paſs over with impunity, for he ſuffered the Jew doctor to eſcape.—As it is always right when a man deals in the marvellous to quote his authority, I beg leave to inform the incredulous reader, (if any there be) that I take theſe facts upon the credit of the learned Joannes Trithemius, a very ſerious and reſpectable author.—One more caſe in point occurs to me, which I ſhall ſtate, and then releaſe my readers from the conjurers circle, and this is the caſe of one Diodorus, vulgarly called Liodorus, a Sicilian conjurer, who by ſpells and enchantments turned men into brute animals and metamorphoſed

morphoſed almoſt every thing he laid his hands on; this fellow, when the inhabitants of Catana would have perſuaded him to let them hang him quietly and contentedly, as a conjurer and heretic ought, took counſel of the devil and cowardly flew away to Byzantium by the ſhorteſt paſſage through the air to the great diſappointment of the ſpectators; being purſued by the officers of juſtice, not indeed through the air, but as juſtice is accuſtomed to travel *pede claudo*, he took a ſecond flight, and alighting in the city of Catana was providentially caught by Leo the good biſhop of that city, who throwing him into a fiery furnace, roaſted this ſtrange bird to the great edification of all beholders *(ſed tandem à Leone Catanenſi epiſcopo, divinâ virtute ex improviſo captus, frequenti in mediâ urbe populo, in fornacem igneam injectus, ignis incendio conſumptus eſt)*—This anecdote is to be found in Thomas Fazellus, *(lib. 5. c. 2.* and again *lib. 3. deca. 1. rerum Sicularum)* who cloſes his account with the following pious remark, naturally ariſing from his ſubject, and which I ſhall ſet down in his own words—*Sic divina juſtitia prævaluit, et qui ſe judicibus forte minus juſto zelo motis eripuerat, e ſancti viri manibus elabi non potuit.* "Thus," ſaid he, "divine juſtice prevailed; "and he, who had ſnatched himſelf out of the "hands of judges, who perhaps were actuated by "a zeal not ſo juſt as it ſhould be, could not eſ"cape from this holy perſon."

N°. XXXIV.

Quis labor hic ſuperis cantus herbaſq; ſequendi,
Spernendiq; timor? Cujus commercia pacti
Obſtrictos habuere Deos? Parere neceſſe eſt,
An juvat? Ignotâ tantum pietate merentur,
An tacitis valuere minis? Hoc juris in omnes
Eſt illis ſuperos? An habent hæc carmina certum
Imperioſa Deum, qui mundum cogere, quicquid
Cogitur ipſe, poteſt?
(LUCAN. lib. vi. 491, &c.)

HAVING in my preceding paper ſtated ſome of the proofs, by which the orthodox theologicians make good their charge of ſorcery againſt Heretics, Jews and Mahometans, and ſhewn from their authorities, faithfully and correctly quoted, how naturally the devil and his agents take to all thoſe, who ſeparate from the mother church of Rome; having alſo briefly deduced the hiſtory of magic from its origin and invention, and taken ſome notice of thoſe paſſages in holy writ, where ſorcerers and magicians are made mention of, I ſhall now proceed to a more intereſting part of my ſubject, in which I ſhall lay open the arcana of the art magic, and ſhew what that wicked and myſterious compact is, on which it depends, and explain the nature of thoſe diabolical engagements, which a man muſt enter into before he can become an adept in ſorcery.

This compact or agreement, as grave and learned authors inform us, is ſometimes made expreſs-

ly with the great devil himſelf in perſon, corporally preſent before witneſſes, who takes an oath of homage and allegiance from his vaſſal, and then endows him with the powers of magic: This was the caſe with a certain Arragoneſe nobleman, which Heiſterback in his treatiſe upon miracles tells us he was a witneſs to, alſo of the Vidame Theophylus in the year 537, as related by Sigiſbert: Sometimes it is done by memorial or addreſs in writing, in the manner of certain Norman heretics, who wrote a petition to the Sybills, as chief of the necromancers: This petition ſets forth that, "WHEREAS the parties underſigning had entered into certain articles and conditions and by ſolemn engagement bound themſelves faithfully to perform the ſame, they now pray in the firſt place the ratification of thoſe articles and conditions on the part of the Sybills; and that they would be pleaſed in conformity thereunto to order and direct their under-agents and familiars to do ſuit and ſervice to the contracting parties agreeably to condition; and that when they were ſummoned and invoked to appear, they would be promptly forth-coming, not in their own ſhapes, to the annoyance and offence of the contracting parties, but ſprucely and handſomely, like perſonable gentlemen; alſo that the petitioners might be diſcharged from the ceremony of compelling them by the drawing of a circle, or of confining themſelves or their familiars within the ſame.

"Secondly, That the Sybills would be pleaſed to affix ſome ſeal or ſignature to the convention, by which its power and efficacy with their

"ſubſervient

" ſubſervient familiars might be rendered more " ſecure and permanent.

" Thirdly, That the petitioners may be ex- " empted from all danger, which might other- " wiſe accrue to them, from the civil authority " of magiſtrates or the inquiſitorial power of the " church.

" Fourthly, That all the temporal undertak- " ings and purſuits of the petitioners in the courts " and councils of princes may proſper and ſuc- " ceed; and that good luck may attend them in " all kinds of gaming to their ſuitable profit and " advantage.

" Laſtly, That their enemies of all ſorts may " have no power over them to do them hurt.

" That theſe conditions being granted and " performed, the petitioners on their part ſolemn- " ly promiſe and vow perpetual fealty and allegi- " ance to their ſovereigns, the Sybills, as in the " convention itſelf is more fully ſet forth; and " that they will faithfully, and ſo long as they " ſhall live, make a ſacrifice and oblation of one " human ſoul, every year to be offered up on the " day and hour of the day, in which this con- " vention ſhall be ratified and confirmed by the " Sybilline powers; Provided always, That the " ſaid high and mighty powers ſhall fully and " *bona fide* perform what is therein ſtipulated " and agreed to on their parts in the pre- " miſes."

This document is faithfully tranſlated from Father Delrius's Latin treatiſe *Diſquiſitionum Magicarum*, *Lib.* 2. *Queſt.* 4: He ſays that it was publicly burned at Paris together with the books of magic it refers to, and he quotes the authority

of

of *Creſpetus de odio Satanæ Diſcurſu* 15. for a more particular account; but as Creſpetus's book is not in my reach I can trace the ſtory no further.

In both theſe caſes, whether the parties contract *viva voce*, or proceed by petition, the conditions are the ſame and conſiſt, as we are told, in an expreſs renunciation of the Chriſtian creed; the baptiſmal rites are reverſed, and the devil, or his repreſentative, ſcratches out the croſs from the forehead with his nails, and re-baptizes his vaſſal by a name of his own deviſing; theſe are indiſpenſable conditions: The devil alſo exacts ſome rag or remnant of his vaſſal's garment, as a badge of allegiance, and compels him to make the oath within a circle drawn upon the ground, (which being a figure without beginning or end is a ſymbol of divinity) in this circle the figure of a croſs is to be traced out, on which the magician elect tramples and kicks with diſdain; he then requeſts the devil to ſtrike his name out of the book of life, and inſcribe it in the book of death; he next promiſes to make monthly or quarterly ſacrifices to the devil, which female magicians or witches perform by ſucking out the breath of a new-born male infant; he proceeds to put ſome ſecret mark upon himſelf with the point of a needle, as the ſign of the Beaſt or Antichriſt, in which mark there is great potency, and in ſome caſes, according to Irenæus, it appears that the devil inſiſts upon cauterizing his diſciples in the upper membrane of the right ear; in others, according to Tertullian, in the forehead; this being done the magician elect vows eternal enmity againſt the Euchariſt, the Bleſſed Virgin, the Saints, the Holy Relics and Images, and forſwears confeſſion

confeſſion for ever; upon which the devil ratifies his part of the compact, and the magic ceremony is complete.

On theſe conditions the devil ſeldom, if ever, takes a terrific form, for fear of deterring his votaries, and oftentimes appears in great beauty and with a very winning addreſs, as he did to Theodore Maillot, deputy governor of Lorraine, viſiting him in the ſhape of a very pretty girl, *(lepidâ et liberali formâ puella)* and promiſing him a certain great lady in marriage, with whom Maillot was diſtractedly in love; the conditions ſtipulated by the devil on this viſit were of a piece with the lovely form he aſſumed, for they conſiſted in injunctions only to perform all the Chriſtian and moral duties, to obſerve his meagre days, to ſay his maſſes, and be regular in his confeſſions: Theſe unexpected ſtipulations threw Maillot into ſo deep a melancholy, that his domeſtic chaplain, obſerving it, extorted from him a confeſſion of all that had paſſed, and piouſly diſſuaded him from any further interviews of that ſort: Remigius, who relates the ſtory in his Dæmonolatria, gravely obſerves the judgment of heaven ſoon overtook him in a very extraordinary manner, for his horſe fell down upon ſmooth ground, and Maillot broke his neck by the fall.

As to the magic powers, which the devil imparts in return for theſe conceſſions of his votaries, theologicians have different opinions, ſome giving more and ſome leſs credit to the miracle; but the general opinion amongſt them is that they are performed by the devil and his dæmons by the celerity of art and motion with which one thing is ſubſtituted for another, but that there is

no

no new creation in the caſe. They do not doubt but that there are certain figures, names and characters, which have a magical power, as the nine cauldrons, the names of the four principal hinges of the world, the three-times-ſeven characters of Mahometan device and many others; that there are rings and ſeals, which are amulets and charms, inſcribed with the names of Raphael, Salomon, Zachariah, Elizeus, Conſtantine, The Maccabees and others; that certain ſigns in the Zodiac engraved upon gems have good or evil properties, for inſtance, Aries, Leo and Sagittarius make a man beloved; Virgo, Taurus and Capricornus make him religious; Gemini, Libra and Aquarius produce friendſhip; whilſt Cancer, Scorpio and Piſces create falſehood: The character of Saturn gives ſtrength; Jupiter good fortune; Mars victory; Sol riches; Venus prevents drowning, and Luna has the ſame virtue with Venus: The figure of an aſs, engraved on a chryſolite, imparts the gift of prophecy; that of a dragon gives riches, and that of a frog gives friendſhip: It was the prevailing opinion in Flanders that a man born on Eaſter-eve had the gift of curing fevers; ſo had the ſeventh ſon, where no daughter interpoſed; whereas the gift, which the kings of England had of touching for the evil, expired upon the hereſy of Henry the eighth, though William Tooker wrote books to prove that Queen Elizabeth, then on the throne, inherited this virtue with the crown; this doctrine of Tooker is ſtrenuouſly controverted by Delrius the Jeſuit of Salamanca, and his argument is very logical and deciſive: *Miracula propria ſunt eccleſiæ Catholicæ; ſed Elizabetha eſt extra eccleſiam Catholicam, et nulli dantur qui ſit extra eccleſiam Catholicam;*

tholicam; ergo Elizabethæ non dantur miracula. Q. E. D. Again, *Non poſſunt miracula fieri ad confirmationem falſæ fidei; ſed fides, quam profitetur Elizabetha, eſt falſa fides; ergo ad confirmationem fidei, quam profitetur Elizabetha, non poſſunt fieri miracula*—and who now ſhall *defend* our *defenders* of the faith.

It is acknowledged that ſorcerers and magicians can blight the grain, deſtroy the fruits of the earth and make a bad harveſt, which Remigius aſſures us is done by ſprinkling certain duſt in the air, which the dæmon makes up and ſupplies them for the purpoſe.—

Carmine læſa Ceres ſterilem veneſcit in herbam;
Deficiunt læſi carmine fontis aquæ;
Ilicibus glandes, cantataq; vitibus uvæ
Decidit, et nullo poma moventq; fluunt.

OVID.

"Witches can blight our corn by magic ſpell,
"And with enchantments dry the ſpringing well,
"Make grapes and acorns fall at their command,
"And ſtrip our orchards bare without a hand."

Remigius ſays the dæmons do not only make up this powder or duſt for the witches, but are particularly indulgent to them in the article of ground-mice, with which they devour all the roots of the graſs and grain; that the gad-fly is always within call, and that they have plenty of wolves at command to ſend into any fold or flock they think proper to deſtroy: The learned author doubts if the devil actually makes theſe wolves *de novo*, but rather thinks that he hunts them up together, and drives the country; if this ſport does not ſucceed to his wiſh, he thinks it proba-

ble the dæmons themſelves execute the miſchief in the ſhapes of wolves—*(veriſimile videtur dæmones eſſe, qui ſpecie lupinâ talem pauperiem faciunt)* —He tells us that he has brought many witches to confeſs theſe things, and though he acknowledges the power of their ſpells for producing meats and viands, that have the appearance of a ſumptuous feaſt, which the devil furniſhes, ſtill he gives a bad account of his cookery, for that divine providence ſeldom permits the meat to be good, but that it has generally ſome bad taſte or ſmell, moſtly wants ſalt, and the feaſt is often without bread.

Though heretics have obſtinately denied the copulation of wizards with the female dæmons called Succubæ; and of witches with the males, or Incubi, yet the whole authority of the Catholic church with the bull of Pope Innocent VIII. expreſsly affirms it for a fact—*(Communis tamen hæc eſt ſententia Patrum, Theologorum et Philoſophorum doctorum—et pro eâdem pugnat bulla Innocentii* VIII. *Pontificis contra maleficos)*.—It is alſo an orthodox opinion, that children may be begotten by this diabolical commerce, and there is little doubt but that Luther was the ſon of an Incubus. That witches are carried through the air by certain ſpells is confirmed by a hoſt of witneſſes, and the operation is generally performed by ſmearing the body with a certain ointment, prepared by the dæmons; this ointment ſeveral people have innocently made uſe of, particularly huſbands of ladies uſing witchcraft, and have found themſelves wafted up chimnies and through windows at a furious rate and tranſported ſometimes an hundred miles from their own homes: Many curious

ırious inſtances might be enumerated, but hav-
ıg related ſo many I forbear to treſpaſs on my
:ader's patience any longer.

I ſhould be loth to have it ſuppoſed that I
ave ſelected theſe anecdotes and quotations for
ıe purpoſe merely of caſting a ridicule on the
ıperſtition of the Catholic church; I can truly
:clare I did not take up the ſubject with any
ıch deſign, and hold the principle of religious
ıimoſity in as much abhorrence as any man liv-
ıg. When I have ſaid this in my own defence,
think it neceſſary to add, that all the accounts I
ave turned over, which are pretty voluminous,
:e replete with the ſame or greater abſurdities,
ıan theſe I have produced; all the reaſoning is
othing but a maſs of ignorance, refined upon
y ſuperſtition and edged with acrimony againſt
:hiſmatics and heretics, upon whom this terrible
ngine of ſorcery has been turned with a ſpirit of
erſecution, that does no credit to the parties
'ho employed it.

The fact is that the Chriſtian church in the
ırly ages ſoon diſcovered two important matters
f faith in the ſacred writings, which might be
ıade uſeful weapons in her poſſeſſion; I mean
ıiracles and ſorceries; the one ſhe reſerved to
erſelf, the other ſhe beſtowed upon her enemies;
nd though there is every reaſon to conclude that
oth had ceaſed in the world, ſhe found her own
ıtereſt was concerned in prolonging their exiſt-
nce: The ages that ſucceeded to the introduction
f Chriſtianity were ſoon caſt into the profound-
ſt ignorance by the irruptions of the barbarous
ations, and credulity naturally follows ignorance:
he terrors of magic in thoſe dark times readily

took hold of ſuperſtitious minds; every thing tha the dawnings of ſcience ſtruck out in that nigh of reaſon, every thing that reviving art invented even the little juggling tricks and deceptions that ſleight of hand performed to ſet the crow agape and ſupport a vagrant life in idleneſs, wer charged to ſorcery, and tortures were employe to force out confeſſions of ſecret dealings an compacts with the devil and his agents. Thoſ confeſſions were undoubtedly made, and as ful and circumſtantial as the inquiſitor choſe to pre ſcribe, and being publiſhed with the authority o office had their influence with mankind and were believed; nay, it is but fair to ſuppoſe that the fathers and doctors of the church themſelves believed them, and were ſincere in their endeavours to extirpate ſorcery, thinking that they did God ſervice.

When we read of people being thrown alive into the flames for playing a few juggling tricks, which now would not paſs upon the vulgar at a country fair, and the devil himſelf brought in to father the performance, it is ſhocking to humanity and a violence to reaſon; but we ſhall cruelly err againſt both by aſcribing all theſe acts to perſecution, when ignorance and credulity are entitled to ſo great a ſhare of them: The churchmen of thoſe ages were not exempt from the errors and darkneſs of the time they lived in, and very many of them not only believed the ſorceries of the heretics, but ſwallowed the miracles of the ſaints: The genius of the Catholic religion in this illuminated and liberal period is of a different complexion from what the nature of my ſubject has obliged me to diſplay; of the enlarged and truly

Chriſtian

Chriſtian principles, which now prevail amongſt the profeſſors of that ſyſtem of faith, the world abounds with examples, and I am perſuaded, that if the tribunal of the Inquiſition was put aſide, (a tribunal ſo directly adverſe to the religion of Chriſt) the hateful tenet of intolerancy would ſoon be done away, and a ſpirit of meekneſs and mercy, more conſentaneous to the principles of the preſent Catholics, would univerſally prevail.

N° XXXV.

BY reviſing what hiſtory has delivered of the firſt poets of Greece we ſhall be able to form a very tolerable conjecture of the authors, whoſe works Piſiſtratus collected at the time he inſtituted his library in Athens; but before I undertake this, it is proper to remark that ſome authorities, ancient as well as modern, have aſcribed the honour of compiling Homer's rhapſodies to Hipparchus the ſon of Piſiſtratus and not to Piſiſtratus himſelf: I am not willing therefore to paſs over the queſtion without ſome explanation of it.

The ancient authorities I allude to are thoſe of Plato in his Hipparchus, and Ælian in the ſecond article of his eighth book: The firſt is a naked aſſertion; the ſecond ſets forth more circumſtantially—*That Hipparchus the ſon of Piſiſtratus was the firſt, who brought Homer's poems*

to Athens and made the rhapſodiſts rehearſe them in the general aſſembly of the Grecian ſtates—But this author, who is generally a faithful though a minute collector of anecdotes, expreſsly contradicts himſelf in the fourteenth article of the thirteenth book, and tells us that Piſiſtratus compiled the Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer: Cicero in the quotation from his Orator mentioned in a preceding paper gives the credit of the work to Piſiſtratus; Suidas under the article of Homer ſays—*That various perſons were at the pains of collecting and arranging theſe books in ſucceeding times, but of theſe Piſiſtratus of Athens was the firſt.*—Euſtathius in his commentary on the Iliad concurs in the ſame teſtimony; he ſays—*That the grammarians who compiled the Iliad, did it, as it is ſaid, by command of Piſiſtratus; that they corrected it at diſcretion, and that the principal of theſe was Ariſtarchus, and next to him Zenodotus.* (*Comm. ad Iliad. lib.* I.) In this latter particular the learned commentator has fallen into an error; for it is well known that the celebrated critic Ariſtarchus, as well as Zenodotus, lived many years after the time of Piſiſtratus: I ſhall mention only one authority more on the ſame ſide of the queſtion, which I take to be more deciſive than any of the foregoing, and this is an ancient epigrammatiſt, who in a diſtich upon a ſtatue of Piſiſtratus celebrates him on this very account, and gives a very probable conjecture, that this ſtatue was erected in commemoration of the great work of the above-mentioned compilation. (*Anthol. lib.* iv. *cap.* iv.)

From theſe authorities, as well as from ſtrength of circumſtance, it ſeems highly probable that the founder of the firſt public library ſhould be ſtudious

ous to enrich his collection with the p
Iliad and Odyſſey.

This important work was both extr
ficult to execute, and attended with ve
derable expence in the progreſs of it. Th
ſodies of Homer were ſcattered up and down amongſt the cities of Greece, which the itinerant poet had viſited, and were neceſſarily in a very mutilated ſtate or recorded in men's memories after an imperfect manner and by piece-meal only: In ſome places theſe ineſtimable reliques had been conſumed by fire; and in the lapſe of time it is natural to ſuppoſe they had ſuffered many injuries by accident, and not a few by interpolation. Solon himſelf is accuſed of having made inſertions in favour of the Athenians for political purpoſes. Nothing but the moſt timely exertions could have reſcued them from oblivion, and Piſiſtratus by reſtoring Homer has juſtly made his own name the companion of the poet's in immortality: To his ardour we are indebted for their preſent exiſtence. Underſtanding that there were rhapſodiſts, who went about the ſeveral Grecian ſtates reciting, ſome an hundred, ſome a thouſand lines in detached paſſages of the Iliad and Odyſſey, he cauſed public proclamation to be made of his deſign to collect thoſe famous poems, offering a reward to every man, who ſhould bring him any fragment to aſſiſt his intended compilation, and appointing proper perſons to receive their reſpective contributions. The reſort on this occaſion ſoon became prodigious; Piſiſtratus however, ſtill intent upon the work, adhered to his conditions, and let no man go away without his reward, though the ſame paſſages had been furniſhed ever ſo often by others

before him: The inſpectors of the work by theſe means had an opportunity of collating one with the other, and rejecting what appeared ſpurious upon collation: This was an office of great delicacy, and the ableſt men of the time were ſelected for that purpoſe, with liberal allowances for their trouble; they were many in number, and when each had made his ſeparate collection, and the rhapſodiſts ceaſed to come in, Piſiſtratus cauſed them all to aſſemble and produce their ſeveral copies for general review: The whole was now arranged according to the natural order of the poems, and in that order ſubmitted to the final ſuperviſion of two perſons, who were judged moſt competent: The poem, thus compiled and corrected according to their judgment and diſcretion, was fairly tranſcribed and the copy with great ſolemnity depoſited in the library: Had the like care been extended to the *Margites* and the reſt of Homer's poems, the world would probably have now been in poſſeſſion of them alſo; and it is fair to conclude from the circumſtance of their extinction, that both the Iliad and Odyſſey would have ſhared the ſame fate, had not this event ſo happily taken place under the patronage of Piſiſtratus. Let us mark this æra therefore as the moſt important in the annals of literature, and let every man, who admires the genius of Homer, revere the memory of Piſiſtratus.

Lycurgus we know brought Homer's poems out of Aſia, and diſperſed them amongſt his countrymen at Lacedæmon; but Lycurgus conſidered theſe poems as a collection of maxims moral and political; he knew the influence, which poetry has over rude uncivilized tempers, and the

ſame

ſame reaſons, that engaged him to employ the ſongs of Thales the Cretan in his firſt preludes towards a conſtitution of government, led him to adopt and import the epic poems of the Iliad and Odyſſey: He ſaw they were of a ſublime and animating caſt, inſpiring principles of religion, love of our country, contempt of death and every heroic virtue, that can dignify man's nature; that they manifeſted to Greece what misfortunes attended the diſunion of her powers, and what thoſe powers were capable of performing, when united; he wiſhed to ſee an indiſſoluble alliance and compact of all the ſtates of Greece for their common glory and defence, but he wiſhed to ſee the ſtate of Sparta, like the ſons of Atreus, at the head of the league: In all theſe particulars the poems of Homer fully met his wiſhes and fell in with his views, and as he had made his obſervations on the manners and characters of the Aſiatics during his travels amongſt them, he perſuaded himſelf the time might come, when the united arms of Greece would again prevail over the nations of the Eaſt, eſpecially when the natural bravery of the Greeks was ſtimulated by an heroic poem ſo flattering to their country and ſo encouraging to their hopes.

Piſiſtratus on the other hand was actuated by no ſuch public principles; but, though he had not a patriotic, yet he had an elegant mind, and the ſame love of learning, which had dictated the thought of erecting a public repoſitory for ſuch works of genius as were worthy to be preſerved, inſpired him with the ambition of being the editor of Homer's ſcattered remains: This never once occurred to the Spartan legiſlator, who va-

lued them not as poems, but as precepts, in which light they were no leſs beneficial in their ſeparated ſtate than when complete.

The Athenian tyrant contemplated them with the eye of a critic, and perceiving they would make the ſublimeſt and moſt perfect compilation the world had ever ſeen, he uſhered them into it with all the paſſion of an enthuſiaſt: As he evidently perceived they inculcated no doctrines inimical to monarchy, on the contrary that they recommended acquieſcence under rule and obedience to diſcipline, he obliged the rhapſodiſts to rehearſe them publicly in the ears of Greece at the great feſtival of the Panathenæa.

The publication of Homer's poems in this ſtate of perfection was the cauſe that produced ſuch a flow of compoſitions, eſpecially in the dramatic line; for, as I before obſerved, it operated to the diſcouragement of epic writing, and few inſtances of any poems under that deſcription occur after the compilation of the Iliad and Odyſſey: Men of genius are not eaſily diſpoſed to imitate what they deſpair of equalling, and the contemplation of a perfect work in any branch of compoſition will of courſe deter other adventurers from inferior attempts.

The drama was now in its dawn and had made ſome advances before the compilation of the Iliad and Odyſſey, but it received ſuch improvement from thoſe poems, that it is generally aſſerted, and by Ariſtotle amongſt others, to have derived its origin from Homer; in the further progreſs of theſe papers I ſhall fully examine how that queſtion ſtands, for the preſent it will be my purpoſe to take a review of the ſtate of literature in

Greece at this remarkable period, when Piſiſtratus founded his library in Athens; a diſquiſition, which, although it will carry us into times of very remote antiquity and of doubtful hiſtory, will I hope prove not devoid of entertainment even to ſuch of my readers, as have not habituated themſelves to ſtudies of this nature.

It is for the ſake of ſuch, and in juſtice to the opinion I would wiſh to impreſs of the amiable character of Piſiſtratus, that I ſubjoin to this paper ſome explanation of the term *Tyrant*, by which in conformity to hiſtory I have been obliged to denominate him: The word according to our conſtruction of it conveys the moſt odious idea, but when it was applied to Piſiſtratus it was a title of royalty and not a term of reproach: In the age of Homer, Heſiod and the Greek poets of that date, the word was not in uſe; they uſed no term but *Baſileus*, which they applied even to the cruelleſt of deſpots, as the learned reader may be convinced of, if he will conſult the Odyſſey, (*Rhap. E.* 84.) This is a point of criticiſm ſo well agreed upon by all philologiſts, that the Hymn to Mars, which ſome have attributed to Homer, is by internal evidence now fully convicted of being poſterior to him, becauſe the term *Tyrannus* is found in it. The word is ſaid to be derived from the Tyrrhenians and to have come into uſe about the age of Archilochus, who flouriſhed in the eighteenth Olympiad, many years ſubſequent to Homer and prior to Piſiſtratus, at which time, (viz. the age of Archilochus) Gyges, Tyrant of Lydia, was the firſt ſo intitled: For this we have the authority of Euphorion, a writer born in the cxxvi Olympiad, and librarian to Antiochus the Great, king

king of Syria; alſo of Clemens the hiſtorian, (*Storm.* 1.)

N° XXXVI.

I NOW propoſe to review the ſtate of literature in Greece antecedent to the time when Piſiſtratus founded his library in Athens.

Letters, or the alphabet, were probably imported into Greece from Phœnicia: This is aſcribed to the poet *Linus*; this poet, according to the fabulous taſte of the times, was of divine origin, being reputed the ſon of Apollo by Terpſichore, according to other accounts of either Mercury, or Amphimarus, by Urania: If in a pedigree ſo doubtful we may chuſe for ourſelves, Mercury, as inventor of the lyre, ſeems to have a preferable claim to Amphimarus or Apollo, for Linus is ſaid to have been the father of lyric poetry; he is alſo recorded as the inſtructor of Hercules in letters, but if the elder Orpheus was alſo his diſciple, he muſt have been of too early an age to have been contemporary with Hercules, for Orpheus is placed eleven ages before the ſiege of Troy. Hercules may have been inſtructed by the Theban Linus, who was conſiderably junior to this of Chalcedon; Linus of Thebes was the ſon of the poet Eumolpus, and imparted to Greece the knowledge of the globes; he alſo before the time of Heſiod compoſed a poem, in which he gives

gives the genealogy of the deities; all we know reſpecting it is that it differs in ſome particulars from Heſiod's Theogony: He paid dearly for the honour of being Hercules's preceptor, for that deified hero put Linus to death; though he gave the genealogy of the heathen gods, he is ſuppoſed to have taught a ſublimer doctrine of the Unity of the Supreme Being.

Of the name of *Orpheus* grammarians reckon no fewer than five epic poets; their hiſtories are involved in fable, and their diſtinctions uncertain and obſcure. The Thracian Orpheus, who is the elder of the name, is ſaid to have been the diſciple of Linus, and to have lived before the Trojan war eleven ages: He was a prophet as well as a poet, and inſtituted many ceremonies in the Pagan theology; he delivered precepts in verſe relative to the modes of initiation: The myſterious rites of Ceres and Bacchus are ſuppoſed to have originated with him, but as it is pretty clear that theſe rites were Egyptian, they might be introduced, but not invented, by Orpheus.

The ſecond Orpheus was ſirnamed Ciconæus or Arcas, and was alſo of Thracian extraction; he is ſaid to have flouriſhed two generations before the ſiege of Troy; he alſo was an heroic poet and wrote fables and hymns addreſſed to the deities. Orpheus Odryſius and Orpheus Camarinæus were epic poets, but he, who was ſirnamed Crotoniates, was contemporary with Piſiſtratus and lived in great favour and familiarity at the Athenian court; he is ſaid to have written the Argonautics, the hymns and the poems *de Lapidibus* now in our hands.

The

The antients, in the true ſpirit of fable, aſcribed miraculous powers to the harmony of Orpheus's lyre, and almoſt all the Roman poets have echoed his praiſes in the ſame fanciful ſtrain. Ovid gives us a liſt of foreſt trees that danced to his lyre, as long as a gardener's calendar: (*Metam. fab.* 2. *lib.* 10.) Seneca in his *Hercules Furens* gives him power over woods, rivers, rocks, wild beaſts and infernal ſpirits, (*Herc. Fur.* 569.) Horace adds to theſe the winds, and Manilius places his lyre amongſt the conſtellations, having enumerated all its ſupernatural properties in the following ſhort but comprehenſive and nervous deſcription,

At lyra ductis per cælum cornibus inter
Sidera conſpicitur, quâ quondam ceperat Orpheus
Omne quod attigerat cantu; Manesq; per ipſos
Fecit iter, domuitq; infernas carmine leges.
Huic ſimilis honos, ſimiliſq; potentia cauſæ:
Tunc ſilvas et ſaxa trahens, nunc ſidera ducit,
Et rapit immenſum mundi revolubilis orbem.

MANIL.

Of the name of *Muſæus* there were alſo ſeveral poets; the elder, or Athenian Muſæus, ſon of Antiphemus, was the ſcholar of Orpheus. The poetry of theſe antient bards was chiefly addreſſed to the ſervices of religion; their hymns were chaunted as parts of divine worſhip, and the power of divination was aſcribed to them, as the natural tribute of a barbarous multitude to men of ſuperior and enlightened talents: The knowledge of ſimples and their uſe in healing diſeaſes or wounds was amongſt the arts, by which theſe early benefactors to mankind attracted the reverence

rence of the vulgar, and Muſæus is ſaid to have compoſed a poem on the cure of diſeaſes: This Muſæus was the father of Eumolpus, and it will be found by them, who have curioſity to ſearch into the records of theſe antient bards, that the great prerogatives of prophet and poet deſcended regularly through certain families after the manner of the Eaſtern and Jewiſh caſts. *Eumolpus*, who was of this family, beſides the hymns and verſes he compoſed upon the myſteries of Ceres and Bacchus, poſſeſſed the art of divination by inſpection of the human palm; an art of Egyptian origin.

Thamyris, the ſon of Philammon, is reckoned amongſt the epic poets, who flouriſhed before the time of Homer: He compoſed a long poem, conſiſting of nearly three thouſand lines, intitled The Theology; but as this could not be denominated an epic poem, and as no record remains of any compoſition of his in that branch of poetry, it is a great doubt whether it is not owing to the fictions of the early grammarians, who were induſtrious to detract from the originality of Homer's epic, that Thamyris and ſo many others are enumerated under that deſcription of poets antecedent to Homer; for ſome accounts make Thamyris the eighth epic poet prior to Homer, an authority to which no credit ſeems due.

Marſyas and *Olympus* are ſuppoſed to have lived in the time of the Argonautic expedition, but they, as well as *Amphion*, are more celebrated for their muſical talents and inventions, than for their ſkill in poetry: Of *Demodocus*, *Phemius* and *Aſbolus* the Centaur, ſuppoſed to have been poets antecedent to Homer, I find no particulars.

The

The exact time, in which *Heſiod* lived, as referring to the age of Homer, remains a point of controverſy in the chronology of the poets: They who give credit to the verſes he is by ſome ſuppoſed to have written in competition with Homer, muſt place him as his contemporary; the beſt authorities fix him in a period ſomewhat antecedent to Homer's; Aulus Gellius inclines to the opinion of Heſiod being poſterior to Homer, but Ariſtophanes in his comedy of The Frogs places Homer in order of time after Heſiod: He introduces the poet Æſchylus reciting the praiſes of Orpheus in the firſt place, ſecondly of Muſæus, thirdly of Heſiod, and laſtly of Homer, which order of placing them the old ſcholiaſt interprets to apply to the times, in which they lived; the paſſage is as follows:

" The holy rites of worſhip Orpheus taught,
" And warned me to abſtain from human blood:
" In divination and the healing arts
" Muſæus was my maſter: Heſiod gave
" The uſeful leſſon how to till the earth,
" And mark'd the ſeaſons when to ſow the grain,
" And when to reap; but Homer, bard divine!
" Gods, to what heighth he ſoars, whilſt he arrays
" The warrior bright in arms, directs the fight,
" And with heroic virtue fires the ſoul!"

(ARISTOPH. FROGS.)

The bards of the Orphean family and others of high antiquity employed their talents in compoſing hymns and offices of devotion; and it is natural that ſuch ſhould be the firſt uſe and application of the powers of poetry; the reaſon is good on both ſides why there ſhould in all times have ſubſiſted an alliance between poetry and prayer.

Metre

Metre aids and is adapted to the memory; it accords to muſic and is the vehicle of enthuſiaſm; it makes the moral doctrines of religion more ſublime, and the myſterious ones more profound; it can render truth more awful and ſuperſtition more impoſing: If the eaſtern nations have ſet apart a language for their prieſts and dedicated it as ſacred to the purpoſes of prayer, we may well believe that the antient heathen bards, who were chiefly Aſiatic Greeks, performed religious rites and ceremonies in metre, with accompaniments of muſic, to which they were devoted in the extreme: The hymns of David and the patriarchal prophecies were in metre, and ſpeak for themſelves; we have the ſame authority for knowing that the Chaldean worſhip was accompanied with muſic; the fact does not need illuſtration; the divinations of Muſæus and the hymns of Orpheus were of the ſame character; initiations were performed, oracles were delivered and even laws promulgated in verſe: The influence of poetry over the human heart is coeval with it, not limited by time or country, but univerſal to the world in all its parts and all its periods; it is the language of rapture, ſprings with invention and flows with devotion; the enthuſiaſt in love or glory breaks forth into it ſpontaneouſly, and the voice of lamentation, attuned by ſenſibility, falls naturally into numbers.

When I am ſpeaking of the Oracular Poets, or Diviners, it is not poſſible to paſs over the *Sybills*, the moſt extraordinary in this order of bards; their oracles have been agitated by the learned in all ages, and received with the utmoſt veneration and reſpect by the Greeks firſt, and afterwards by the

the Romans: Heathen writers and ſome of the firſt and moſt reſpectable fathers of the Chriſtian Church refer to them without heſitation, and the fact of their exiſtence reſts upon ſuch ſtrength of teſtimony, as ſeems to amount to hiſtorical demonſtration and univerſal aſſent. It appears that the Delphic and Erythrean Sybills, who were the oldeſt of the name, lived before the Trojan war: The verſes of the Erythrean Sybill, foretelling the coming of Chriſt, are ſeriouſly referred to by Euſebius and St. Auſtin; they are thirty-three in number, and now in our hands. She, who was ſuppoſed to have offered the nine volumes of oracles to Tarquinius Priſcus at Rome, was the Cumæan; the Chaldæan, Perſic or Hebrew Sybill propheſied of Alexander of Macedon; the Helleſpontic was coeval with Solon; the Samian and others lived in later periods.

Of the Capitoline Oracles there is ample room to doubt; ſuch a political engine in the hands of the prieſts and to a certain degree under the direction of the Patrician order, offered opportunities for abuſe too tempting to be withſtood in a conſtitution ſo ſubject to popular commotions; it is true they were ſparingly applied to, and never brought out but in preſſing exigencies, yet thoſe exigencies and the blind idolatry of the people encouraged the abuſe by its practicability as well as by its expedience. There is a paſſage in Cicero's private letters, which makes confeſſion to this very point. The original oracles were deſtroyed by fire together with the Capitol itſelf, in which they were depoſited; the ſubſtitutes, which were collected in Greece and many other parts of the world

world to replace them, were finally burned by Stilicho in the reign of the emperor Honorius.

The lines, which have come down to us under the character of Sybilline Oracles, muſt be cautiouſly admitted; their authenticity is dubious in moſt parts, evidently fictitious in many, but ſome paſſages have by great authorities been conſidered as genuine: The great critic Bentley, ſpeaking of them generally in his diſſertations on Phalaris, calls the Sybilline Oracles now extant *clumſy cheats:* The learned profeſſor Whiſton has inveſtigated them with much induſtry and ſome addreſs; he ſeparates certain parts, which he believes to be genuine, and his argument merits ſerious conſideration: I am aware that this author muſt be heard with reſerve in matters of prediction, foraſmuch as he lived long enough to ſee two completions of his own Millennium: He traces the interpolated paſſages however with conſiderable ſagacity, and imputes them with good appearance of reaſon to the heretical ſectaries of the fourth century; thoſe, which he adopts as genuine, he tranſlates into literal proſe, and they are curious records. External teſtimonies make ſtrongly in favour of theſe paſſages, and it is remarkable that the ſagacity of critics have urged no internal characters in evidence againſt them. The elder Sybill has predictions of Homer and the Trojan war; their ſtile much reſembles that of Homer himſelf, and antient writers do not ſcruple to ſay that Homer borrowed ſeveral of theſe Sybilline lines and inſerted them in his poem, as the Sybill herſelf foretells he would do in the following words, viz.

—Then an old lying writer ſhall appear in that time again,

again, counterfeiting his country, being alſo dim-ſighted: He ſhall have much wit and eloquence, and ſhall compoſe a wiſe poem, made up of two parts, and he ſhall ſay he was born at Chios; and he ſhall uſe the ſame verſe: He ſhall be the firſt that ſhall much adorn the commanders in the war by his praiſes, Priamus's ſon Hector and Achilles the ſon of Peleus and all others who are famous in war, and he ſhall make the Gods to aſſiſt them, writing falſely in every thing. (*Sib. Or. lib.* viii. *v.* 357 *ad* 368.)

This is amongſt the paſſages which Mr. Whiſton thinks genuine; it is curious at leaſt, and the reader muſt ſubſcribe as much or little of his belief to it, as he thinks it deſerves; but of the actual exiſtence of theſe antient propheteſſes he will find ſufficient teſtimony, and if he chuſes to cloſe with the tranſlator in his deductions, he will conclude that—*Whilſt God ſent his Jewiſh prophets to the nation of the Jews from Moſes to Malachi, he ſeems alſo to have ſent all along theſe Gentile propheteſſes to the Gentiles, for their guidance and direction and caution in religious matters.*

I ſhall obſerve in general, that theſe Sybilline oracles are illuminated and ſupported by the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, which by the beſt opinions is decided not to allude to Heſiod's poems, as ſome have interpreted it. The Sybill chaunted her oracles, ſtanding on a ſtone, in a wild manner and with the voice of one that was frantic: Theſe oracles declare the deſolation of empires, and the various convulſions of nature by earthquakes, inundations and volcanoes: Some revolutions are diſtinctly pointed out, other things are ſhadowed diſtantly and in obſcurity; but what is moſt extraordinary

traordinary upon the whole is, that certain events in times, that muſt have been poſterior to the compoſition of theſe verſes, even admitting them to be ſpurious, ſeem to fulfil theſe predictions in a very ſingular manner. The following paſſage, relative to the conflagration, reſurrection and renovation of all things is ſelected from the fourth book of oracles, which Mr. Whiſton judges to be genuine; I give the tranſlation in his words, viz. *If you will not be perſuaded by me, O men of an evil heart! but love unrighteouſneſs and receive theſe advices with a perverſe mind, a fire ſhall come into the world, and theſe ſigns ſhall appear in it, ſwords and the ſound of a trumpet, when the ſun riſes, and all the world ſhall hear a bellowing and vehement noiſe and the earth ſhall burn; and after the fire hath deſtroyed all mankind, and all cities and rivers and ſeas ſhall be ſoot and aſhes, and God ſhall extinguiſh this immenſe fire, which he had kindled, out of thoſe bones and aſhes God ſhall again form men; and when he hath made them as they were before, then ſhall the judgment be; in which God ſhall act juſtly, judging the world again; and thoſe men, who have lived wickedly, the earth ſhall cover them; but they who are righteous ſhall live again on the earth, God giving the pious ſpirit and life and ſufficient proviſions; and then all men ſhall ſee themſelves. Moſt happy is that man! who ſhall be in being at that time.*

In concluſion I think it a fair remark to be made upon theſe famous Sybilline verſes, that the evidence there is of interpolations in ſeveral parts of them makes ſtrongly for the preſumption, that there did really exiſt certain antient and genuine verſes,

verſes, uttered by true or pretended propheteſſes, called Sybills, whereupon theſe ſeveral forgeries were grounded: The aſſent of the learned, both Heathen and Chriſtian, corroborates this opinion; but whether the copy now in our hand does or does not contain any genuine lines of theſe Sybills, is a queſtion I will not now take on myſelf to diſcuſs; all that need be ſaid on this point at preſent is, that there are ſome paſſages, whoſe antiquity is eſtabliſhed by the references and quotations of the old Heathen writers, and againſt which no objections can be drawn from the internal characters and marks of the text.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.